



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*Lisbon in the Years 1821,
1822, and 1823*

Marianne Baillie

1825

13

S. H. 1825

LISBON

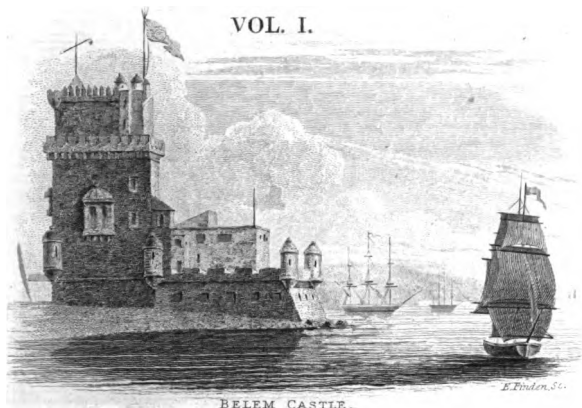
IN THE YEARS 1821, 1822, AND 1823.

BY MARIANNE BAILLIE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

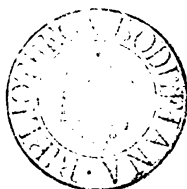


LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXV.

13



L O N D O N :
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE, BAR.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF CHICHESTER,
TO WHOSE KINDNESS THEY OWE THEIR EXISTENCE,
THESE LETTERS
ARE
MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY
INSCRIBED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.



It will be easily perceived, that the Letters which compose this little Work, were not written with a view to publication; this, I am afraid, however, will not be considered an adequate excuse for the faults they will be found to possess: but it would be difficult now to alter their style, without impairing their interest; and I offer them, therefore, as they are.

Few countries, so near to our own, have of late years been visited and known so

little as Portugal; during the Peninsular war, the peculiar situation of the inhabitants, and the honourable occupation of my gallant countrymen, afforded small opportunity of becoming acquainted with the national habits and manners in their usual state. Lisbon, in fact, during that great struggle, was a British depôt; every thing was in an unnatural position; provisions, house-rent, and other necessities of life, were so exorbitant in price, that many of the first families withdrew from the metropolis, leaving their palaces and houses to the occupation of the military. The absence of the sovereign tended also very materially to alter the usual aspect of the place, more especially as he had been followed to Rio de Janeiro by a large body of the principal nobility.

It ought, I think, to be the object of every stranger in a foreign land, to enter, as

far as circumstances may permit, into the society of the natives; this has ever been the wish of Mr. Baillie and myself, and we therefore cultivated, as much as we could, the acquaintance of the Portuguese; we found them, generally speaking, by no means social, or encouraging towards foreigners, and I fear their usual character is not distinguished by frankness or urbanity. The elegant author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" accounts for this, somewhat at the expense of the English; but although there may be too much justice in what he advances upon the subject, I cannot entirely agree with him in the very favourable point of view in which he describes Lisbon. With him, every object is *couleur de rose*; his glowing imagination reflects its own splendid tints upon all he sees, and clothes really disgusting realities in the brilliant garb of

enchantment. Yet, am I fully persuaded, that he wrote as he felt, and was unconscious of the delusion; nor am I surprised at his feelings; he saw a southern country for the first time, he was elevated by the chivalrous spirit of his gallant profession, and, more than all, was then at that blest period of human existence,

“When all things please, for life itself is new.”

To this may be added, that he probably saw Lisbon at a more favourable moment than the present; it was but just emancipated from the dominion of the French police, which is known to have effected miracles in the Angean task of freeing it from its annoyances and impurities. Mr. Matthews, in his “Diary of an Invalid,” in many respects fully corroborates the statements which will be found in the following

Letters. Whatever may be my general opinion in regard to the Portuguese, I should be guilty of a great omission, were I not to seize the opportunity of mentioning, with every sentiment of grateful esteem, the kindness we experienced from some families, who received us with the most genuine politeness and hospitality. To those of Anadia, Alva, Lacerda, and Torrebella, our acknowledgments are more particularly due; these individuals would grace the society of any country, and their merit is the more striking, from their having been born and educated in one which, it must be allowed, is somewhat behind the rest of Europe in civilization and refinement.

It so happened that during our residence there, (about two years and a half,) Portugal was agitated by different circumstances and

events, all of which were of the highest possible import, and calculated to awaken a vivid degree of curiosity even in the mind of the most apathetic observer.

To all who are interested in Portuguese history, (if their principles be those of justice and liberality,) the conduct of the *constitutional* government during its brief reign must appear almost incredibly base and imbecile ; never was opportunity so completely lost, or power more shamefully abused. Had the ministry been firm yet conciliating, rather than overbearing, tyrannical and perfidious ; had they gradually introduced into their councils the respectable portion of the nobility, sustained the true dignity of their sovereign, and honoured religion in protecting the rights of the more virtuous part of their clergy ; and finally, had they enacted a more moderate code of laws, it is probable

that they would have been encouraged and assisted by other powers; but to every high minded principle they were utter strangers. These were trying times for the King of Portugal, as they would have been for a much wiser and more energetic monarch. His vacillation of conduct under late circumstances should be viewed with indulgence, and his excuse may be found also in the general character of the nation; badly educated, they are still incapable of appreciating the blessings, or of using without abusing the rights of a free people; can it create wonder then, that they were found to be capricious and unstable? The King and people therefore are equally to be excused: he was naturally timid and complying, and they knew not precisely what to hope or to demand. It is much to His Majesty's credit, that throughout he has continued popular; he is humane and accessible,

an enemy to the dungeon and the scaffold, and these are indeed virtues in an absolute monarch.

A very amiable authoress, with whom I have much pleasure in being acquainted, has of late entered fully into the history of the defection of the Brazils from the mother country; it would be irrelevant to my subject, were I to touch upon the ground she has chosen, further than to corroborate the accuracy of her statements respecting that event. All good minds must hope that some satisfactory arrangement for both countries, will be ultimately effected; by which means any unnatural warfare between father and son may be prevented; some time nevertheless must be allowed, before the fermentation of spirits on either side can reasonably be expected to subside; it is to be hoped too, that ere long, Portugal may

open her eyes to the necessity of keeping on good terms with Great Britain, her ancient and best ally; should gratitude for past services, for the blood of its brave sons freely shed in her defence, cease to animate the mind of her rulers, let her look at the published list of her wine exports, even during the last two years, and self-interest alone would surely prompt her to remain steady to her friend; at all events, she will do well to reflect that *sudden* friendships are not always to be trusted.

The fate of some individuals for whom I cherish the most heartfelt esteem and regard, is so deeply involved in that of Portugal, that my wishes for the prosperity of the latter will ever be as constant as they are sincere. I have found it necessary to curtail the relation of many circumstances, and wholly to omit others, the publication

of which would very greatly heighten the interest of these letters; the authoress to whom I have already alluded, has expressed herself to have been actuated by similar motives with my own; and I most entirely coincide in her sentiments where she observes, that “the *whole* truth should not always be spoken.”

LETTERS,

§c. §c. §c.

LETTER I.

Reeves's Hotel, Buenos Ayres,
June 27th, 1821.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will naturally be anxious to receive the intelligence of our safe arrival in Portugal. We had an average passage of eight days; and we now find ourselves fixed for the present, until we have had time to look about us and to choose a permanent residence, at Reeves's Hotel, Buenos Ayres. This is a suburb of Lisbon, standing upon higher ground than the city itself, and is a favourite resort of the English, being generally considered as a cooler and more cleanly

(or rather a *less filthy*) situation than the latter.

The difficulties we have met with in procuring a house, servants, &c. are really astonishing; no houses are let ready furnished, nor are you allowed to hire one for a less period than six months. Thus, if you wish for temporary accommodation, the hotels (expensive as they are) afford you the most economical as well as the most convenient resource. The few English servants here are exorbitant in their demands, in regard to wages; in addition to which, we are assured that their capabilities are very limited, and their general indolence and impertinence fully equal to that of the "*helps*" in America. We have therefore taken a Spanish man-servant, who appears to be much superior to the usual run, and who speaks several languages—our own included. The first impression which Buenos Ayres made upon our minds after landing, was by no means favourable; we toiled up a steep ascent from the shore, passing through a parched neglected looking garden, beneath a rude trellis of vines; from whence we

emerged into one of the narrow streets, in the immediate vicinity of our hotel. The view of this street was startling from its filth, and disgusting from the bad smells which we found it impossible to escape, as they continued to overpower us, without intermission, during its entire length. However, I flatter myself that we must have seen the worst in the neighbourhood. The view from the windows of the hotel is reckoned very beautiful. It is certainly fine in its way; but I am sure that travellers (from what motive I am at a loss to conjecture) have greatly overrated its charms. The Tagus, undoubtedly one of the noblest rivers in Europe, stretches its wide expanse before us, and is bounded in the distance by mountains indistinctly defined. The nearer points of rocky coast, at this season bare and sandy, are studded with white walled buildings, among which the towers of convents are pre-eminent, and the effect altogether is singular, and not unpicturesque; but we have seen views in a similar style so far superior, in different parts of the continent, that when I assent to the vaunted beauty of this, I do so almost

mechanically, and rather with a wish to avoid appearing fastidious, than from any genuine fervour of admiration. The distant effect of Lisbon, however, when beheld from the mouth of the harbour, as you sail up the river, is superb in the extreme. I have been much disappointed at finding no place here where we can enjoy the exercise of walking after the heat of the day is over. The sharp pointed, rugged stones, with which the ground is paved for several miles round, (and in Buenos Ayres there are no flagged pavements for foot passengers,) the total absence of grass or gravel paths, and the cruel want of a single tree for shade or shelter, render the dull and paltry garden belonging to the hotel our sole resource. Surely it is impossible to call the vicinity of Buenos Ayres "*the country*." The climate, which, in the spring and winter months is bland and pure, (the fair free gift of heaven,) seems to be lost upon the indolent, abject, listless inhabitants.—The slightest efforts of industry and activity, would have converted the above-mentioned garden into a paradise of bloom-

ing sweets; but as it is, it affords nothing but a picture of sloth, neglect, and want of taste. Having so lately seen the neat and lovely cottage gardens of Devonshire, the contrast of those we here behold, is striking. Geraniums of every species, loaded with bloom, rise in this country to the height and size of shrubs; the carnations also are very rich and luxuriant, requiring little or no culture, among which I observe some of a light yellow colour; and remarkably fine China roses are common, but those which have any scent are more rare. Lavender and rosemary grow wild upon every rocky height, and are in this garden so plentiful that they might be formed into thick hedge-rows; but, alas! they serve only to correct, in some degree, the fumes which arise from a neighbouring dunghill, the unworthy companion of their bloom and fragrance. There are other scents also, which every evening, after sunset, begin to arise from each house in the vicinity. It is a very *dangerous* and *hazardous* indulgence to stand in the projecting balconies of the lower windows during the brief twilight. In any other country you

might flatter yourself that now was the hour to enjoy the reviving influence of the pure breeze from the river; but *here* your only safe or agreeable resource lies in shutting out every breath of outward air, unless you would run the risk of inhaling the most pestilential effluvia. Dogs, of every shade and gradation of the mongrel breed, lank, lean, filthy, and voracious, lie about the streets in all directions, and in the most alarming numbers. The inhabitants of Lisbon maintain no other *scavengers*!

M. B.

LETTER II.

Buenos Ayres, June 30th, 1821.

YESTERDAY we set out in an open two-wheeled carriage (very like those old-fashioned vehicles to be seen in the prints of the earlier editions of *Gil Blas*), called a *Sége*, and drawn by a pair of small, long-tailed horses, of wretched appearance, one in the shafts, the other clumsily attached to his side, drawing only when ascending a hill, and bearing no share in the *weight*. The carriage itself was crazy, ill-contrived, and shabby in the highest degree, (but it was reckoned one of the best in Lisbon); and, thus accommodated, we proceeded to drive about the city, to view its principal squares, streets, &c. One of the largest of the former is the *Terreiro de Páço*, now called the *Praça do Commercio*. The equestrian statue in the centre, of Joseph I. is reckoned a work of merit. It is in bronze, of enormous proportions, and was modelled by Machado de Castro, a native artist. The *Roscio* is also a

large square, in which stands the Inquisition (like the ancient lion in the fable), shorn of its terrible teeth and claws. Let no one imagine however, that either of these places at all resembles Grosvenor or Portman Square. At this time the former was filled with loose and blinding sand, equally scorching to the eyes and to the feet, and neither was adorned with a single shrub or blade of grass. The people of Lisbon appear as if they had even a greater antipathy to verdure than Dr. Johnson, when he thundered forth his contemptuous anathema against "green fields" and those who "babbled of them." Some few of the best streets, built since the great earthquake, have flagged pavements; among them are Gold Street and Silver Street: the former chiefly inhabited by jewellers, the latter by silversmiths. Haberdasher Street contains only tradesmen of that description; and the silk-mercers, cloth-merchants, and linen-drapers, have also their streets appropriated generally to their different branches of trade, and called in like manner after their professions. The shops here are so inconveniently appointed, that

the task of shopping becomes nearly impossible to females in the higher classes of society.

There are women who answer the description of female pedlars, who are frequently employed both by shopkeepers and ladies, and who run about the town retailing goods of various kinds, gaining a profit both from the purchaser and the tradesman. These very often unite the trade of smuggling to their other occupations, and are then called "Contrabandistas." I am told, that they abound both in this country and in Spain. The manufactories are still in a state of infancy, or of very inferior pretensions; they chiefly consist of silks, earthenware, snuff, and glass; but the importations from Germany have of late years more than rivalled the productions of the latter.

The only theatres are the Italian opera-house (San Carlos), and the Portuguese theatre; the former, which a few years since, was remarkably rich in talent, is now so badly managed, as to be unworthy of any attention from foreigners; and the performers are so ill paid, as to have but little motive

for exertion. Of the latter I am not able to speak, for I do not, as you know, understand the language at present, and could therefore be no judge of the merits of the actors. We are assured, however, that, although the style of the drama is of a very inferior nature, there are several comic performers here, who would do credit to any stage. The streets, generally speaking, are not well lighted, but still they are equal in this respect to those of Paris, which is so ready to claim a superiority over all the rest of the civilized world! At the door of every Casa de Pasto, or public-house, we observed the ancient symbol of a bush; but we are assured that the wine found within is of so excellent a quality, as to require no sign of this nature.

We have tasted a sort of white light wine sold here, which we thought almost as refreshing and as excellent as hock, and for which the common charge is about two-pence a bottle; it is made in the vicinity of Lisbon, and is known by the name of vinho de termo. We remarked several equipages in the streets—chiefly séges, but there were

some four-wheeled carriages also; both were equally shabby, clumsy, and inconvenient. The gentlemen in the inside were always without their hats, and the ladies many of them in full dress, with diamonds, although it was only noon. Of the principal public buildings, I cannot as yet pretend to give you any account, and I shall excuse my own indolence, and gratify your curiosity at once, by referring you to my future letters. The population is reckoned, I believe, at about 300,000 souls, and a fifth of the inhabitants are said to consist of negroes and mulattos; we observed some horrible specimens of the two latter! There are no circulating libraries to be found; the Portuguese have not hitherto patronized literature; which fact will not be disputed by any of our friends at home, when I tell them that there does not exist a good *Portuguese* edition of Camoens! one of the few native poets whose talent has risen above mediocrity! But where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into ac-

count the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and *other* horrors, which it is impossible to mention—to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of our St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women, (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves,) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt! I must beg you to add to this, that

the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea, and the picture will be complete! I am sorry to leave you at so unfavourable a period of my description; but I am obliged to conclude this letter in haste. Adieu.



LETTER III.

Buenos Ayres, July.

SOCIETY, such as it exists in most other great capitals of Europe, appears here to be totally suspended or annihilated. During the late peninsular war, and at a still more remote epoch, we are assured that the utmost gaiety, variety, and sociality prevailed, both among the numerous British residents and some Portuguese families. *Now*, the case is sadly changed. The English are very few in number, and the native nobility, clergy, and gentry, live in the most secluded manner, showing little hospitality to foreigners, and maintaining but small intercourse with each other. The unsettled state of political affairs in some measure accounts for this. Many of the best families are either exiled by the new government, upon suspicion of *ultra* sentiments, or are still in attendance upon the Royal House of Braganza, in Brazil. The republican fac-

tion is small, but not perhaps the less dangerous upon that account. History abounds with examples of what has been effected by a handful of resolute and determined spirits. The Corcundas, or ultras, are held by the present faction in universal abhorrence, and the ascendancy of a constitutional form of government seems to be very decidedly pronounced. The only Portuguese gentlemen to whom we have as yet been introduced, is Senhor F. de L——, the second son of the Baron do B——, and an officer in the army. His father now lies dangerously ill, which we are told has been the reason that the ladies of this family have not offered us those hospitable and polite attentions for which they have ever been justly celebrated, and which, in these times, have brought them into discredit with the most violent of the government party, who are inconceivably jealous of the English. Lisbon, indeed, has hitherto appeared to us, in every respect, to be “weary, stale, flat,” and, I may truly add, “unprofitable;” for we have been assured by a most respectable merchant, who has long been settled here, that the comforts

indispensable to the establishments of English persons, are not to be obtained but at a greater expense than in our own country, with all its taxes. In this opinion, our brief experience leads us perfectly to coincide. A bachelor, who ought in some measure to be a cosmopolite, may find a residence here, upon more advantageous terms; but a family man (unhappy wight!) will be lamentably disappointed and displeased.

The heat has now attained its utmost force. Our window-shutters are closed to exclude the sun, and every door set open; but all is insufficient to relieve the oppression which the sudden change from a temperate to a hot climate has induced. Yet the air, sultry beyond any I have ever yet felt, is thinner and more elastic than it is in England during an unusually hot summer. We have not yet met with any good specimens of fruit; the cherries are generally very acrid, and strawberries extremely scarce; while the apricots, pears, plums, and oranges, (the latter being in season nearly the whole year,) are by no means finer than those we can purchase in England.

The same want of assiduous industry, which is so apparent in the culture of their vegetable and flower gardens, is equally visible in regard to the gifts of Pomona, who, to do her justice, has not here played the part of a step-mother. There are absolutely no such things in the city or its environs as either nursery grounds, flower shops, or gardeners regularly bred to the profession, and living upon its rich and varied resources. If you desire a root of a rare carnation, or a cutting from any other particularly fine plant, you must either purchase from the gardener of some rich man, and thus give encouragement to dishonesty, or make up your mind to relinquish your wishes. —The chief *forte* of the Portuguese appears to lie in their ship-building and stonemasonry: several models of naval architecture are now proudly floating upon the Tagus; they have also some fine batteries, but are so ignorant of the art of managing these advantages, that, we are told by all *judges* upon the subject, the best of them would easily be silenced by an English frigate, in the space of half an hour. A

ship of fifty guns is at this moment stationed here, for the purpose, it is *surmised*, of bringing off the British residents in case of any extraordinary political commotion. A packet from the Rio de Janeiro arrived last night, with part of the king's suite on board; but none of them have yet been allowed by the new government to land, upon the *ostensible* pretext of their being unprovided with passports. Opinions vary respecting the future conduct of this sovereign, who embarked (according to the intelligence brought by the packet) on the 26th of last April; consequently, he may daily be expected in the Tagus. Don John VI., (or, as the Portuguese spell the name, Don João,) is rather popular than not, and so indeed are the whole House of Braganza. If he accedes with *a good grace* to the demands of the Cortes, he may, and will be received with applause by the great mass of the nation. Among the upper classes, he has yet a considerable party, and the decided republicans have still *appearances* to preserve, whatever may be their interior feelings or ultimate designs; therefore it is not very probable

that any great disorder or tumult will ensue upon his arrival: it is in an after period, comparatively distant, that scenes of agitation and fierce confusion may be more rationally expected.

The royal family consists of two sons and four daughters. The king's personal wealth and property are enormous; and no less than six men are said to have been employed at Rio, for the space of three successive days, in packing up his gold, previous to the embarkation: before the new order of affairs took place, he was in possession of *almost every thing* in Lisbon; but, at present, his income is considerably curtailed, so as to leave him at his disposal about £80,000 per annum. The revenues of the patriarch (the Pope of Portugal) were also incredible: he has been lately banished the country, on account of his refusal to take the constitutional oaths; but he has nevertheless recommended the clergy to do so. The church and convent of the Coração do Jesus, usually called the Estrella, in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, is one of the finest buildings of modern date; it was built by order of the late queen, and

at the expense of common sense, it might be added, when it is remembered upon what occasion, and in what an absurd spirit she undertook its execution : she really imagined herself to be in possession of the *heart* of our Saviour, (a clear proof of her superficial acquaintance with the most *important fact* of Sacred History,) which she enshrined in a golden box, and in honour of which she built this receptacle, calling it, as I have already said, the church of the Coração (*heart*) do Jesus. The Pope was unwilling at first to comply with her request of founding a new order of nuns upon the occasion ; but afterwards yielded his better judgment to her importunities ; thus preferring to bring contemptuous ridicule upon sacred subjects, rather than disappoint the wishes of an earthly sovereign. The building in question, though of far smaller proportions, is upon much the same plan as our St. Paul's, and is constructed wholly of a sort of bastard marble ; near to it are the hospital, church, and burial ground of the English factory, established many years since, by Mr. de Visme : the former is an excellent institu-

tion, and the latter by far the most shady and the prettiest spot in the neighbourhood : it contains many a melancholy memorial of grief and tenderness; and the pale demon of consumption may here plume her spectral wings, and grin a ghastly smile of complacence upon counting the number of her victims. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Buenos Ayres, July, 1821.

At length we are fairly driven away from Lisbon by the tremendous heat of the weather! nothing but a native or a salamander can exist here, at this season! Cintra is to be our retreat, where we are encouraged to hope for temperate and refreshing breezes, and all the welcome luxury of shade. This step is as necessary as it is agreeable, for my strength has completely given way, under the influence of varied ailments, peculiar to *newcomers*! My child is scarcely recognizable, from the incessant stings of the mosquitos, in every part of his body, nor am I in a much better condition; a perpetual succession of restless and feverish nights, occasioned by the persecution of these horrid insects, is no longer endurable! —I agree with Mr. Matthews in his "Diary," that "there is almost always a hot sun and a cold wind with it, in Lisbon;" had we given

due credit to this author's friendly cautions, had we allowed more to the sensible and accurate observer, and thought less of the fastidious *Invalid*, while perusing his journal, we should not perhaps have quitted the known comforts of our own country, for the uncertain pleasures of this land of the Sun! I formerly used to fancy every thing connected with *winter*, cheerless and undesirable, and was fully persuaded that I should enjoy with delight a perpetual summer: *now*, when experience forces me to open my eyes to the truth, I am but too well convinced of the benefit and charm of a change of seasons, such as we are accustomed to see at home; and while I cast my dazzled eyes upon the intolerable glare of blue sky and water, heightened by barren rocks, and faint beneath the scorching beams of the sun, "shining in his strength," I remember with a sigh the cheerful hearth, the close drawn curtain, and the music of the kettle, "singing on the hob," which I used to enjoy during the winter in our English cottage residence! *Cowslip* exclaims, Talk of Venus and her doves! give me a roast duck!" and in a

similar spirit, could I now say, "Talk of vineyards and of fountains! give me a good fireside!" How perverse is the human heart, or rather, how deceitfully flattering are the promises of Imagination! I think I may be the better probably, during the rest of my life, for the lessons a sojourn in Portugal have afforded me—the bee draws honey from the bitterest plants!

This evening I have amused myself by trying to sketch from my window a group of street musicians, the raggedest sons of Apollo I ever saw!—two men and a boy, filthy wretches all! monotonously thrumming upon a couple of cracked guitars, a doleful accompaniment to their hoarse and wiry voices! The costume of the lower orders would not be unbecoming, if they had a more thorough notion of personal cleanliness; when they walk out, it invariably consists, (in summer or in winter,) of a long ample cloth cloak, generally of a brown, black, or scarlet colour, with a deep falling-cape, called a "capote," which forms a graceful drapery, both to men and women; the latter wear a white muslin handkerchief

doubled cornerways, carelessly thrown over their dark braided locks, and fastened beneath the chin: when they go to mass, on festivals or Sundays, they carry a fan in the hand, and frequently assume an air of gravity and importance, bordering upon the supercilious; this, however, exists chiefly among the *old* women; the younger ones have a gay cheerful expression of countenance, and quick glancing eyes as brilliant and as dark as jet; *all* wear pink, green, or yellow silk shoes, or even white satin, and worked stockings, (the latter knitted very ingeniously by the peasants,) even in the midst of the most disgusting dirt and mud; the trade of shoemaker must be a profitable one in this country! The class one step higher in the scale of society, indulge in tawdry ill-chosen finery, in *sorry* imitation of the French and English fashions; but at mass, they exchange this gaudy attire for a black silk gown, and a deep transparent veil, of the same sombre hue, which latter they throw over their heads without any other covering, even in the coldest day of winter: their *religion* induces this chastity of taste in decoration, and I wish it

produced an equally beneficial result in other respects! Some few youthful faces which I have seen, appear pretty enough; the great charm being produced by the dark and brilliant eye, and depth of eyelash, to which I have already alluded; and although the complexion is *generally* sallow, and almost without exception brown, I have once or twice remarked a very rich and beautiful glow, like the bloom of a crimson carnation, upon the cheek. The *old* women appear to me, from the specimens I have hitherto seen, to be *invariably* hideous; we are given to understand, that the higher the rank of the people in this country, the plainer in feature they generally become, and that with some few exceptions, it is among the peasantry alone, that true beauty exists. I have not yet dared to glance at the customs of a Portuguese kitchen, for the *accounts* I receive are really too alarming, to be closely investigated: we have arrived at this hotel, (kept by very obliging English people,) in rather an unlucky hour, as they have parted with their cook, and are not yet provided with her successor, and the cookery

calling itself English, is just now detestable in consequence. The meat sold here is disgustingly prepared, owing to the ignorant method of the Portuguese butchers in killing it. Veal, in the environs of Lisbon, is prohibited by the laws, and all that comes to table is smuggled: this regulation, I rather think, was instituted with a view of preserving the breed of cattle, for the purposes of the dairy and the yoke; cows being in high request, (as goat's milk is the more common resource here,) and oxen are used for drawing carts and waggons: the breed of horses is small and delicate, consequently wholly unfit for heavy burthens or draught: the cows are unhappy animals; for there is little pasturage at *any* season, and *now* they are fed upon turnips, cabbages, &c. &c., which renders their milk poor, and of an impure flavour. Butter is *imported* from Ireland and England; of course it is all salted, and in summer becomes very rancid and oily; potatoes are grown here, but in such small quantities that they are imported likewise from the same places. An epicure would certainly commit suicide were he condemned

to pass a month in Lisbon, unless he happened to be exclusively fond of fish, which abound in the Tagus, and of various sorts and superior excellence: John Dorys and Turbot, the dear-bought solace of many an aldermanic soul, are here nearly as cheap as herrings in England, and are looked upon as an inferior food.

I am really so much indisposed with the various accumulated annoyances which we meet with at every turn, heightened by the aggravation of intense hot weather, that I can write no longer: if I were to attempt a continuation, this letter would resemble an apothecary's memorandum book—such a list of pains and aches! in mercy to *you*, therefore, as well to myself, I will say adieu.

LETTER V.

Buenos Ayres, July.

I AM quite in spirits at the idea of our speedy removal to Cintra; Dr. W. our English physician, having declared it absolutely necessary for my health and that of the child—in return for his agreeable advice, I am ready to pronounce him “a second Daniel!” This gentleman enjoys a high reputation both for medical talent and for private worth; and he is so kind to the poor, that they have universally named him, “*Santo W****.” We do not hear a very encouraging account of the learned faculty in this country; with some honourable exceptions, they seem to have made little progress since the days of Doctor Sangrado, of deathless memory, and his plan, which in the time of Gil Blas was so much approved in Spain, is *now* quite the fashion *here*: but we must not be too severe in our reprobation of foreign practitioners, when we allow so

much credit to mere *theory* in the art, even in the bosom of our own enlightened metropolis!

Early this morning, we were saluted by the intelligence of the King's having entered the Tagus, and being in full sail up the river. The Cortes have sent to inform his Majesty that he *cannot be permitted* to land until to-morrow, nor indeed *at all*, unless he confirms and sanctions the late proceedings of that body: had this event been predicted to him when he first mounted the throne, it would doubtless have been considered as idle as the warnings of Cassandra: and yet the spirit of the age, so universally hostile to a *despotic* form of government, might, to a discerning monarch, have been clearly perceptible years ago! The King is come over in a line-of-battle ship, originally built at Lisbon, and named after himself, "Don João Sesto;" it has now anchored so near us, that we can discern with our telescopes what passes on board; she is surrounded by small boats, crowded with people, among whom we plainly distinguish

the King's rowers, dressed in scarlet, with gilt plates on the front of their caps: the river, and its far distant shores, resound with the roar of various royal salutes, poured from the brazen throats of every gun on board the numerous ships of all nations now in the harbour: the English frigate, the Liffey, Captain Duncan, is covered with innumerable flags of the gayest variety of colour, and the crew are attired in their gala costume; they are swarming amid the rigging, as well as upon deck, like clustering bees, and I can perceive some of the officers fearlessly stationed at the same dizzy height! Two Russian ships, besides this frigate, are now riding at anchor here—it is impossible, therefore, that the King should entertain much fear as to his personal safety, while he remains under the observation of such powerful defenders: his best security, however, will be the affection and confidence of his people—the King who has once taken possession of the *heart* of his subjects, needs not any other rampart than their arm; he may defy

foreign enmity, and dispense with foreign protectors! — nevertheless, I cannot but commiserate the unpleasant sensations which must certainly at this moment oppress the mind of Don João, especially as he himself is said to be painfully aware of his own incapacity.

(10 o'clock at night.) The popular mind is certainly in favour of the King; every creature who can command the use of a lamp, has hung out this token of his joy: the palace of the Ajuda, and the houses of the upper and middle classes, are lighted from the ground floors to the garrets; but any *real* splendour or taste in this species of decoration, is no where to be seen: the Portuguese do not seem to have the slightest idea of any superior method of illumination, than plain shabby little lamps, resembling lanthorns.—I must break off my letter, which I will conclude to-morrow.

(Wednesday, July, 4th.) Mr. B. went early to Lisbon this morning, to witness the landing of the King, who has complied with every demand of the New Government;

his first act was to repair at the head of a grand procession to the Madelena Church, to offer up thanks upon his safe arrival: his countenance had a wild and distrustful expression, and he appeared to go through the different parts of the ceremony with mechanical formality; he may really be pardoned for seeming a little bewildered; poor man! he was probably tempted more than once to doubt his own identity! Count Palmella (late ambassador to our court) is among the number of persons suspected and disliked by the present government: some of the royal followers are arrested as state prisoners, and the Count, they say, will be banished from Lisbon. The general opinion seems to be, that the King will make no attempts at resistance for the present, *if ever*; and that he, in fact, could not act otherwise, even if he had the inclination, as the Constitutionals have so completely the reins in their hands, that any opposition on his part would be an act of insanity.

This is certainly a very interesting political moment, even to the most indifferent observer; for it is almost impossible not to be of

opinion, that the revolutions now effected in Spain and Portugal will be followed, sooner or later, by similar and still more eventful changes upon the rest of the continent—I might perhaps say, of the *world*! Adieu.

LETTER VI.

Cintra.—Costa's Hotel, July.

HERE we are at Cintra! But in order that you may *fully* enter into the delightful change of situation and of feeling which we now enjoy, I must carry you once more back to the last morning of our sejour at Buenos Ayres: what would the bright lights of Rembrandt be worth, if deprived of the contrast of their shades? After a sleepless night then, during which the perpetual howling of the dogs in the street, and the dull clang of the bells belonging to innumerable convents or churches, had rendered me more than usually irritable, I beheld with joy the first dawn of the day which was to witness our removal; when the sun arose, I had a strong inclination to get up to admire so magnificent a spectacle; but I was checked by indisposition and indolence, and also sadly recollected, that this bright luminary could *here* shed his flood of glory upon barren rocks and water only!

Here was no "pomp of groves or garniture of fields," to yield glad incense in return for his smile: dear England! how thy purity, cleanliness, freshness and comfort, rose in painful intensity before me! what a contrast to the actual scene did thy verdant meadows, thy superb oak woods, and thy cool, sedge-crowned rivers then present!—but enough of this.

We now ascended the *sége*, and were forthwith bolted up, together with sundry boxes and baskets, whose sharp edges every moment pressed painfully against our knees, and which, by the time that we had gone five miles, completely rubbed the skin off our shins:* I must here record, by way of episode, that our heavier leather trunks were sent under the charge of an *almocrêve*, or carrier, in a rude sort of cart, drawn by oxen, the wheels of which, made of solid blocks of wood, creak and groan (as if in despair at the burthen they carry) in the most discordant and lamentable manner; the

* There is no accommodation for luggage, in these most inconvenient carriages.

drivers would not grease them upon any account, "for the *noise* (they say) keeps off the evil spirits from men and beasts:" our trunks, however, upon arriving at Cintra, had been treated most *diabolically*, for their neat appearance was completely spoiled, they were rubbed into holes, and their contents scarcely saved from consequent injury: a little straw would have obviated this, but the Lusitanian sages (being, I suppose, of the school of Diogenes) never trouble their heads about such frivolous niceties of refinement. Off we drove, descending the steep roughly paved streets of Buenos Ayres, clattering, jangling, shattering, and jolting along, conducted by a gaunt swarthy postilion, in "a loose chamois doublet" and rusty hat; we left the hotel at seven o'clock, and were more than four hours in reaching Cintra, a distance of fifteen miles: the road is rudely paved the whole way, nor is there, as in France, the resource of the narrow "*terre*" by the side of the "*pavé*;" and, even at this early hour, the heat was extremely oppressive: we were accompanied by a friend, who acted as our interpreter on the road, who was

mounted upon a favourite Spanish horse, of rather small proportions, yet extremely handsome: the head quite a model for the sculptor; but the horses of this country are distinguished by a want of roundness in the hind quarter, a narrowness in the contour of the hip, which I am sure Praxitiles would never have pardoned, either in a barb or a beauty. We stopped to refresh the animals, at a *casa de pasto* (public house), about half way between Lisbon and Cintra; the group of figures collected in the dark miserable kitchen was very striking to an *inexperienced* eye; our host, a round visaged, quick-eyed, greasy wight, bustled out to receive us, as nimbly as his rotundity of form would allow; he was a true specimen of what Cervantes calls "a rascally don peasant, stuffed with garlic," and might have passed for the twin brother of my dear old friend Sancho Panza.* The costume of this worthy may be described in few words; upon his back he had a skirtless *something*, which once

* He, I afterwards discovered, was always designated "Sancho."

had been a jacket; and his loose mud-coloured nether garments were stuffed into a pair of boots, which looked as if they were used as candle-boxes, when not wanted by the wearer; behind him, stood two or three women, among whom was his daughter, considered the belle of the place: she was certainly a very handsome brunette, with a spot like the pomegranate blossom in each of her plump cheeks, and many a senhora of high degree might have envied her the eyes and smile; but the disgusting negligence and dirt of her attire and person, completely destroyed the effect of her beauty. One other member of this company was not the least remarkable among them; a woman in the last stage of lean and withered old age; I believe I have already told you, that advanced life among the lower class of females, *here* seems to assume a ten-fold ghastliness of appearance: this animated mummy stood leaning upon a staff, her sunken eyes fixed on vacancy, and her lips moving without any audible sound, as she slowly counted the beads of an immense black rosary, which

hung from her trembling tan-coloured hand: upon receiving a trifle, she slightly recovered her recollection, and nodding her Sibyl head, (whose thin grey locks were braided as in the days of her youth, and devoid of any other covering than the ordinary handkerchief, which had fallen back,) made the sign of the cross upon her skeleton breast! The inn itself, if inn it could be called, was so dirty and sordid in its outward appearance, that I should as soon have attempted entering the kraal of a Hottentot; and I could certainly have borne many a keen pang of hunger, before I brought myself to taste any viands it might contain, the chief of which would, we are told, invariably consist of coarse salt fish, rancid oil, and garlic. We now proceeded on our route, and at length, after having traversed a barren sandy monotonous tract of country, for the greater part of the way, we began to perceive a slight change for the better; the atmosphere became less oppressively hot, and here and there a few trees refreshed our wearied eyes, while a grand looking mountain, its

highest and most fantastic peak, crowned by a picturesque Convent, rose in proud magnificence before us. A handsome quinta (i. e. country house,) gave an air of refinement to the nearer scene; its white walls starting forward, in full relief, from a background of dark green foliage, formed an agreeable picture; but this verdant retreat appeared nevertheless to stand alone, in the midst of a still bald and arid country, like an emerald set in copper!—The landscape now gradually increased in interest; an ancient mansion belonging to the queen, called Ramalão, appeared on the left, which was by no means devoid of beauty, though somewhat of a quaint and formal order; shortly afterwards we turned suddenly round a corner of the mountain, and then Cintra, that beautiful paradise, burst upon our sight, in all its matchless loveliness and grandeur! How shall I describe this fair, this exquisite spot of earth? my weak powers shrink from the attempt! let me endeavour to give you some idea of the view which greeted my eyes, from the windows of my bed-room,

upon awakening early the morning after our arrival; but this, upon second thoughts, is too much for the *end* of a letter: I will give it you in my next.

LETTER VII.

Cintra, July.

You are to fancy me (as I told you in my last) seated at the window of my apartment, in the hotel at Cintra; the room itself was not devoid of charm to my peculiar feelings, a charm which would not strike every other person, as it arose wholly from *association*; its whitewashed walls, clean boarded floor, and simple old fashioned wooden chairs, reminded me of some which I remembered to have seen in respectable English farmhouses, deep in the bosom of the country, far removed from the luxury and pretension to refinement, which distinguish similar dwellings nearer the *metropolis*: the snowy white dimity bed, and *prim* little toilette table, covered with coarse frilled muslin, delightfully clean, gave an idea of purity, order, and comfort, which was truly refreshing both to the body and to the spirits; particularly when contrasted with the dirt and closeness of most continental sleeping

rooms : but let me open the window, (about which I have kept your imagination so long hovering,) and thus admitting the fresh morning breeze, lose all recollection of past annoyances, in the crowd of agreeable sensations which now throng upon each other. What a gale of fragrance rises from beneath, from all around ! the orange and lemon trees, which here grow to an enormous size, in the rich garden, or rather orchard, below, fling their mingled perfume (from fruit and blossom) to the soft wind, which blows from the ocean, whose blue waters I can distinctly perceive (at a distance of about six miles) sparkling in the sun ; yet it does not appear more than two miles from me, such is the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere ; the scent of lavender and rosemary mix with that of the spicy carnation, which flourishes in antique-shaped earthen pots, or in deep layers of earth, upon the top of the stone walled garden of every quinta. I view beneath the nearer mountains, an universal profusion of fruit trees, at whose feet the wood-strawberry blushes behind her delicate leaves : in the garden of this hotel,

the Alpine sort is cultivated, as well as the white and red raspberry; both fruits are considered in Portugal as luxuries; here and there, I can perceive a small patch of ground, hung high among the surrounding crags of rock, where, carefully shaded from the sun, by hedges of palm, and sedulously watered from the numerous stone cisterns, or fountains, with which every quinta abounds, the lettuce, and other vegetables requiring such aid, are cultivated: a confused yet soothing murmur of falling waters, of wild bees, and of birds, warbling *almost* as sweetly as those in England, (among which the note of the ringdove is pre-eminent,) delights the ear, while a cloudless heaven of summer blue, sheds light, and life, and joy, upon every object! Nothing surely can be more enchanting than such a prospect; and yet a walk of ten minutes from the hotel will afford the lover of the sublime, a still more perfect landscape. I allude to the grounds of the Marialva Palace, or to those of the Pénha Verde Quinta, from whence the superb addition of towering mountain scenery may be enjoyed. I find, however, that *plain*

prose will not suffice, to give any adequate idea of this; take therefore a little effusion in verse, in which I could not refuse myself the *relief* of indulging, upon the second morning of our arrival.

CINTRA.

Dull sleep, begone! I spurn thy popped crown,
Thy spell Circean, potent though it be;
Hence! seek thy votaries in yon sickly town;
These scenes of life, these breezes pure and free,
Thou nodding Sibyl, were not made for thee!

The glorious sun is ris'n! o'er Cintra's dale,
(Fairer, methinks, than poet's haunted dream,)
He smiles in light, and rends the misty veil
From yonder mountain's brow, whence many a stream,
Dancing in joy, springs forth to catch his beam!

Swift let me climb the crag's romantic height,
And gain the shelter of yon hermit seat;
A bower of bliss, befitting lady bright,
For stern ascetic all too wildly sweet;
Here let me gaze around, and rest my pilgrim feet.

Far overhead, piercing the vaulted sky,
The convent of "Our Lady of the Rock,"*
In calm pre-eminence of majesty,
Rears its grey walls, braving the tempest's shock,
And at the earthquake's terrors seems to mock!

* Nossa Senhora da Pénha.

Yet the convulsions of a changing state,
The storms of *human* ire, may lay thee low !
Perchance at thee, ere long, may stern-eyed fate
Launch her red lightnings, aim the whelming blow,
And give thine humbled sons a deep reverse to know.

Look out, grey Padres ! view the wreck of power,
Mark well the lesson taught by yonder pile ;
The mouldering remnant of the Moorish Tower,*
The turban'd Infidel's strong hold, ere while,
When on this prostrate land he glanced his victor
smile !

From monuments of human pride and woe,
Gladly I turn, pure Nature's charms to greet ;
Heaven ! what a joyous prospect laughs below !
What golden orchards, gardens fair and sweet,
And waving woods, in bright confusion meet !

Where leafy groves in mingled foliage gleam,
The cork-trees spread on high their rugged arms ;
The hoary fathers of the wood they seem,
Protecting the acacia's bending charms,
The trembling ash, and youthful beech from harms !

The walnut there, expands her verdant screen,
Near her, the chestnut rears her graceful head ;
The pensive cypress darkly waves between,
And lofty fir, on mountain summit bred,
Looks down on the pomegranate blushing red !

* O Castello dos Mouros.

Hark to the varied sounds which gradual swell,
Borne on the breeze, they soothe the listening ear;
The ring-dove murmuring in the lonely dell,
The gush of many a fountain, cold and clear,
And bell of climbing goat, or roving muleteer :

While nearer still, the wild-bee's fairy horn
Continual rings around my green retreat,
As from the dewy cups, at early morn,
Of every mountain flower, th' aroma sweet,
She ceaseless culls, to form her winter treat.

List to the sun-bright ocean's distant sound !
Yonder its dark blue waters gently lave
The pebbled shore, which fertile plains surround ;
Their yellow harvests undulating wave,
And call the reaper's care, their golden stores to save.

Hard by, the olive and the purple vine,
Their mingled treasures lavishly bestow ;
Oh favour'd land ! thus corn, and oil, and wine,
Along thy happy vallies ever flow,
And bid man's ravished heart, in grateful warmth to
glow !

What blended fragrance loads the passing gale !
The balmy breath of many an herb and flower ;
Incense delicious, rising from the vale,
Where orange groves their fruits and blossoms shower.
And rich carnations bloom in jasmine bower,

Thus do the sights, the sounds, the scents of bliss,
Combine to charm! O earth! how fair thou art!
Had fabled Arcady a vale like this?
Could scenes of Eden deeper touch the heart,
Or through the sense a keener rapture dart?

O work sublime! here best I trace the hand,
Th' almighty hand, which formed the glorious whole;
Can ransomed man with frozen bosom stand,
Nor own thy love, nor bless thy mild controul?

Eternal Saviour! humbly thus I bend!
With prostrate heart, in adoration bow;
How my rapt thoughts on eagle wings ascend
To thy bright throne, where seraphs veil the brow!
Teach me to praise thee! Father, teach me how!

I dare say some of the thoughts, or rather the expressions in these lines, may not be wholly original; the memory is frequently treacherous upon these occasions, leading us to forget that we have drawn our images from her sources, rather than from those of invention; but be this as it may, I wrote the above, almost without a pause, yet found them at the conclusion, quite inadequate to express that mingled rapture of admiration and delight, which filled my mind upon first beholding the scenes to which they allude.

LETTER VIII.

Cintra, July.

EVERY body who arrives here from Lisbon is of course eagerly questioned as to the state of political affairs. The accounts never vary in respect to the quiet and resigned *submission*, if I may so call it, of the King. He has fixed his residence at the palace of Queluz,* which he has ever preferred to that of the Ajuda, on account of its superior gardens. A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in the country, related an anecdote of the King upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette, which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious ebullition. Entering one of the state apartments, he observed chairs placed

* *Queluz*—This, literally translated, means “what a light!”

there, which is an unusual circumstance; "what is all this, what is all this?" said he, "how came these chairs here?" To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, "The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever use a chair in my presence!"—All the Royal Family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portugeze lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank, (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*,) are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly

saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head; this is an abuse of prerogative, which if it should be henceforward abolished, will not, *cannot* be regretted by the most loyal and attached friends of the monarchy: but how *much* is there still existent which needs reform in every department of the government!

I am as yet ignorant of the existing character of the Portuguese clergy, generally considered; but the following anecdote relative to an individual *padre*, which was related to me by an English gentleman, does not greatly prepossess a protestant in its favour. "A woman in the lower class of society, being oppressed by the weight of some family misfortune, went to one of the churches to pray; she was found by this priest upon her knees, pouring out her supplications to that Almighty Redeemer, who alone is able to save! "Why do you pray to Jesus Christ?" said he: "apply rather to such and such *saints*, for they are so powerful in heaven, that they are able to do every thing for you, and may ask *whatever they*

choose of Jesus Christ, who dares not refuse them !” I cannot, however, bring myself to believe this tale ! The common people at Lisbon are all much horrified at the idea of *our* priests being allowed to marry ; the former minister of the English factory resident there, had for a length of time continued to be greatly respected among them, until they heard that he was upon the point of returning to England, with an intention of being married ; then indeed he sunk at once in their estimation, nor were all his virtues able to save his memory from reproach and scandal. Our present clergyman came hither accompanied by his wife, and, for the first few months after her arrival, she could not appear in the streets without being pointed and gazed at, with displeased curiosity by the populace, as “ the *English padre’s* wife.”

Cintra has been illuminated in honour of the King ; the effect of the lights sparkling in the windows of the different quintas, perched high among the mountains, embosomed in dark woods, was singularly beautiful !—beheld by moonlight it is in-

deed a scene of fairy land! such a superb moon I have hardly ever seen as that which at this time looks down upon us! I wonder not at the ancient worship of that "queen of heaven," and this reminds me of its having been formerly called by the Romans, "the promontory of the moon," the name of Cintra being a corruption of "Cynthia," and the remains of a small temple dedicated to this goddess have been discovered upon the summit of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. I can never forget the impression which this charming scenery made upon my imagination, when I contemplated it for the first time by this light; the white-walled quintas, rising amid the deep woods I have already mentioned, (whose waving foliage then appeared *black* as the plumes of the gigantic helmet of Otranto,) assumed a pale ghostly effect, which was infinitely striking: the shaded lanes were full of glow-worms, and the fire-flies darted from bough to bough; these last are very lovely delicate insects; the phosphoric matter is confined to the lower part of their slender bodies, and is of a more *rubied* lustre

than that of the glow-worms, which appear to me like living emeralds.

I have been standing every night in the open gallery which runs on the outside of the hotel, and communicates with the sitting rooms, somewhat in the style of the Swiss farm-houses, enjoying the balmy and refreshing air: but I am warned against this practice, however delightful to the feelings, as the neighbourhood of the mountains induces a very heavy fall of dew and vapour at the decline of day. I ought to mention one sublunary circumstance, to which I am shocked at perceiving I am by no means so indifferent, as so romantic an admirer of *unsophisticated* nature ought to be! I allude to the excellent fare which we meet with at this hotel. Good butter, daily fresh from the churn, (Cintra being the only place so near Lisbon where such a luxury is to be procured,) fruits glowing from their parent trees, good cow's milk, and water the purest that ever gushed from its crystal source in the hidden recesses of the mountains, to say nothing of the Vinho do Colares, a delicate

claret-flavoured wine, made at a village of that name, very near this place. The talents of an excellent French cook add to all these comforts not a little. Adieu,

LETTER IX.

Cintra, July.

I CANNOT tell you how much I lament the necessity which has called away Mr. B. from this delightful retreat, and which plunges him once more into Lisbon's fiery furnace! We are, certainly, at a most inconvenient distance from the latter place, and nothing but *health* induces me to remain in a situation which thus divides our establishment, and leaves me so much and so frequently alone, surrounded by strange faces, and obliged, during his absence, to live almost entirely in my own apartments, to avoid the stare of rude curiosity.—This evening we have been riding out upon burinhos, or burricos (*i. e.* donkeys), which are in universal request at Cintra; they are strong handsome animals, very different (generally speaking) from the smaller-sized ragged and stupid asses, common to England; some of them are full of spirit, with regu-

lar paces, and are as sleek and well curried as horses; nor is at all unusual to give ten moidores* a piece for them; we set off at six o'clock, just as the heat of the day was over, accompanied by a friend, carrying the child before him upon his burinho—a dark-eyed sallow boy, and a mongrel cur (the inseparable friend of the latter) were our only attendants. We rode through a rocky defile, overhung with cork trees, than which nothing but our own matchless oaks can be grander; at every step some new beauty in the landscape arose to charm us!—sometimes the sides of the mountains, along which we slowly wound our way, were covered with purple heath and yellow broom (the latter then beginning to shed their golden blossoms), mixed with the feathery fern, and creeping ivy; the fern grows also upon the trunks and branches of the cork trees, forming a singular effect of mingled foliage: at one time we passed green patches of land, kept as great trea-

* A moidore, at the present rate of exchange, is worth about three-and-twenty shillings.

tures for cattle to browse upon, where cows, climbing from steep to steep, were seen, each with a large bell around her neck—at another, our route led us by sparkling fountains of limpid water, “making music” to the ear of the thirsty pilgrim!—during this promenade, we alighted twice;—once at the gates of the Marialva Palace, and once at those of the Pénha Verde (green rock), both of which we entered, and spent some time in walking over part of the romantic grounds of the latter. The Marialva belongs to the marquis of that name, (now banished, on account of his political opinions, from the country,) and is one of the chief lions of Cintra, being the favourite resort of all classes upon the evenings of Sundays or holidays. It is open at all times, and this reminds me of a very amiable feature in the Portuguese character—they always appear delighted to offer the sight or the use of their grounds to others, and receive your wish of exploring them, in the light of a compliment:—this has been confirmed to me by several English residents, and may afford a lesson to many of

our own landed proprietors. The Mari-alva is a fine looking building altogether, and may probably be known in future times from having been the place where the celebrated *Convention* was signed some years since; at least it will be remembered as long as Childe Harold continues to be read!—The gardens are rich, and the prospect the windows command on both sides of the house is magnificent. In spite of what is generally acknowledged to be *good taste*, I could not help being pleased with the contrast to the wild simplicity of the general scene, which a little old fashioned parterre in the front of the mansion afforded: it was laid out in the formal quaint style of our William the Third; and the sight of its straight close-shaven hedges of yew and box, intersected at right angles, together with a prim *jet d'eau* in the centre, transported me in imagination to Hampton Court, and brought those lines of Pope to my remembrance, wherein he speaks of that peculiar mode of planting.—

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

While I wondered at this coincidence of

taste, among the grandees of Portugal, (for almost *all* the large gardens of the nobility here are laid out in a similar manner,) I was informed that this place, as well as many others, was planned in the days when commerce flourished, the tutelar goddess of the land; and when merchants from *Holland*, in particular, resided and erected *mansions after their own hearts*, in the midst of Cintra's wildest *sérras*;—speaking of *sérras*, I could not resist giving a free rein to my fancy, during the most romantic part of our route; delighting to imagine myself in the heart of the “Sierra della Ronda,” or in “the bowels of the Sable Mountain,” mentioned in the exquisite descriptions of Spanish scenery by Cervantes—methought I could even see Sancho mounted upon Dapple, that “son of his soul,” as he so pathetically calls him, and the gaunt “knight of the woeful countenance” extended at listless length beneath the shade of a hoary cork tree!—a flock of goats, ringing their bells as they descended from a distant height, conducted by some wild looking goat-herds, so increased the illusion,

that I almost expected to behold the frantic Cardenio among them.

I have hardly left myself room to mention the beautiful quinta of the Pénha Verde; so called, from a lofty mountain rising immediately behind it, in the form of a cone, covered to the utmost peak with a luxuriant vegetation, that forms a fine contrast to the bare and craggy rocks which surround it.—This place originally belonged to the celebrated hero, the virtuous Don João de Castro, (once governor-general of India)—and to this peaceful retreat his fond thoughts perpetually recurred, even amid the tumultuous scenes of war, and all the splendours of the oriental world!—The mansion at present is inhabited by another family; it is a good deal dilapidated, and I have heard it hinted that the neglected state of the place has been in a great measure occasioned by the *gaming* propensities of its proprietors; whether this be true or not, I have no means of ascertaining—the prevalence of this destructive pursuit is so universal, that it is a common occurrence for a young man of rank, in two years after

marriage, to find his affairs almost inextricably involved; and this, even where his wife has brought him a large dowry; to extravagance of *other kinds* they are not so prone. The fine woods belonging to Pénha Verde are so umbrageous, and are so eternally refreshed by numerous fountains, that it is possible to wander among them during the most sultry hours of the day, without incurring either heat or fatigue; the grounds are not devoid of the constant appendage to every Portuguese quinta—a sort of terrace, accommodated with seats, and shaded by vines, myrtles, or other light foliage, raised upon the wall which overlooks the public road. *Here* the *sénhoras* delight to sit, often in full dress, amusing themselves with what *we* should be inclined to call the *vulgar* occupation of watching for the appearance of any chance passengers or equipages; in the indulgence of this taste, (which is common, I believe, to most uneducated or idle persons in *all* places,) they often consume the principal portion of their time; and they are reported to be remarkably satirical in their comments upon those persons who

happen to pass. On our return, we met a family of peasants, consisting of an old but hale cheerful looking grandmother, her two daughters, and their children; they were an interesting and picturesque group: the infants soft skinned, dimpled, and dark-eyed: and the young mothers really pretty: they were all drest in the red petticoat and loose linen jacket of the country, and actually appeared *clean*; but they were not so gay as a village coquette whom I met a day or two since, riding (as is customary here, completely sideways) upon her *burinho*; her jacket was laced in front with narrow gay coloured ribbands, and she wore fine thread stockings worked like lace, and silk slippers embroidered with gold. The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim “Viva!” which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner

to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muleteer, an almocreve, or a postilion who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon, they behave by no means so well. The women now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to *all* the Portuguese of whatever rank; this action simply means to express "How do you do?" some among them know as much English as to *exclaim* "How do do?" of which acquirement they appear very proud. My little boy excites much good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, "Bonito, muito bonito," (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colour, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the

sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinlió this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, "where the little one was?"—I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or importunate; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitoes or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other, are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres kissed my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senhora now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon

the cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English; that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal: all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the patrona (mistress), after every little absence on either side; and children, in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching. The general honesty of the inhabitants of Cintra deserves mention; we are assured by persons who have resided forty years here, that an instance of house-breaking has not been known among them, and the inhabitants of the surrounding quintas hardly think it necessary to fasten their doors at

night; with all this, however, they take free license to cheat and impose in the way of buying and selling; considering such proceedings as mere *peccadinhos* (trifling faults). The children in Portugal, at least those that I have seen, are usually pretty, from the age of one to four years, and most among the lower classes have the countenance, as well as the complexion of gipseys.

LETTER X.

Cintra, July.

I DELIGHT in the peasantry here; they are really a fine race of people, and if I understood their language sufficiently to converse with them, I have no doubt but I should think them almost as engaging as those of France. I must not forget to mention my daily attendant in all my rides, a lad about twelve or thirteen; poor fellow! nothing can exceed his readiness to oblige and amuse me by every little method in his power; pointing out, with a faithful accuracy of taste, which I should think must in him be *intuitive*, the finest views and the most picturesque objects; stopping frequently on a sudden to make me observe a larger cork-tree than usual, a prettier quinta, or a more luxuriant hedge of myrtle or geranium: speaking of the former plant, I ought not to forget to tell you, that I have crossed a sort of wild common here, where the great-

est variety of purple heaths bloomed in the midst of an underwood, composed wholly of myrtle bushes, and delicate arbutus trees, in full flower and perfume!—My little guide (to return to my first subject), however civil and good tempered, is always secretly delighted when he has played me any *trick*; the last time I went out, he struck into a narrow path, which wound along the steep side of a wooded mountain, surrounded by craggy precipices, from which it was vain to attempt any retreat; enjoying my glances of surprise and dismay, as the burinho, doubling his hind legs underneath his body, *slid* down the abrupt descents, and bursting into an irrepressible shout of mirth, as the animal plunged with me into a shallow ford at the bottom, through which, nevertheless, it carried me with ease and safety; but this ridiculous imp amused me so much, that I forgot half my terrors; grinning till I could have numbered every one of his white teeth; he vaulted from crag to crag, with admirable agility; dashing on,

“ Through mud, through mire,
Over bush and over briar,”

and never losing sight of my countenance, which he watched with all the roguish malice of a will-o'-the-wisp, or a "goblin page:" at the termination of the adventure, which carried us at least seven or eight miles from home, this brat did not appear in the least fatigued, but came running up to assist me in dismounting, biting his lips to prevent laughing, and evidently full of triumph at the joke he had ventured, yet endeavouring to assume a face of gravity and officious respect, as he inquired, "at what hour the senhora chose to employ him the next day?"

Count F. and Baron d'O., the Prussian minister and secretary of legation at the court of the Brazils, lately arrived in this country, have been passing a few days at the hotel here, and were indefatigable in *honouring*; they are the most agreeable persons we have met with, since we entered Portugal; and as Mr. B. is now returned from Lisbon, I have been able to join their society at dinner every day. An anecdote which they told us, relative to a fair *penitent* of the Roman Catholic persuasion, which

occurred while they were at Rio Janeiro, is too ludicrous to be omitted in this letter: I think it will amuse you as much as it has done ourselves.

A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness: the confessor, as she was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgments, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye; the negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the Senhora (somebody), the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess *her* sins to the same worthy auditor: she had

hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the Senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the "infamous calumnies" of the priest, in language too gross to repeat.

We are more and more amazed, the longer we remain in this country, at that ignorance, or, at best, that *superficial* knowledge of the commonest arts which exist among the Portuguese; a carpenter here is the awkwardest and most clumsy artizan that can be imagined, spoiling every work he attempts; the way in which the doors and other woodwork belonging even to good houses are finished, would really have suited the rudest ages! Their carriages of all kinds (more particularly their waggon and carts), their agricultural implements and management, their cutlery, locks and keys, &c., are *ludi-*

crously bad. Their soil, rich and fertile, their climate so favourable to the growth of almost all vegetation, seems, in a great measure, to be lost upon them; and, in short (if I am to judge by the little I have seen, and to credit entirely what others tell me), the state of society, and the progress of civilization in all classes, are so infinitely below par, so strikingly inferior to the rest of Europe, as to form a sort of disgraceful wonder in the midst of the nineteenth century. What can be the reason of this peculiarity? There are not wanting persons who decidedly account for it upon the score of an extraordinary self-conceit, similar to that of the Chinese nation, than which, nothing can be a more sure bar to improvement: I would fain hope this judgment is too severe.

LETTER XI.

Cintra, July.

WE have this evening been to see the quinta of "Montserrat," by far the most picturesque place in this neighbourhood; it comprises every beauty and sublimity which Cintra has to boast, being situated upon very elevated ground, in the bosom of a wood of cork-trees, surrounded by orange-trees, and rocky fountains; hemmed in on three sides by mountains, (among which are those crowned by the Penha convent, and the Moorish castle,) and open on the other to the level champaign country, rich in vineyards and corn-fields, which stretches out for about six miles, when it is bounded by the sea. The mansion itself had a singular charm for me, delighting, as I have ever done, in those which call up images of romantic association; it was originally built by a rich Englishman,* in the style of our own villas, and was in consequence distinguished by an elegance of taste, a refinement

* Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill.

of decoration, and a lightness and beauty of architecture, which are peculiar to buildings of this sort in England; *here* such a structure really appears as if raised by fairy hands; so far does it excel the ill-contrived and tawdry style, to which the natives of this country are generally accustomed:—but, alas! how has this enchanted spot been neglected! and how has the beautiful house been suffered to fall to decay! now become the property of a Portuguese family, they have evinced the most deplorable want of taste and feeling in regard to it, for at this moment it is completely a ruin—a fit residence only for the bat and the owl, or to serve as a casual shelter for the wandering goatherd and his shaggy flock, at those times when the wind is not high enough to blow down the shattered roof upon their heads. I never beheld so striking an image of desolate loveliness; and could have passed hours here in the indulgence of a reverie, mournful, yet fraught with a nameless charm that can only be comprehended by the veritable children of romance. Some of the carved doors of the best apartments (brought, at a great expense, from England), were still

perfect, and some remains of the superb plates of glass in the light French windows were yet spared by the fury of the wintry storms which often rage with great violence among the surrounding mountains and woods; the hall (of Grecian elegance) once opened upon a sloping lawn of verdant turf, studded with rare shrubs and flower-beds; it has now been ploughed up, but I could still discover traces of its former designation; a splendid music-room, built in the form of a rotunda, the roof rising in a fine dome, to a considerable height, made the greatest impression upon my feelings; I tried my voice there, and was startled at the sound, which, as it died away, seemed to scare the long sleeping echoes of the place. Montserrat indeed is well calculated to afford a lesson of philosophy to every being who has *learnt to think*; here, in the days of its splendour, its original proprietor retired, to enjoy the luxuries of almost boundless wealth, and called around him the sons and daughters of prosperity, to enliven the retreats of a hitherto solitary Eden; *now*, what a change, and what a contrast!

As the national character* of the Portuguese gradually unfolds itself to our observation, we sometimes smile, but more frequently sigh with a feeling of deeper and more serious import: from all we have been able to gather, to hear, and to remark, nothing can be more deplorable than the state of morality, civil polity, and religion (generally considered), in which they have hitherto remained: and there has not yet been time for any great or radical improvement, since the accession of a more liberal form of government: with respect to religion, however, I shall not mention much which I have been told concerning it; for, being myself a Protestant, I may be suspected of prejudice in judging of an opposite persuasion.

Justice is said to be too frequently bought and sold; indeed, it is not to be expected, that, having an "itching palm," she should hold the sword with a firm and steady grasp. Many horrid crimes,—murder, one of the

* It is a thousand pities that the quickness and brilliancy of intellect which nature has bestowed upon the Portuguese of both sexes, should be counteracted, or rendered of little avail, by the peculiarities of their government. Considering the national character in this point of view, censure melts into regret.

most venial among them,—are frequently committed, almost with impunity; nor are the perpetrators banished from general society! A man has just assassinated his wife, under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty, and in cold blood, after long and mature deliberation; he had several children by the unfortunate woman, and he committed the savage act, almost before their eyes! she was not guiltless in her conduct, but he had ever afforded her an example of licentiousness and infidelity: after having been convicted upon the clearest evidence, he is only punished by imprisonment at present, nor is it thought probable that he will ever be brought to actual execution.*

All Roman Catholic countries observe the Sunday in a manner which, to an English eye, does not appear exactly the most appropriate to the sacred character of the day: but in Portugal, I think they seem to pay still less reverence to it, than in any other: I cannot forbear the relation of the following circumstance, which may be offered as my best excuse for this severity of opinion.

* He was liberated before we left Lisbon.

The day before yesterday, I went into a church here, to witness the celebration of mass on Sunday morning; the service itself did not last above half an hour, and there was but one officiating priest, who muttered it over in so hurried and indistinct a manner, that it would have been impossible for even the *learned* to have understood or followed him! He gave the sacrament to one communicant, and as soon as the ceremony was over, he wiped out the cup, and then set himself (in view of every person present) busily to work, rubbing and polishing its outside surface, with a cloth, exactly with the air of a butler who was particularly tenacious of the lustre of his sideboard. There was no sermon; and although the gallery was provided with an organ, we heard not a note of music. The high altar, with all its ornaments, was *covered up*, and the service performed before another very shabby little one, in the side of the church. Upon inquiring *why* all this had occurred?, I was answered, with much composure, "that it was troublesome to uncover and dress out the high altar *merely for Sunday*, or to have

music ; but that on some *Saints'* days, both were to be seen and heard in great splendour and perfection."

We dined lately at the quinta of an American merchant here, a very rich individual, who has resided many years in Portugal. At this house we met several foreigners, and were introduced to a Portuguese family, who were accompanied by their two young children. I was assured, that it is generally the custom to bring them to balls, parties, &c. at the most tender age ; by which means, late hours are inevitably induced, and these (joined to the want of exercise peculiar to the inhabitants of Lisbon) render the little beings invariably delicate, and frequently unhealthy!

In the course of the evening we went to view the *interior* of the Marialva, which is, in fact, no palace properly so called, but a large country mansion, which has hitherto been preserved in tolerably good repair. As we wandered through the spacious apartments, where now and then a piece of neat English furniture contrasted advantageously with the general foreign style of decoration, we were struck by the superiority of the

manner in which the walls of every room were painted in fresco. This is the only thing in which I think the Portuguese taste better than our own,—the delicacy and beauty of the colouring, and the variety of the designs, (the latter copied from antique patterns, chiefly of flowers,) were far preferable to the most elaborate French papers; and although Italian artists are sometimes employed, the Portuguese themselves are very happy in the execution of this style of decoration, which is nearly universal both in Lisbon and in the country.

I observe not unfrequently, a black cross, of rude workmanship, erected in different parts of the neighbourhood, and am told, that such is the signal that either a murder has been committed, or some fatal accident has happened upon that particular spot. A symbol of this melancholy nature is more than usually conspicuous in one of the wildest and most beautiful places in the vicinity, and forms an object of romantic pilgrimage to almost all strangers; it is planted above a mossy bank of earth, called "The Lover's Grave," where, in effect, the bodies of three

unfortunates are buried, whose sad story, in spite of the long lapse of time since the event occurred, is yet fresh in the memory of every village maiden. It is soon told:—
“Two youthful brothers once happily lived amid the sylvan shades which now resound with lamentations for their untimely deaths. They were each brave and beautiful; and their fraternal affection was the theme of every tongue. The elder formed an attachment to a lovely girl, whose family, if I recollect aright, were somewhat averse to their union. In a moment of more than ordinary vexation, she appointed the younger brother to meet her in a certain woody glen, in order to consult with him upon the means of surmounting the difficulties in which she found herself involved, upon account of her constant attachment to the elder, whose more fiery temperament was less calculated to reason dispassionately and with due prudence, upon so touching a subject! They met—the youth suggested a plan which appeared to the fair and animated creature so admirably suited to effect her wishes, that she embraced him in all the warmth of

sisterly gratitude. Alas! the impetuous lover had beheld, from a distance, and in the gloom of twilight, his mistress in the arms of—a *stranger*, as he unfortunately imagined; maddened by jealousy, he rushed forward, and plunged his dagger in the heart of his brother! The mistake was explained in a moment, and the unhappy youth completed the tragedy by stabbing himself upon the body of his guiltless victim. The lady survived not long, and they were all interred beneath the same ensanguined turf!" I will not vouch for the accuracy of every particular of this tale of woe; but the outlines at least are correct, and I leave it to your own imagination to fill them up in the manner you like best.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

Cintra, July 30th.

I HAVE as yet, had no opportunity of forming any individual judgment, respecting the modes and morals of the higher classes of society; and the answers I receive upon *inquiry* into these circumstances, are so unfavourable, that I feel considerable reluctance to believe the half of what I hear! It is an undoubted truth however, that the decency and decorum of *outward appearances* are always sedulously preserved; much more so than in our own country, and this from the highest to the lowest orders of people. Even in the worst haunts of Lisbon, little *external* mark of depravity, or even impropriety, is ever visible; what are we to think of this peculiar feature in the national character? for my own part, although I fear, that it evinces a great proficiency in the art of deception, I am of opinion, that it is preferable to a more open display of immorality; and

it certainly illustrates the truth of the well known axiom, "that hypocrisy is the involuntary homage which vice pays to virtue." Perhaps some moralists might be startled at this decision; and I allow that it may be combated, without any degree of illiberality or injustice. Doubtless it is far better "to *be what we seem*," yet I cannot but think many really excellent persons amongst *us* might borrow a useful hint, from the fair exterior of the Portugueze, and they would do well to remember, in the midst of their overstrained sincerity, that by the needless harshness of outward manners, virtue herself may be rendered unlovely; an amiable and truly exemplary author, who is now no more, has well observed upon this subject, "that it is high treason against religion and morality, to be good and disagreeable!"

Street robbery is almost as common in Lisbon as in London, but there is this fatal difference, peculiar to the Portugueze delinquent; "he hardly ever robs, without *assassination*." Dishonesty and petty theft flourish here in as rank luxuriance as can well be imagined; nor can confidence be

placed in any persons so surely, as in the humble hardworking sort of voluntary slaves, called "gallegos," who hire out their strength and activity to the more indolent natives. The rude honesty of these Spaniards may (it is universally asserted) be trusted with untold gold; they resemble in many of their habits and offices, the Cawdies of Edinburgh, and the Lazzaroni of Naples. I forget whether I have already mentioned to you, that they come over in immense bodies, from the province of Galicia in Spain; live on their journey here upon the charitable daily dole of the convents, and, carefully hoarding the money which they obtain for their hard-earned services, return when they have made a certain sum, to their own country, to spend their latter years in the bosom of their families: most of them are remarkably athletic, and I have observed that the younger among them, are sometimes extremely fine men.

Having recovered from a transient attack of rheumatism, which I am told is one of the

drawbacks to enjoyment, *peculiar* to the humid climate of Cintra, I went at a very early hour this morning, to drink the cool water of a fountain, (said to be slightly impregnated with iron,) in the beautiful gardens of a quinta hard by, where the chestnut and young cork trees grow so thickly, as to form an impervious shade, even during the hottest hours of the day. Here I spent half an hour, listening to the cool gushing sound of the fountain, and the soft monotonous note of the wood pigeon, which builds among these quiet haunts. I was soon joined by a companion, who had passed many years in Portugal, and she gave me the history of the owner of the quinta, which was not uninteresting. He is a very young man, but has been for some years a husband and a father, having married (according to the national custom) in boyhood, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, who is said to have united a premature perfection of person, to a disposition wild, thoughtless, and uncontrouled, beyond all belief; spoiled by early adulation, she had no idea—no care, unconnected with either her beauty or her amusement:

at length, jealousy, on the part of the youthful husband, (although vague and devoid of any definite object,) arose to complete his uneasiness, and, in a moment of irritation, he suddenly shut her up in one of those religious houses, which in this country are appropriated to the reception of separated wives who have given cause of scandal to society. Such power has the Romish church hitherto allowed to husbands in general! In these melancholy retreats, though bound by no vow or profession, these unfortunate women are condemned to remain, until set at liberty by the relenting feelings of their husbands, or (what is often far more welcome) by their *deaths*. In this durance, the fair lady of the quinta still resides, while her lord continues to lead a solitary and listless life, untouched as yet by compassion for her fate: he is frequently encountered wandering amid these shades, looking (doubtless) extremely "sentimental, melancholy and gentlemanlike." I forgot to ask my informant, whether these penitential prisons were likely to be suppressed by the Constitutional government; but I learnt another

piece of intelligence, at which I could not but heartily rejoice, "that the different orders of nuns and friars were henceforward to be abolished; that the communities at present in existence were to be allowed to die a natural death, while all attempts at future revival would be punished with severity." This appears to be one of the most wholesome of the new regulations; yet I ought not to forget the final destruction of the Inquisition, which the present ministers have effected. The infernal dominion of this institution has been declining for a considerable period of time; and most persons have allowed themselves to imagine, that its worst atrocities had come to a conclusion, long previous to the recent Revolution; but in this supposition, I was assured that they had been greatly mistaken; for only a few months have elapsed, since several instances of the most detestible cruelty and injustice are said to have been brought to light, which but too plainly evinced, that the original character of the inquisition was by no means changed.

I have lately heard several anecdotes of

the past enormities of the priesthood in general, (and relating more particularly to the members of a certain rich and noble convent,) which I shall not repeat; they may or may not be true, but at all events it is painful to contemplate human nature in such fearful colours as those to which they allude: one however, of a milder character, I will relate to you; for its simplicity well delineates the state of opinion among the common people, in respect to subjects connected with religion. An English lady (herself a liberal, though sincere Roman Catholic) had of late attempted to *reason* with some of the peasantry (whose milder dispositions allowed her to venture upon doing so, without risk of their resentment), and to point out to them the absurdity of their prayers when addressed to *saints*—(to have told them that such a practice was in reality *forbidden* by the Apostles in the Gospel, would have been fruitless; because the Scriptures, entire and unadulterated, are for ever concealed from their perusal, by the priests of their peculiar church!)—one of these rustics, in reply, expressed the uni-

versal sentiment prevalent among them, "It is proper and right, (said he,) to apply to the saints, when we want any thing; they are in favour with God, and can (if they are pleased with our offerings) obtain for us every good gift. With regard to addressing ourselves to God himself, that would be a very *unwise* method of proceeding; would any prudent person present a request to the king, when he knows that his ear is open only to the persuasions and representations of the *fidalgos* who surround him? now the saints are *God's* *fidalgos*, and therefore we pray to *them*." What a blind and unworthy idea of the attributes of our Great Creator, must these poor people entertain! but we should not condemn them too severely; for the above instance proves, that at least the sin of *Pharisaical presumption* (too common with some Protestants) is not imputable to them! There is another superstition also, which deserves mention, relative to the *host*; when this sacred emblem is sent for, upon the summons of a sick person, divers prognostics are always formed, from the number of persons who voluntarily follow the pro-

cession to the door of the penitent; if *many*, the person will recover; if a *few*, his illness will be of a very dangerous nature: but when the attendant priests *only* are seen, unaccompanied by any lay spectators, the event, it is infallibly pronounced, will be *fatal*! How horrible is the custom which universally prevails here, of suffering the street door to remain open, to the intrusion of every rude and careless observer; when beggars and children have frequently been known to penetrate unchidden, into the very chamber of the dying person, where they are allowed to stare upon the agonies of the sufferer, and to disturb the sacred grief of the surviving relatives! Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Cintra, August 3d.

THE Portuguese government has hitherto been generally censured for an excess of bigotry, unknown among other continental nations. I am inclined however to think, it is not worse than what *now* exists among the French, (if we judge from the conduct pursued by the latter towards Protestants, even as lately as during the years 1815 and 1816, in the south of France, mentioned by Mr. Wilks); nor am I without a strong hope, that the sentiment is here beginning very rapidly to wear away, among *all* classes of people. Individual instances to the contrary are at the same time frequently to be met with; I myself heard the pope's nuncio, at present in the neighbourhood of this place, very rigorously and bitterly spoken of, as a faithless recreant to his holy profession and office, merely because he was casually met tranquilly walking in the cool

of the evening, among these beautiful scenes of romantic nature, in the society of an English married lady of a certain age, whose reputation for propriety of conduct in every respect stood particularly high; and this too, when there were one or two more persons in company! It was stated, by his censors, that it was against the rules of his church, to mingle in the society of females. Another instance of a similar contraction of mind, I cannot help mentioning; it has in the latter case so completely silenced the soft voice of pleading humanity, as to induce a family of the Romish religion, now resident in Portugal, still to regard with feelings of unmingled abhorrence the venial trespass of a young girl, who, about twenty years since, committed in their eyes an *inexpiable* crime against Heaven, in flying from a convent where she had been detained *against her inclinations!* A circumstance of a most horrible nature, which occurred during her confinement in that place, so greatly increased her inherent dislike of a conventual life, that she refused at the end of her probation to assume the final veil: her rela-

tions however, were inexorable, and, in the extremity of her distress, she made a confidant of her married sister, whose liberal ideas of true religion had induced her to unite her fate to that of an English protestant, and who, in consequence of this union, had lost in a great degree the affection and countenance of her family. This friendly and compassionate couple concerted the mode of their youthful sister's escape; a lady, who was going to England, was admitted to a participation of the secret, and she kindly undertook to carry her off in her own suite, under the disguise of a servant, the captain of the vessel having previously agreed to favour her evasion by receiving her on board; but alas! when the moment of active exertion arrived, and the trembling victim claimed his services, coming in an open boat to the ship's side, he allowed his fears of the Inquisition to get the better of his honour, and had actually the inhumanity to refuse her admittance; but the gallant conduct of the officers belonging to another English ship made amends for this cruel disappointment: one of them

came on shore the same evening, and calling upon the married sister, remarked the agitation of her spirits; she entrusted the secret to his compassionate ear, and he, with the gallant ardour peculiar to an Englishman, at once undertook to carry the fugitive safely to England, and to deliver her as soon as possible into the care of the lady to whom I have already alluded: in fact, so energetic and prompt were his measures, that the first object which the anxious sister beheld the next morning, upon rising, was the ship, with its full sails spread, and the well known colours of England floating in the breeze, having already gained the farthest extremity of the Tagus, bearing rapidly away from the shores of Portugal! She seized a telescope, and after a short period of harrowing suspense, had the happiness of beholding it *pass the bar*, where launching out into the free ocean, it was soon beyond the reach of suspicion or pursuit! The whole affair was managed with singular prudence and address, for no distrust subsequently attached to the contrivers of the escape; had this been otherwise, they would inevitably have

fallen victims to the resentment of the Inquisition: the fugitive arrived safely in that generous country, so often the refuge of the persecuted and afflicted, and was afterwards happily married to a man of good fortune. The circumstance at which I hinted in the commencement of this story, which so much aggravated the horror of the young novice, would form a fit subject for a melancholy romance. A lady, not many years older than herself, with whom she had contracted a passionate friendship, had been compelled by the intrigues of her relations, to break off a marriage with a deserving object to whom she was deeply attached, and to take the veil in the same convent. The means adopted, to effect this sacrifice, were fabricated accounts of the infidelity of the lover; she had scarcely pronounced the extorted vow, ere the young man found means to convince her of the falsehood of all which had been alleged against him; and the lady, after infinite combats, between affection for her lover and dread of discovery, at length formed the desperate resolution of escaping with him

from the convent, intending, should their plan succeed, to fly to some happier and more liberal country, where they might be united. Alas! she was discovered, and condemned to be inclosed between two walls, in the same manner with *Constance* in the poem of Marmion, there to endure a lingering and miserable death by inanition!—While her previous trial was still going on, which lasted for several weeks, she was immured in a cell, situated in a remote part of the convent; her more fortunate young friend had at this time nearly finished her noviciate; she had been attacked with an indisposition which confined her to her own cell, during the performance of this tragedy, and upon inquiring after her recovery for the senhora, was told by the superior that she had suddenly expired. Some days afterwards, in the height of her regret, as she was accidentally passing the before mentioned cell of despair, she was startled by a faint groan; it burst from the overcharged bosom of the person she so fondly lamented! She knew the voice, and in a moment, was made acquainted with the whole of her

companion's sad story. From that evening, she contrived (by means too tedious to relate) to effect frequent meetings, and here the unhappy friends used to pass many an undiscovered moment of melancholy conversation. "Adieu, my dear Flora," said the captive, one night, upon taking leave of her companion in misfortune at the usual hour, "I fear we shall never meet again! I have a presentiment that I speak to you for the last time." The event too fatally justified her mysterious words; for upon her cell being opened the following morning, she was found lifeless, drowned in her own blood, having destroyed herself in an access of despair. It is dreadful to think of the abuse of power which has until now existed in this church. Formerly, whole families of younger children were perpetually sacrificed, and compelled to wear out their lives in the austere seclusion of a cloister, merely to aggrandize the elder son; and I am assured that it has repeatedly happened, that Portuguese youths, thus persecuted, have no sooner taken the forced vows required of them, than they have once more knelt,

before the same profaned altar, for the purpose of swearing (in secret) to take the most horrible methods of revenge upon their tyrants, even though the latter were the authors of their existence! Revenge has long been asserted by universal report, to be a leading feature in the character of this people; another, is said to be the sudden and extreme irascibility of their temper, upon comparatively slight provocation; the latter appears, from all we have been able to gather, to be wearing away; but the former still continues to manifest itself in the basest and most cowardly manner.— There is a village on the shores of the Tagus, near Lisbon, consisting of rude huts, inhabited solely by the families of fishermen, where both qualities are sometimes carried to a tremendous excess. These people are represented to us, as being almost in a savage state: they keep themselves distinct from all other classes, and in consequence of their hardy active mode of life, the bracing influence of the sea air, and the effect of better food than is usually enjoyed by the peasantry, (as they always get good bread and

fresh fish,) are a remarkably athletic fine race. Their mud-walled huts, covered with reeds, or straw, (somewhat resembling those of the lower Irish,) are built upon heaps of sand and shingle, and washed by a surge, which frequently dashes against the rocky shore with the most awful grandeur and angry force. It is accounted rather hazardous to visit this colony, the inhabitants being so easily offended: and when one of them only is provoked, it is usual for the whole community to rush out to his assistance, and to support his cause, (whether just or otherwise,) by the powerful eloquence of clubs and stones. Their children are remarkably handsome, generally speaking, and wilder than the free-born winds and waves! The parents themselves are often fine models of fierce beauty and strength; I have seen a family of them, who formed the most picturesque group I ever beheld: the husband, bronzed by his frequent buffeting against sun and storm, had regular, *well chiselled* features, teeth white as snow, dark flashing eyes, deepset, and shaded by a heavy fall of shadowy lashes, and marked brows, whose

expression was that of determined hardihood and independence of spirit: his hair, of the deepest shade of sunny brown, played round his face, and fell in long thick ringlets upon his shoulders. The wife rose rather above the middle height of women; her figure, without being in the smallest degree bony, or clumsy in its proportions, was the perfection of springing energy and healthful vigour; and I particularly remarked the beauty of her naked legs and feet, which might have emulated those of an Atalanta; upon her head, gracefully erect, she carried a large heavy pitcher, apparently without effort, balancing it, devoid of any assistance from her hands, which were employed in bearing a basket, and some of the fishing nets: her features (particularly when viewed in profile) were delicately formed, upon the true Greek model, while her cheeks pale as marble, and of a beautiful oval contour, gave her altogether an appearance of classical elegance; their children played around them; dark-eyed, sallow, yet not uninteresting little urchins, one of them with rich curled hair like that of the father, and all

of them nearly destitute of clothing of any sort: we saw (at a distance) the hamlet to which they belonged, at the time when we first entered the harbour of Lisbon. One of the fishermen came on board our vessel, with fish to sell, habited in his gala costume, as it was the eve of the festival of St. John; I did not think it either ungraceful or ill-chosen; the chief peculiarity lay in the bright scarlet vest or waistcoat, ornamented profusely with small gilt buttons of a filligree pattern, resembling those worn at Talavera in Spain. This *worthy* had an acute sharp expression of countenance, and piercing black eyes, which were always in quick and restless motion, and placed so near together in the head, that they conveyed the idea of a monkey to my mind; his fish was excellent; but he attempted (*as usual*, we were told) to impose most outrageously upon the purchaser.

You are to remember, that all these digressive anecdotes have arisen from the original conversation which, in the beginning of my letter, I was holding with you, upon

the subject of Portuguese bigotry. I have rambled widely from the former path, and know not how to regain it with propriety; yet I have still something more to say upon that topic—I will reserve it for another opportunity.

LETTER XIV.

Cintra, August.

THE shady solitude of the quinta of the fountain is become my daily resource. I lately heard a droll anecdote of the *village poet*, here, who frequently comes to drink of the same salubrious waters; whether they answer *his* purpose as well as those of Helicon, I know not; but *I* have experienced the cacoëthes scribendi in a greater degree than usual, since I have accustomed myself to their use; you shall have one of my reveries in rhyme, by this letter; but first I must go on with my anecdote respecting the bard of Cintra, for whom I have often been on the watch, expecting to see him wandering about, (as I then supposed,) like melancholy Jaques, pondering by the mossy brink of the fountain, or muttering his wayward fancies to the woods and

rocks; but my interest is now quite extinct; for I have heard that he is so far unlike a true son of the Muse, (who should live chiefly upon *air*,) as to be a great glutton, and more particularly fond of plumpudding: Poetry and pudding! what a horrible alliteration! they ought always to be kept "far as the poles asunder." This personage is rather a mauvais sujet, and has of late fallen into fresh disgrace, upon account of a little bourgeoisie from Lisbon, who is staying for her health, under the hospitable protection of a Scotch catholic family, now resident in Cintra. With this little monkey, (for although forward enough in some respects, her age does not reach fourteen,) he had struck up a fierce flirtation, which went on unheeded by the family, for some time; but it was now and then remarked, that the sweetmeats, fruit, cakes, and other dainties, vanished from the pantry, in a most unaccountable way; at length, the secret was unravelled, by the housekeeper, one luckless morning, at peep of dawn, who pounced upon the young lady, just as she was dismissing *the poet*, from the door of

the house, after a tender farewell embrace, who on his part had his mouth (not his *heart*) too full to reply to this pathetic demonstration of affection! In his hand, were the last remains of a fried plumpudding, which had been missed, as usual, the night before. The sequel may easily be imagined. The damsel is to be sent back to Lisbon, the poet has returned to his accustomed slender fare, and the pantry has been padlocked, ever since. I know not whether the present is not rather an unfavourable moment to introduce my lucubration, which was, I assure you, the offspring of real melancholy, and depression of spirit. Be assured however, that if these impressions were not *transient*, and proceeding partly from physical causes, I should not run the risk of paining you, by thus offering their expression to your sight.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Yes! lovely is this foreign land;
Sublime the mountain, fair the vale;
Rich are yon orange groves, and bland
The perfum'd breath of every gale.

Then wherefore sinks my wayward heart?
What means this ever rising sigh?
Can scenes like these, no joys impart?
What wouldst thou more? sad heart, reply!

'Tis *home* alas! that I desire,
Thither my absent spirit strays,
While on my trembling lips expire,
Th' unconscious words of hollow praise!

While here I rest in myrtle bowers,
O'ershadowed by the purple vine,
I sadly think on happier hours,
That once, 'midst humbler shades, were mine!

And when the foreign tongue I hear,
Or on the stranger's visage dwell,
I turn to hide the ready tear,
And check the grief I may not tell!

No well-known voice to me replies,
No parent's look of love I meet,
No friend's warm smile can bless my eyes;
The wandering Exile, who shall greet?

Here, 'mid these scenes so "rich and rare,"
With wild romantic beauty blest,
Foul murder stalks, with sullen stare,
And vice, unblushing, rears her crest!

Here superstition reigns supreme,
Absolving deeds of sin and shame ;
Here slothful monks supinely dream,
Disgracing sweet religion's name !

Surrounded by a listless race,
The sallow children of the soil,
'Tis rare the ruddy cheek I trace
Of labour, warm with healthful toil.

I view the straw-roof'd cot no more,
Where industry and neatness dwell ;
No trim-kept garden's fragrant store,
Here tempts the bee to build her cell !

Oh ! I am sick of many a grief,
To hard ambitious hearts unknown ;
Wealth's futile hope gives no relief ;
What would I then ?—my home alone !

Smit with the thought of home, I pine ;
Nor absent, know the name of joy,
Save when I think that still are mine,
My husband and my blooming boy.

Oh that within our country's breast,
To us a tranquil home were giv'n,
Where we from life's rude storms might rest,
And gently steal from earth to Heav'n !

LETTER XV.

Cintra, August.

SOME customs of the Portuguese appear strange indeed; in the eyes of an English person! The manner in which young children are fed, particularly surprises me; their food (more especially for breakfast) consists of a sort of pap, composed of bread, water, garlic, and oil; the latter (made in this country) is uniformly strong and rancid, as they prefer it of that flavour, to the fine Florence or Lucca oils, saying "those have no taste." Oil of another sort is nevertheless produced, from their native olive, which is pure and excellent; but this, for the same reason, is generally undervalued among all classes. The Portuguese imagine this worse than Spartan broth, to be remarkably wholesome, and appropriate to the delicacy of an infant's stomach! Then the quantity of cold water, which most people drink during

the day, is beyond all belief; I am afraid to mention it, lest I should be suspected of the well known fault of *travellers*! Women in the higher and middling classes, (and people, more particularly foreigners, who come to settle here,) suffer a great deal from weakness of digestion, and other disorders incident to a sedentary mode of life. Embonpoint, or rather decided fat, is greatly admired; and some people imagine that the habit of swallowing such large draughts of water, (provoked in some measure by the quantity of luscious sweet-meats they eat,) produces this effect; sugar being generally allowed to fatten the human frame; but then what a fat! white, unwholesome, and devoid of that firmness, which belongs to health alone! I have seen figures which appeared as if in the last stage of a dropsy, and I cannot conceive how persons in their senses, can think or call them beautiful.

A lady, whose visit I returned this morning, had lately taken a ramble in the mountains, to see the celebrated Cork convent, mentioned by every body who has ever

resided in the neighbourhood of Cintra. She was shocked at the humidity of the cells appointed for the brotherhood, which rather resemble the lairs of wild beasts, than habitations proper for the abode of human creatures; speaking the language with fluency, she entered into conversation with one of the monks, a young man, who appeared out of health, and very melancholy. She inquired if he was *dull* in this sequestered and gloomy residence? to which he replied with a sigh, "I am not very happy, certainly!" "Let me intreat you to answer me with candour," pursued his inquisitive visitor; "did you enter this community of your own accord, or were you forced into taking the vows?" "Alas!" said he, "my parents dedicated me to a monastic life, when I was in the cradle!" This has been but too common, both in Spain and Portugal. The little victims, when able to walk, are immediately clothed in miniature habits of the order of monks to which they are destined to belong, and which they constantly wear; I myself have seen a little boy, (the younger son of a noble family,) with the

crown of his head shaven, as he was intended
 for the priesthood. The poor monk of the
 Cork convent has now an opportunity of
 quitting his austere confinement, if he wishes
 to do so; but most probably he has never
 learnt any thing which might be of use to
 him in the world, has acquired habits of
 indolence which would unfit him from earn-
 ing a subsistence, and his health is (as the
 lady described,) ruined by the absurd pri-
 vations imposed upon him, by a perverted
 idea of religious duty. The brothers of this
 order are not allowed to eat meat at any
 time, and they fast often, even from their
 usual scanty fare; that they do sometimes
 break through so needless a prohibition, is
 however well known; the same lady, whose
 talent for cross-questioning was equal to
 that of a lawyer, inquired of the young man,
 "whether it was forbidden also for them to
dress meat?" "No," said he, "nothing is
 said against our *cooking* meat,"—"you now
 and then *dress* it I suppose?"—"yes, very
 seldom." "And after it is drest, what happens
 then?"—"Oh, we—certainly we *do* go a step
 farther, and *eat* it also; but very rarely, as

I have told you before, for it is against our rules, and therefore sinful."—So honest, a confession surprised as well as pleased his auditors, and doubtless it spoke well for the natural sincerity of the unfortunate recluse. Several nuns have, I am told, availed themselves of the permission now given, to quit their convents; alleging that they had been compelled to assume the veil; but such instances are still rare.

I remember having formerly told you in one of my letters, that I should abstain from mentioning *much* of what I heard relative to the clergy here, from a motive of delicacy, arising from my being myself of the protestant persuasion; and I assure you, I still adhere to my resolution, notwithstanding all which I have said concerning them. It is a painful subject to the truly christian observer, whether he belong to one or the other church! Modes of worship, forms, and ceremonies, may differ in each, and purity of faith be preserved in one, more decidedly than in the other, but the grand features of true christianity are for ever *the same*; and I am sure both protestants and catholics of

virtuous life and disposition, must be equally shocked at the crimes to which I have alluded!

The women here wear scarcely any petticoats, even in winter, and some of the lower classes none whatever, contenting themselves with the chemise, covered only by the gown. The latter never use night-caps, and many still continue the ancient fashion of sleeping in a state of nature, considering clothes, during the night, as equally unwholesome and unnecessary. Both sexes adopt this practice. My informant went one morning lately, to visit a lady in Lisbon: upon entering the room she (being still in bed,) invited her visitor to sit down by her side, and arising from her pillow embraced her; the latter started involuntarily back, for the lady was *perfectly* unclothed!—but this, I believe, does not extend to the better educated and more refined classes of society. The nobility (unlike those of Spain, who, in the days of Cervantes, left the custom to the common people,) universally eat a great deal of garlic and amiseed, and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the highest bred Fidalgo,

differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant—it will be easily imagined that neither resembles the perfumed gale of Arabia!

Nothing can be more uncomfortable to a stranger in Portugal, than the beds; their extreme hardness really injures rather than rests the bones (especially those of a thin person). But the custom seems universal, and it is impossible to obtain any relief, unless you send to England for a hair mattress. I have before mentioned, that beauty appears rare among the inhabitants of Lisbon; and that in families of high rank, it is still less frequent. In the latter instance, this may be easily explained, by the invariable custom, among the Fidalgos, of marrying only with the families of each other, and very frequently of intermarrying with their near relations. By these means they preserve the purity of their blood, and perpetuate the defects of their persons from generation to generation. One of the late kings of Portugal was united to his *aunt*, for the former reason.

The extreme familiarity of this people with

their domestics strikes an English person at first sight in a forcible manner; and it is somewhat difficult to reconcile such a mode of conduct with their inherent arrogance of birth. In the present state of society in England, a similar behaviour would be attended with considerable inconvenience; yet I certainly think, that even there, greater benevolence and kindness of manner between master and servant would be more consonant to the dictates of liberal policy, and true christianity.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Cintra, August.

AFTER a fortnight of prolonged absence, upon official duties at Lisbon, Mr. B. is just returned to Cintra, and has, as well as myself, accompanied two gentlemen of his acquaintance in an interesting expedition, to pay a morning visit to the venerable *Principal* of Portugal, "Freire," at his retired quinta, a few miles distant from Cintra. We rode upon Bûrros,* and, setting off at ten o'clock in the morning, braved the rays of an almost vertical sun; but the latter was tempered by a strong breeze from the sea, and it was worth while to make *some* effort, in order to see so celebrated and so worthy a character. The road led us among the surrounding mountains, for the greater part of the way, from whence we had fine views of the romantic neighbourhood. Towards the end of our journey we re-entered the usual tawny disagreeable flat country, which incloses the more favoured valley of Cintra. As we rode along,

* Mules.

the gentlemen gave us the outline of Freire's history.—He is "*Principal*," a title of such high ecclesiastical dignity, as to be second only to that of "*Patriarch*." The latter honour has been offered to him twice, by the king; but he has constantly refused it, upon motives of the most noble simplicity. When the Revolution was first announced, his moral and religious character stood so high, that the Reformers considered his name as a tower of strength, and spared no exertions to obtain its sanction. Upon being solicited to join their party, and, after having declared boldly, that his oath to the king would for ever preclude him from taking any active part in the New Constitution, he added, that he would consent to give them the countenance of his temporary presence in their council, as he thought his extensive influence might be of service in restraining any acts of violence or crime. Nor did the good man overrate his persuasive powers, for he was so highly respected by *all parties*, as to be of essential use in the way he expected. Through his mild and equitable advice, the envious and secretly hostile feeling of the Portu-

guage towards the English, has been considerably checked; and I am told, that he admires our nation extremely. He strongly deprecated the absurd policy of quarrelling with us, and ably pointed out the various ways in which it would be in our power to crush the Portuguese, if needlessly provoked to so painful a trial of superiority. When the Cortes thought it necessary to their future plans to remove from their commands those British officers who had spent their blood, and employed their military knowledge in defence of Portugal, he did all in his power to oppose the measure, upon a principle of generous gratitude—but whether the latter advice was equally remarkable for *sound national policy*, may perhaps be a question: certain it is, that since native officers have been employed to command the army, much of its discipline, and consequently of its effective power, has already begun to fall off—what eventual results this circumstance may produce, time only can evince—on the other hand, Patriotic feeling seems to sanction the promotion of native commanders, in preference to foreigners, however excellent

and honourable. But this subject of course does not fall within the province of women to discuss with so much propriety as many others—let us return to the amiable Principal. Liberal and enlightened in his religious sentiments, he openly avowed his opinion that the wealth and power of the superior clergy was carried to a most improper height, and upon learning that their revenues had been reduced by the Cortes, one fourth of their former amount, he said, “the latter had been extremely temperate and moderate in the decision,” and that, “he himself had expected the revenues would have been cut-tailed by the half.—And, for his own part, he was perfectly satisfied with a reduced income.” What a striking (and I fear a *singular*) contrast does this apostolic conduct present, to the pride, bigotry and rapacity of many among his *dignified* brethren!—The late unfortunate General Freire was his relation, and he was described to us, as having been an equally respectable and amiable character—some have thought him the *Russell* of Portugal! He died a martyr to the interests of his country, having expiated the

crime of patriotism upon the scaffold, about four years ago!—You may recollect, that, at that period, a desire to effectuate the deliverance of Portugal from the worse than Turkish despotism of the old government, first manifested itself in the north of the country; at Oporto more particularly, where the people are said to be superior, in moral feeling and sensibility, to those of Lisbon and its environs. They assimilate also much nearer to the English residents, in the neatness and industry of their habits. The town itself is cleaner and more commodious than Lisbon, and the race of inhabitants, generally considered, more worthy of being rescued from the trammels of ignorance and oppression. General Freire, was one of these patriots—every opprobrious epithet it is possible to conceive, has been applied to his name, for he *failed* in his attempts; “Saviour, patriot, hero, guardian, God,” are among the appellations of the present set of reformers, for they have *succeeded* in theirs! and yet they are inferior in *every way* to Freire. Thus, it frequently happens, that *circumstances* decide all; and the self same

act which in adversity is *crime*, becomes in prosperity, *virtue* ! Having received all these voluminous details, relative to the family connections and the character of the Principal, we could hardly fail in looking upon this visit as an interesting event of our lives, and were impatient to reach the retreat of so much unassuming worth. We were fortunate in finding him at home, sitting in his morning country dishabille, with another visitor, whose equipage we had observed in the court yard, as we entered. This was one of his earliest acquaintance at the University of Coimbra, an ancient grey haired bishop, whose name I have forgotten. The latter was a thin spare figure, bent and enfeebled by age, with a countenance wherein I thought I could trace the mingled expressions of native benevolence, cautious observation, and a slight tinge of crafty policy;—at first sight, and previous to our presentation, we should not have been aware of his rank, as his dress was of the coarsest materials, consisting of a long flowing robe of very shabby black cloth, soiled with dust, *ponderous* boots and spurs, with a little skull

cap of greasy black silk, covering the bare circle of his tonsured head; in his hand he carried a taper ebony riding wand, tipped with silver, and as tall as himself—and I remarked upon his turning round, the solitary ornament of a pair of tarnished gold tassels, which hung down upon his back. The countenance of the Principal was singularly cheerful and benevolent. I do not think that an expression of *intellectual* superiority was strongly defined; but candour, frankness, and good temper, were written upon his brow! His person could not be called dignified, being short and heavy in its proportions; but (as might readily be expected,) there were no signs of the overwhelming rotundity and rubicund visage of the jolly *Father Paul*, much less any indications of the proud and pampered prelate, to be seen! He received us with amiable and hospitable courtesy, apologized to me (being the only female of the party) for his rustic dishabille, and showed us over the whole of his house and gardens. In the latter we drank from a sparkling fountain, a draught of pure element, which he praised with as

much earnestness as if it had been nectar. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the style of his table, and the furniture of his apartments; the latter was comprized in a few ancient wooden chairs and tables, ranged along the bare white-washed walls; the only decoration being two or three tandy grottoes in glass cases, made of shells, foil and rags—the handy-work of nuns; the former was nearly as frugal as that of a hermit! The cloth had been laid in readiness for his dinner; it was clean but coarse, the plates of the commonest Delf ware, and the spoons of plated metal, through which the copper was abundantly visible; he offered us some sweet wine, and made us taste the only dish which was in a state of sufficient forwardness to be produced from the adjoining kitchen.—It was a *national* one, composed of rice boiled in milk, and strewed over with powdered cinnamon and sugar. As we passed through a gallery, looking down upon the chapel, where he performs mass to the surrounding peasantry, at a very early hour every morning, we remarked a lamp burning before the altar, although the rays of a

bright meridian sun were streaming into the apartment : this custom is, I believe, universal in the catholic church, and reminded me of the ancient fires of Vesta, both having proceeded from the same original idea, and used, I believe, as the symbol of heavenly love. Here, the Principal rapidly dropt upon one knee, and made the sign of the cross upon his breast, without stopping for more than a second in the course of his lively and easy conversation. I cannot but confess, that this habitual reverence for holy places, (although in some instances it has degenerated into mere *outward* formality,) appeared to me in bright contrast to the careless indifference which many protestants are but too apt to display towards *their* altars and places of worship ! For my own individual feelings, I find it impossible to enter *any* building devoted to the service of the Almighty, without a sensation of solemn and reverential awe, independent of the particular mode of worship which may happen to be celebrated there !

The gardens of this quinta were shaded by alleys of box, mingled with laurel, and

were evidently kept for purposes of use rather than of ornament. As we returned to the house, I thought I had never before seen so humble an episcopal residence! It was spacious, but constructed upon so plain and unadorned a plan, that it at once resembled a country stable, and a prison; uniting all the want of finish, the roughness, and rusticity of the former, with the solidity and gloom of the latter. No train of domestics in purple pomp, inhabited this modest retreat: two grave-looking servants in coarse black dresses, alone attended, and his prime *favourite* seemed to be a sleek tabby cat, who was installed in one of the apartments. We now left the Principal, charmed by his manners, countenance, and habits of life; and fully disposed to coincide in the opinion of our conductors, that "Freire was decidedly one of the first characters in Portugal."

LETTER XVII.

Cintra, August.

Victor Sassetti's Hotel.

WE have lately removed to this hotel, on account of several domestic annoyances which occurred at the former; and here we find still superior comfort and accommodation, together with a frank and attentive civility, which has nothing servile, but a great deal of kindness to recommend it; the air too is cooler, from the circumstance of the house having been erected on higher ground than that of Senhor Costa (our first host). Victor (who is a native of Piedmont) deserves the greatest encouragement; his activity, industry, and good management, his liberality towards every guest, and to his own family and servants, are striking. His wife (a Portuguese) differs so much in all her habits from the usual run of her countrywomen, as to be the counterpart of her husband. They maintain her aged mother, a

niece, and six fine children, (most of the latter are *beautiful*,) and live in the most united and affectionate manner. Since we came hither, the family of La C—— are arrived at Cintra, to pass the autumnal season. They have shown us much polite and hospitable attention, and altogether, I think them superior to any Portuguese family which I have yet seen. Their widowed mother, the Baroness de B., has the reputation of much worth and amiability; her manners are gentle and polished, in which respect I perceive that she is emulated by all her children. One of her daughters assured me that she has been so much liked and esteemed for her hospitality to strangers, as to have obtained from foreigners, by common consent, the title of “the lady of Portugal.” I was sorry for my own sake to find that she speaks only her native language; but the rest of the family converse fluently in French. I employ myself in drawing a good deal; the costumes of the peasantry, and the lovely scenery of Cintra, afford ample scope to the pencil; but the climate does *not* agree with me, the heat

and the dampness of the air are both too relaxing, and in my case have induced a degree of physical languor, which is but too apt to increase mental anxiety and depression; nor am I the only foreigner who has found the same effect from a continued residence at Cintra, all beauteous as it is.

I ascended the mountains, a few days since, to witness the ceremony of what is called "a church feast," held in the convent of "Nossa Senhora da Pêna" (our Lady of the Rock), upon the topmost peak of one of the highest. There I witnessed a great deal of what I must call "mummery," and heard some bad music; a few scripture characters (represented by children dressed up for the purpose) occasionally mingled in the service, and there was a shrill chorus of *cherubim*, which was any thing but *angelic*; the latter small personages were decked in the most taudry grotesque costume that can be imagined, and covered with foil and dirty ostrich feathers, altogether reminding me strongly of the glories of a London chimney-sweeper on May-day.

LETTER XVIII.

Cintra, Sept. 21st.

SINCE I dispatched my last letter to you, we have seen a good deal of Portuguese society, chiefly at the house of the Baroness de B. From having opened their house, for so many years past, to English and foreign visitors, some of whom have been of the first families, and of distinguished merit and talent, they have risen wonderfully above the singular prejudices of their age and nation. The young Donnas frequently express to us how much they regret the neglected state of education, which (with a few exceptions) is prevalent among the Portuguese families of all ranks. They have even lamented what they termed their own deficiency in this respect; but if such really exists, I am sure it is very difficult to be discovered, and admirably supplied by their native talent and *tact*. How many *soi-disant* accomplished young ladies have I seen, in England, who

are unworthy of the least comparison, and yet the most extravagant expense of money, time, and patience, has been lavished upon their education! The eldest of the La C.'s is small, low in stature, and very dark complexioned: her hands and feet beautifully slender and delicate; indeed, almost all the Portuguese ladies have small feet, though not generally so *well formed* as those of the Spanish, nor are they reported to walk so well as the latter, to whom, I believe, the celebrated "*Foot of fire*" must by *all* women be conceded. Without being handsome, she has an ingenuous sensible countenance, where it is not difficult to trace a degree of sensibility, which, she said herself, was sometimes too great for her happiness. I think I never heard a finer voice—it is powerful at times, when she is in good health and spirits, and always sweet; while her taste and brilliancy of execution are of a high order of excellence. She wished, the other day, at her own house, to give me some idea of a *trio* in the opera of *La Fille de l'Air*, mentioned by Madame de Stael in her *Corinne*, but having no piano forte at Cintra, what was to be done? In

this dilemma, her brother and his friend, two young officers, came to her assistance. They supported the under vocal parts of the trio, and, in addition, gave a correct and very pleasing *imitation* of the violin and bassoon accompaniment. The effect was excellent.* Sen. I. (her brother) has a fine rich bass voice, and sung the buffo part with considerable expression. Not one of the party can read music, and Donna C. herself, with the exception of a very few lessons which she received formerly from an Italian master, is wholly the pupil of nature. Her vocal memory is perfectly astonishing; and in this point she is nearly equalled by her two sisters, who sing a little, but do not possess the distinguished voice of the elder. The second daughter has a speaking eye—full of animation! I should think that she had quicker abilities, perhaps, than any of the family, and she has great variety and brilliancy in her conversation, without being less feeling and graceful in her manners. The youngest is so small, that she resembles a sylph or a fairy; she

* This vocal imitation of instrumental music, is common, I am told, in the Jewish Synagogues.

appears gentle and amiable, is fond of occupation, and I generally find her bending over a frame, where she embroiders like a second Arachne! The Baroness sees company every evening: Corcundas and Constitutionalists are equally admitted. I have never gone in, that I have not met a large party assembled, conversing as they walked up and down the long drawing room, or playing at cards. The latter forms the chief occupation of most Portuguese families, the card tables being set the moment breakfast is over;—indeed, like Boniface with his ale, they seem to

“ Eat, drink, and sleep upon their cards.”

It is *very* rarely that one sees a room furnished with *books*; but this ought not to excite surprise in a country where foreign literature, until lately, has been prohibited, as dangerous alike to church and state. I have been assured, upon very good authority however, that this forbidden fruit has been *secretly* plucked, with greedy eagerness, in spite of the dragons who guarded it, and,

what is singular, by the dragons themselves, who are reported to be particularly delighted with Voltaire, Diderot, &c. &c. and to collect their works, and others of an infidel tendency, for their private delectation. Indeed the growth of atheistical and deistical principles is said to be of alarming rapidity, both among the laity and the clergy in this country. I hope such an assertion is not true, but I could not be *surprised* were it really the case: the unbecoming intolerance of the Romish tenets, if they fail of engendering the most complete bigotry, *naturally* tend to the production of the opposite extreme! In countries where the liberty of free discussion upon religious subjects is allowed, mere *doubts* are not so fatally dangerous: a spirit of inquiry, of investigation, is thereby excited, which, if fairly conducted, is the best and surest friend to Christianity. It has always been a great pleasure to me to recollect, that one of the brightest ornaments of the Romish church, and the model for *all* churchmen, of whatever persuasion, the immortal Fenelon, was by no means what is termed an *orthodox* Catholic.

I have just received a visit from the Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary, and his countess. I dare not attempt to *spell* their names, the guttural sound of which renders the task hopeless to a foreigner. The Ambassador is a dignified and graceful personage, and the Ambassadors a pretty and engaging woman, whose complexion is as fair and delicate as that of any English beauty, while the latter can seldom boast of such dark and richly fringed hazel eyes. Like most Spanish women, she is full of fire and animation; talks French fluently, and is wholly free from hauteur or affectation. I do not hear that she possesses an *appendage* which is but too common to the ladies of her country—"the *cicesbeo*." There appears to be a great (or rather a *little*) jealousy generally existing in the minds of the Portuguese towards Spaniards; the women, especially, seem to hate each other cordially; and if I were to give implicit credence to all the tales I have been told by the former of the latter, my hair (being a sober English woman) might chance to stand on end! I must, in candour, acknowledge, that I thought the

ladies of Lisbon behaved, generally speaking, with great neglect towards the ambassadress, in suffering her to remain for nearly the whole of her sojourn among them, in her solitary hotel, without paying her the attention even of a ceremonious visit. There was a want of hospitality and of kind feeling about this mode of conduct, which appeared the more glaring, as it was well known that her family was not only one of the highest in Spain, but that she had received a remarkably good education, and possessed personal claims to esteem and respect.

Among many anecdotes of Spanish customs and manners, I will repeat the following, which will, doubtless, somewhat surprise you.—The late Baron de B. (a Portuguese,) was travelling, some years since, in Spain, and passed a few days under the roof of a lady of high rank, whose husband was one of the most distinguished persons in the government. The bed-rooms there are frequently without doors, a slight curtain, only, covering the entrance to each. The baron was a favourite of the fair hostess. One morning, as she was in her own apart-

ment, she heard his footsteps passing along the gallery, and called out to him to come in and sit down. The gentleman hesitated a good deal, surprised at her freedom of manner, (for the Portuguese are far more reserved than the Spaniards in every outward appearance,) and perceiving her maid standing at the entrance, he asked, if her lady was dressed and would admit him? "Dressed!" repeated the laughing damsel, "what difference can that make? come in—come in." He accordingly complied, and found her in bed, with one foot exposed to the inspection of the family surgeon, who was preparing a penknife to cut her excellency's corns! A French belle receives male visitors at her toilette, but she has too much coquetry to exhibit a *disagreeable* spectacle to the eyes of her flatterers: how impolitic the sang-froid of the other was, I need not waste time in expressing. The same lady had a very large party of distinguished nobility at dinner. She intended to go to the theatre at night, and a few minutes before the proper hour, her maid entered the apartment, with a box of jewels,

from which she coolly selected what she thought most splendid, and putting them upon her mistress, chattered the whole time to the noble visitants, without appearing in the least restrained or impressed by their superior rank. As soon as her excellency was adorned, she called for coffee, and placing her feet upon a pan of hot charcoal, (used during the winter, in Spain,) she carelessly turned one beautiful leg over the other, so as to display not only their own symmetry, but a pair of very rich garters, which hung down in golden tassels, and began to *smoke*.

The Portugueseze ambassadress had at that time just arrived in Spain. She enquired what would be expected of her, from the Hidalgos, among whom she was come to reside; and was told, that it might be proper to begin by giving a ball and supper. Accordingly, the tickets of invitation were issued, and a magnificent entertainment prepared. The stated night arrived, and the Portugueseze, covered with jewels, prepared to receive her guests; but to her great surprise, scarcely any one appeared! Hour after hour elapsed,

and still the musicians played to the walls and benches! The supper was equally neglected, and in short the whole entertainment thrown away. A few days afterwards, she received from the French ambassadress, a solution of the mystery. "How did your excellency word the tickets of invitation?"—"I scarcely understand your question." "I mean, *who* did you mention in each card?" "The heads, and the principal members of every family, of course." "No one else?" "Certainly not; *who* should there have been in addition?" At these words the French woman yielded to an irrepressible burst of laughter. "Forgive me, Madam," said she, "but your simplicity is so infinitely amusing! you should never have asked husband and wife together; had you invited every lady and her *cicesbeo*, your rooms would have overflowed!" The Portugeze, in order to prove the truth of this hint, gave another ball, wording her invitations in the *proper* manner, and the consequence was, that her entertainment was the most brilliant and numerously attended that it is possible to conceive.

LETTER XIX.

Cintra, September 28th.

I MET an interesting couple this morning in my walk. Passing through the shady lane which leads from hence to the Marialva, I perceived a young soldier seated upon the stone bench by the road side, with one of the prettiest peasant girls I had ever seen; they appeared heated and fatigued, yet were chattering and laughing with much cheerfulness over a large water-melon, which the man was cutting, and of which he had just given her a share as I came up to them! I have hardly ever beheld a finer couple! Stopping to observe the beauty of the girl more nearly, I pretended to admire the glass buttons which ornamented her jacket; upon which, she pointed to a gold cross which I wore, and made me comprehend that she also admired *my* taste in

decoration. The soldier, in the mean time, had cut another slice of the refreshing fruit, and offered it to my acceptance, with a respectful good will, which was really graceful. I asked if the young person was his wife? To which he replied in broken English, with great animation, "Yes, minha Senhora, she my wife; *much good for me!*" I could not forbear (and wherefore should I have forborne?) gratifying him by saying, as I took my leave, "She is very pretty!" and I heard him telling her, after I had passed on, that I meant "*muita bonita,*" which seemed to make her laugh heartily. I never saw more ingenuous countenances than those of both these rustics, and I am determined, from the innocent expression of her lovely features, to believe, that she was indeed a wife. Those persons who form their ideas of beauty from mere *red and white*, would not perhaps have admired her style; and those who have never seen Spanish or Portuguese eyes, may talk as much as they please of the charms of blue or grey orbs; nay, the very ancients may rave about their eyes of Venus, which, I

believe, they asserted to be of an indefinite colour, wavering between violet and brown; but certain I am, that all such must "*pale their ineffectual fire*," if placed in comparison with these sable diamonds, these living stars! The expression of feeling, particularly that of gratitude, seems to be very energetic among the Portuguese peasantry, and it has happened several times, that I myself have had occasion to witness it. I merely gave a trifle, to an aged woman here, for the relief of her orphan grand-children; some time afterwards, when I was quitting the hotel, she rushed into my room, threw herself at my feet, and embraced my knees with the tears running down her cheeks. "God bless you! I am much obliged by your *kindness*," was all she could utter; and I am convinced that it was not the money so much, as our having shown an interest in the fate of her orphans, which affected her so sensibly!

At another time, a woman who sold goat's milk to us every morning, had received some affront from a drunken fellow, half an idiot, who belonging to the hotel. I pitied her

agitation, and sent to desire her to come up stairs, wishing, if I must acknowledge the whole truth, to have a nearer view of her costume, and Moorish physiognomy. She accordingly entered the room, making repeated motions with her head and arms, much resembling the eastern *salam*, and falling upon her knees; clung about me, while she related the story of her quarrel, accompanying the narration with floods of tears. I never saw a more singular figure: her skin, independent of its native swarthy hue, was blackened by the scorching influence of the sun, to the complexion of an Egyptian mummy; her lean form resembled that of a skeleton, her waist was of an enormous length, and as slender in its proportions as that of a wasp; the veins and sinews started in ghastly relief from her throat and arms, and her dark eyes, drowned in tears, sunk deep in their bony sockets; a coarse scarlet cloth petticoat with a broad blue border, and a coloured linen jacket, an uncoifed grizzled shaggy head, and thick high-heeled leather boots, resembling those

worn by men, formed her costume; altogether, she was an object which having once seen, it would, I think, be difficult to forget!

Nothing more excites our surprize, than the indifference which the generality of persons in the higher classes evince towards the beauty, the verdure, the shade, and the coolness of Cintra! They seem to prefer the disgusting streets of Lisbon and its environs, to these striking scenes of natural loveliness and simplicity; almost every quinta we see here, is suffered to run to ruin; and some houses, which belong to the nobility, are in so dilapidated a state as to be nearly unfit to afford shelter from the weather! Indeed we are told by many Portuguese, (who did not seem to feel they were exhibiting any proof of vitiated taste,) that Cintra was by no means a favourite residence, even among those families who had property there. It forms to Lisbon, what Richmond is to London: and is chiefly frequented during the Summer months, by flocks of citizens, who come down to the hotels, on the Saturday night, and leave it again for Lisbon, on the Monday following: passing

the interval, in riding (often at full speed in a riotous and brutal manner,) the poor burros, which are let out for hire, in gormandizing and in gambling. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Cintra, October 4th.

WE frequently meet in society here a certain hero of romance, of whom I formerly spoke, as the proprietor of the pretty quinta of the fountain; I now find, that there are two ways of telling his story; while the gentle lovers of the *novel*, insist upon it, that this youthful "stranger," who lives thus separated for his *adored* but faithless wife, brooding in secret over feelings of mingled severity and tenderness, and lost to the enjoyments of the gay world, is deserving of the utmost commiseration, his enemies assert, that his own unfeeling indifference to her happiness and reputation, aided by his supine acquiescence in the opinions of an austere tutor who resides with him, and has ever shown a most unwarrantable dislike to the lady in question, have been the only causes of the separation of the parties. The presumptuous interference of the tutor is

even said to have extended to the regulation of her wardrobe, (a piece of officiousness which no woman could be expected to forgive,) and this from motives of a pecuniary nature, which, it is broadly hinted, turned more upon *his own* eventual benefit, than upon that of his patron and pupil; as far as *I* have been able to judge, no person ever had less the appearance of suffering from mental uneasiness than the young gentleman in question: he enters into society as willingly as any body else, has a round dimpled face (untouched by a single line of "carking care,") and the air of a careless schoolboy, rather than of a sentimental sufferer. An old gentleman of the neighbourhood, rich and independent, and consequently not much afraid of "speaking his mind" (as the phrase is,) upon all occasions, told me very lately, that the young senhor had called upon him twice since his arrival at Cintra, but had not been admitted; a thing which is very rare in Portugal, where the custom of saying "not at home" is rarely practised, and far less properly understood. "I have called at your door several times,

Mr. B——," said he, "but you did not let me in!" "Pray, senhor," returned the old gentleman in his driest manner, "have you released your wife from her imprisonment?" "No, sir!"—"Very well, when you let *her* out, I will let *you* in; and not before."—Upon which they parted in mutual indignation!

The Portuguese, both in the higher and lower classes, are superstitiously prone to a belief in omens, lucky and unlucky days, divination by cards, religious miracles, &c. &c. although every idea of the possibility of the re-appearance of departed spirits, seems generally scoffed at and denied. The tone of their minds is rarely high set, and therefore the gross and puerile nature of their superstitions ought not to create surprize.

A lady here told my fortune by the cards, in a very interesting lively manner, and had talent enough to fix my attention in spite of good sense; she mentioned that the Polanders are universally addicted to the oracles of cards and dice, and are almost all *fatalists*, even in their more serious opinions. A gentleman of that nation, who was formerly

in the habit of visiting at her house, once undertook to predict the fortune of one of her female relations by means of dice; he threw them in a particular way, with many strange ceremonies, and then remarked, that such and such occurrences would happen to her, in such and such a time. He was extremely ridiculed, as what he had foretold came scarcely within the bounds of possibility, much less of *probability*; but the subsequent events faithfully verified his words; as there are some distinguished names both in England and Portugal mixed up in the above relation, I am not at liberty to mention the particulars, but at all events, I must say, that the Polander, if he was not actually an adept in the *occult* sciences, had at least a very keen and extended vision with respect to possible *political* events; the fate of the lady depended much upon affairs connected with the Portuguese and English governments, and it appears to me not improbable that this *wise-man's* mind foreboded the changes which have so lately taken place in the former, although they were *then* at a great distance. This is the

only *rationale* of the circumstance which I can devise, and, even with this assistance; I confess the talent of the Polander must have been *very extraordinary*, and bears a considerable resemblance to that of the Russian officer, mentioned in the "Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith," who predicted, in so strange and minute a manner, the various events in the life of that princess, who was then a child. Perhaps I shall have tired you with this long dissertation, and I believe it might as well have been omitted altogether, since I am restrained from mentioning it in that *detailed* manner which would have enabled you to take an interest in it, by the opportunity it afforded you of *judging for yourself*. Among other superstitions to which the Polish nation is addicted, I may be forgiven for relating the following, as its elegance of fancy, almost redeems its absurdity. Every individual is supposed to be born under the influence of some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connexion with one of the known precious stones, and

when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a *ring* is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, a woman is born in January; her ring must therefore be a jacinth or a garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express "constancy and fidelity." I saw a list of them all, which the Polander gave to the lady in question, and she has allowed me to copy it.—viz.

"*January*—Jacynth or garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

"*February*—Amethyst.—This month and stone preserves mortals from strong passions, and ensures them peace of mind.

"*March*—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

"*April*—Sapphire or diamond.—Repentance, and innocence.

"*May*—Emerald.—Success in love.

"*June*—Agate.—Long life, and health.

"*July*—Cornelian or ruby.—The forget-

fulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

“ *August*—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

“ *September* — Chrysolite. — Preserves from, or cures folly.

“ *October*—Aquamarine, or opal.—Misfortune and hope.

“ *November*—Topaz.—Fidelity in friendship.

“ *December*—Turquoise, or malakite.—
The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; hence the old saying, that ‘ he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.’ ”

LETTER XXI.

Cintra, October 4th.

I WENT last night, (taking advantage of Mr. B's return for one day only,) to the mountain upon the extreme summit of which are the remains of the Castello dos Mouros; (Moorish castle.) The view of the surrounding country, as we climbed the steep ascent, was beautiful. The Penha convent, on the twin mountain's top, had a particularly fine effect; its grey walls and the foundation rocks were bathed in a flood of purple glory, a farewell favour from the departing sun! Seen in this point of view, they seemed to me representative of the Romish religion; *both* lose, when closely examined by the cool and sober light of truth, and *both* have the property of dazzling the eyes, and of charming the senses, when clothed in the unreal splendours lent by a heated imagination. We were not able fully to satisfy

our curiosity: as being encumbered by the presence of our little boy, we did not find it safe to climb the steepest acclivity, upon which the castle stands.

I walked again this morning to the beautiful quinta of the fountain, indulging in no unpleasing reverie as I listened to the usual soft fall of the water, and to the soothing murmur of the wood pigeons, which, as I have before told you, build among these chestnut shades. I have often heard it said, that a person who resides amid the scenery of the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes must infallibly become in some degree a poet, or else be a decided fool; that is to say, he must either be wholly enchanted, or stupidly insensible; there being no medium. I could almost have held the same opinion in regard to this romantic quinta, had I not been aware of a scene which took place there the other day, at ten o'clock in the morning, in which so many individuals were engaged, that it would be rather too sweeping a censure, to pronounce that they were *all* as much blocks as the rocks which surrounded them! Two large card-tables were placed, one on each

side of the lovely fountain, round which above thirty persons were seated, playing at rondo, a gambling game, at which the Portuguese often lose enormous sums. This day, the place was once more silent and solitary, the pure ear of the nymph of the Spring was no longer shocked by the sound of vulgar and incongruous revelry; yet, from the apartments of the house to which the quinta belonged, there rose upon the air, at intervals, the shouts and exclamations of a party, (higher in their rank, yet, I suspect, little more refined or intellectual in their pleasures,) mingled with the strokes of the mace, and the clashing of the balls of a billiard table; methought, at every blow, I beheld the trembling dryads shrinking deeper into their verdant retreats! However, I ought not to be too severe in my censure; in Portugal there are so few mental resources to engage or fertilize the mind, that a man whose time is unoccupied by the daily routine of a business or profession, (or, as is *now* frequently the case, by schemes of *political* intrigue,) must be wholly and listlessly idle, if he has not recourse to these

sort of amusements. Besides, there is *now* a possibility, that the taste for such frivolous employment of time may decline, and a wish for the attainment of knowledge increase, together with the means of its acquirement. The gates are at length beginning to open for the admission of foreign literature; slowly and sullenly indeed, groaning and creaking as they turn, and still impeded in their progress by remaining superstitions and political jealousies; but still they *are* opening, and I trust they will soon find many a ready hand stretched forth, to pour oil upon their hinges. I heard lately, and from good authority, that it was already in contemplation to publish a literary journal, and that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews had been sent for, as models for the Portuguese *tyros*; but the New Monthly Magazine which has recently started into just and distinguished notice in our own country, and which has been met with open arms in America, would, I think, be a more eligible pattern; as it treats of more light and general subjects than either of the former Reviews, whose abstruse disquisitions upon science

are *at present* much beyond the reach of Portuguese critics! This dawn of light has doubtless sprung from the effects of the constitutional form of government, the original promoters of which ought not to be denied their due share of credit for that and other beneficial efforts. Yet, is this *good* most strangely mixed with *evil*; for although the present ruling power is more liberal in some points than the former, it is equally ignorant and arrogant in others: indeed it appears to us to be quite as *despotic* in its way, and is only worthy to be considered as the lesser plague of the two; when we consider some of its late proceedings, evincing as much absurdity of judgment, as a want of faith and integrity, it is impossible to feel either a respect for its character, or any strong persuasion of its duration. A succession of tyrannical idiots, unhappily invested with despotic power, have for many ages ruled this wretched land; last year it pleased the fates, that they should be suddenly overthrown; but who are those who *now* grasp the reins of the state? a band of firm, upright, benevolent and enlightened

patriots?—Far, far from it!—The possession of unaccustomed authority has already begun to turn their heads; they

“ Assume the God,
Affect to nod,
And *think* they shake the spheres.”

It is more than probable, and certainly little to be regretted, that, ere long, they will bring down upon themselves a severe lesson; but whatever may occur, all good men are bound to hope, that the former *Turkish* system of government will never again be tolerated; there are many who would be mad and criminal enough to attempt its revival, but the spirit of the age, (so clearly and universally demonstrated,) would, I think, prove an effectual bar to their selfish project! The people *at large* are surely worth saving and teaching; nor is it likely that the stream of knowledge, having once been set at liberty, (even though it may have been effectuated by unworthy hands,) will ever again be pent up in the former narrow channel! Long may it continue to flow, gaining force as it goes, overcoming every obstacle, opening

new ways amid the arid deserts of ignorance and superstition, proceeding "from strength to strength," still, like the Nile, fertilizing, cheering and blessing the soil over which it rolls, until at length it expands into a clear, pure and widely diffusive flood, which will wash away all traces of past error and crime, and render the name of Portugal distinguished and honourable among the nations of the world !

A very pretty anecdote of a child of Victor's has this moment come to my knowledge, and it will refresh your mind as well as my own, if I relate it to you, rather than dwell any longer upon such high and mighty topics ! Mr. Baillie had given the boy (who is about eleven years of age, very handsome, and engaging in his manners,) a *nuovo cruzado* to spend at a fair here, which took place nearly a month since ; the little fellow however had kept it unbroken, until now, when he has purchased with it a very pretty English shawl for his mother : I really envied her feelings upon receiving so unequivocal a token of affection and generosity. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

Cintra, Oct. 7th.

WE have made another and more successful attempt to reach the summit of the mountain upon which the *Castello dos Mouros* is built, and were gratified by the finest bird's-eye prospect of the country that we had yet seen. We were shown the Moorish fountain of the purest and most transparent water possible, of which we had previously heard much, and I had imagined more, fancying it to be situated at the extreme summit of the mountain, open to the purifying influence of the free winds of heaven, where the moon and stars nightly gazed upon the reflection of their glorious beauty, and the morning beheld her blushes given back again in softened loveliness! These fine expectations soon vanished when I beheld the reality, and I found to my disappointment, that the celebrated Moorish fountain was nothing more romantic than a common cold bath,

built beneath the remaining arches of a dismal stone vault, dark, damp, and deep, the first view of which quenched, effectually, all my *poetical* ideas. The castle itself covers a vast extent of irregular ground, and must indeed have been a superb and haughty fastness, almost impregnable, both from strength and locality. The chapel is nearly entire, and there are considerable remains of the different apartments and staircases—some of the former have three walls, built by human industry, and the fourth formed of the solid rock. Rosemary, thyme, marjoram, chamomile, &c. &c. grow in great profusion among these wild crags, and the air is delightfully perfumed with their aromatic odour. The change of temperature from the late intolerable and enervating heat of summer, to the present autumnal freshness, is a perfect medicine to myself and child. We can now walk even in the middle of the day among the rocks, gaining health and strength at every step. The air is purer, and more bracing than lower down in the valley, or in the close woods, and the elevation is not sufficient

to render it sharp or rarefied. These mountains in fact, are not by any means *lofty*, and when compared with those in Switzerland, appear like mere pigmies. They do not consist of one prodigious and connected surface, but are broken into a thousand irregular masses, (some of which are very small,) as if they had been heaped one upon the other in consequence of an earthquake, or by the force of a rapid torrent; and yet, there is no appearance of a stream among them at present; no sparkling brook—no graceful cascade, no miniature lake, not even one of those narrow falls of water, resembling a line of liquid silver, which are so common in other mountainous regions. The grand aqueduct has, I believe, effectually drained every source of this beautiful and precious element, which is carried along the heights, and descends into the reservoir by means of small tunnels formed of red tile, and protected from the impurities it might collect in its progress, by a rude covering of cemented lime and sand. This superb work of art, from which the garden of every house is supplied with water, was erected by order of that celebrated

statesman, the Marquis de Pombal, answering a double end—that of benefiting the inhabitants, and of plausibly employing for many months a large standing army, which he (for political reasons) was afraid of disbanding, although he was under a promise of doing so at the termination of a war.

The Portuguese (like most foreigners who have fallen under my observation) eat a great variety at their meals, and it may be added, a great quantity also! They generally breakfast upon very substantial fare; coffee and tea forming only the accompaniments to hot beef steaks, fish, &c. Their dinner, which takes place in the middle of the day, is comparatively slight, and irregularly served. Those very few families who happen to approve the customs of the English, take tea in the evening, but it is more common to omit this refreshment altogether. Every body eats supper, which is in fact the principal meal of the day, and here an old Fidalga of my acquaintance is said to evince, that in spite of her advanced age, she possesses the digestion of an ostrich! The favorite dish at breakfast of a young donna, by her own confession,

would somewhat astonish the fastidious delicacy of *our* fine ladies, or of Lord Ogleby, of famous memory, whose chief objection to the worthy citizen his host, consisted in his liking to eat,

“Vulgar fellow ! hot rolls and butter in July!”

I cannot however believe that her taste is not peculiar to herself alone. The dish is as follows, and it forms a totally new article I should imagine, in the gastronomic calendar. “A large thick slice of hot leavened bread, strewed with salt and pepper, soaked in vinegar, seasoned highly with garlic, and swimming in that filthy sort of oil, which I believe I once before mentioned as preferred here to all others, being of so rank a scent as well as flavour, that it is impossible not to perceive *its effects* for many hours after it has been eaten, in the taint it leaves upon the breath.” There is a species of cake, composed of this oil, honey, and fine flower, of which the best families are extravagantly fond, and which they introduce upon every occasion. I always fancy I can smell it at the

distance of several yards. The constant and profuse use of oil in their food, joined to the relaxing effects of indolence and of climate, may probably be the cause of the almost universal weakness of digestion, and want of personal strength, so common among the inhabitants of Lisbon. The peasantry appear to enjoy far better health; perpetual exercise under the influence of summer's sun and winter's wind, hardens their muscles and reduces their flesh: their food, also, is remarkably spare, and by no means of a fattening nature; dried fish, coarse black looking bread, made of barley or Indian corn, with a head or two of garlic, and sometimes goats'-milk cheese, dry, salt, and nearly impenetrable to the teeth, resembling that upon which the goatherds regaled Don Quixote amid the cork tree mountains. They often live to an advanced age, more particular at Cintra; but this used I am told, to be the case formerly more than at present, for of late, the number of sudden deaths among persons in the prime of life has increased to an alarming degree. Convulsions, palsy, and apoplexy, are very fre-

quent, particularly among the middling and higher classes. Sometimes whole families inherit these dreadful diseases; and one young lady with whom I am acquainted, is perpetually liable to the former, during the hot months of the year. She is of a delicate frame and very nervous. If she is overfatigued, or agitated by any unpleasant emotion, convulsive spasms immediately come on; and for the first few days after the recent death of her father, she was repeatedly attacked in this manner, and so violently, that her life was thought to have been in danger. The mention of his decease reminds me of a barbarous custom in Portugal, which yet remains to be abolished. Immediately upon the death of any member of a family, the rest are obliged, beginning from that day, to receive in formal ceremony, the visit of every person of their acquaintance, who, hastily assuming a black dress, run in crowds to pay their set compliments of condolence. The surviving, and sometimes deeply afflicted relatives, range themselves upon a sofa at the upper end of the room, where they are obliged to sit in state, for the first eight

days after the death, exposed to the gaze of hard-hearted or careless curiosity. When the corpse is to be buried, the heir of the deceased takes charge of the key of the coffin, and is obliged to unlock the lid, when the body remains with the face uncovered during the whole of the funeral service. They always bury in churches, to the great scandal of every person of sane mind and benevolent regard for the health of the living; and the unwholesome effects of this practice have risen to such a height, that it has lately been laid before the consideration of the Cortes. Quick lime is often poured into the vaults in order to obviate the evil, but feeling and delicacy are offended by this method. Certain it is, that to the freed spirit, nothing can be of less importance than the manner in which the gross mortal husk is disposed of. The body is like a garment, which when it is worn out or destroyed, may either be cast into a lumber chest, or thrown wholly away, it matters not which to the late wearer! Yet, to the fond and weeping survivors, the idea of any thing approaching to disrespect, is

often insupportably distressing ; and for this reason surely, a certain decency and tenderness ought always to be preserved in the manner of treating the bodies of the departed.

LETTER XXIII.

Cintra, October.

A FEW weeks since, an assassination of an officer took place in the streets of Lisbon: it is the first which has come to our knowledge since our arrival in the country, and is talked of as rather an uncommon circumstance at *this time of the year*, for it is chiefly during the dark nights of winter that such occurrences are frequent. There has been for the last few days a grand church feast, held at Mafra, a celebrated edifice about twelve miles from hence, being at once a palace, a church, and a convent. A great deal of company attended this ceremony, among them the king, queen, and royal family, who appear to have a singular taste in their *amusements*. It may very well be said of them, as the ancient French historians said of the English nation, that "*ils se divertissent moult tristement!*" The king in particular has never quitted home since

he returned, but to say prayers to the different virgins, at one or other of the neighbouring churches or convents! No country under heaven abounds more with the *outward* signs of devotion than Portugal. The virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history. Donna Maria de Luz, (our lady of light,) I have already mentioned; her aunts are Donna Maria de Picdade, and Donna Maria Madre de Deos; and her cousin (a very amiable and estimable person) is called Donna Maria de Carmo. The house in which the La C. family reside, near Lisbon, is named "Calvario;" we ourselves are lodged in the "Rua San Domingos," and shortly intend to take a house in the "Pateo das Chagas," (i. e. the place of the five wounds of Christ). A fine church, built by the late queen, has a still more extraordinary distinction, being called after, and dedicated to the *heart of Jesus* ("Coracao do Jesus.") I believe that I have already mentioned the latter to you. The king has some

idea of residing in future at the palace of the Ajuda. I lately saw both himself and two of the princesses his daughters, in the ancient palace at Cintra, during a visit of a few hours which they made to that melancholy pile. His countenance was by no means prepossessing; his features irregular, and he had every appearance of being frightened to death. He received but a cold reception from the peasantry, which I rather wondered to observe, as they have hitherto had the reputation of extraordinary loyalty, and to the house of Braganza in particular. The two princesses (one of them a widow, having been married to the late infant of Spain,) were mild and pleasing in their appearance and demeanour. The queen I have not yet seen; she is reported to be growing extremely *devout*. The chief things worthy of notice in this palace, are the apartment in which Don Alfonso a former king, was confined for many years, the victim of fraternal cruelty; and where the prints of his daily footsteps are still plainly visible; and the chair in which the celebrated Sebastian sat, at the last council of

state he ever held, only a few days previous to his mysterious disappearance. The architecture is Moorish, and there are one or two halls of audience which are not inelegant.

The marriages in this country, among the upper classes, are arranged in a most absurd and unfortunate manner. The ceremonies connected with them are endless, and attended with such enormous expense, that frequently the young couple are under the necessity of living in real poverty for several years, in consequence of their foolish and improvident ostentation upon the day of their nuptials. Every husband, however narrow his circumstances, is obliged to furnish his wife with a set of jewels. Diamonds are almost *indispensible* to persons moving in good society, whether married or single, and it is the usual custom for a mother to present each of her daughters with a small set of them, as she emerges from childhood. Yet with all this magnificence, the Portuguese ladies do not dress well; their clothes are generally ill chosen and by no means becoming to the figure, and they mingle all colours of the rainbow without any scruple. The French modistes settled in Lisbon, charge

exorbitantly for every fresh fashion; but they appear to me to be very inferior in talent and in taste, to those of Paris or London. The *quantity* of false curls and braids of hair worn by every woman is really surprising; all ranks and all ages adopt the custom: nor is it without necessity, for the heat of the climate inducing great perspiration, prevents the natural hair from retaining its curl, and it grows so thinly upon the forehead and temples, as to have a very disagreeable bald effect, unless assisted by art. I had formerly heard that the length and luxuriance of the hair was a chief feature in the beauty of Portuguese ladies; but this appears, from all I have been able to observe, to be a total mistake. The *length*, indeed, is always considerable, because the hair is suffered to grow from the earliest period of childhood; and I have often seen female infants of two years old, with their little tresses tied up behind in a knot, with coloured ribands: but the *thickness* is not genuine, and where it appears so, it almost always proceeds from the mere *coarseness* of the hair. The art of the Friseur being a refinement, of course you will not be surprised to

hear that there is not one good *professor* in Lisbon; they do not even know how to cut hair properly. I ought to add, however, that I have seen several exceptions to what I have just said, among ladies with whom I am acquainted.

A letter from Mr. B. which I have just received, gives an account of his feelings upon having seen the interior of the inquisition at Lisbon. He says: "The Inquisition is now open to the free inspection of the public, and I bore the most disgusting effluvia, that can be imagined, from the most filthy of mobs, in order to pay minute attention to the horrors of that iniquitous place! In one dismal dungeon lay the skulls and bones of several victims, and more have been discovered *between the walls* of the cells;* on one of the walls was engraved the name of an unfortunate Englishman; but he is now at rest from the rage of his merciless persecutors, in a land where no inquisitor is permitted to enter. I have seen public executions of different kinds, but nothing in the nature

* It is not improbable however, that these bones were placed here (for the purpose of exciting the popular indignation,) by the *Liberal* party.

of punishment has ever yet made so strong an impression upon my mind, as the view of this detestable prison. I felt that I was walking upon ground which formerly had been trodden only by the cruel or the unhappy! During the whole time I passed here, the image of corporal Trim's poor "brother Tom" was continually before my eyes. The people are furiously active in tearing down the walls of the place, in order to discover the remains of other victims to superstition and revenge." It is said, that no action of atrocity has been committed by the Portuguese inquisitors for the last fifty years; perhaps an inspection of the bones found in these cells might, by scientific persons, be made the means of ascertaining this very doubtful point. I have already formerly mentioned that there are several horrid reports in circulation, relative to a later period of its reign; but as I heard this from a violent Constitutionalist, perhaps the statement might have been exaggerated: at all events the Cortes are right in thus exposing the system in all its horrors, and I think it one of the most politic measures they have

lately taken. How is it possible to feel any compassion for the present mortifications of Ferdinand of Spain, when we recollect, that the first act of his renewed reign was the restoration of the inquisition of that country? If the delusions of party spirit could for a moment be put aside, there would be but *one answer* to this question. The anecdotes circulating here, relative to the disposition and conduct of that wretched tyrant, really make humanity shudder, and such a mixture of meanness, falsehood, and fiendish cruelty, as they display, I never could have imagined.

We purpose leaving Cintra on Monday next, for the season of rain is daily expected, and the atmosphere of Lisbon is become much cooler. I shall quit this beautiful place without regret; for the separation of our domestic establishment is in every way so unpleasant, that the charm of mere scenery, however great, is no compensation. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Cintra, September, 1831.

We went the other evening, to Ramallão,
 a palace and gardens belonging to the queen;
 the grounds are laid out in the ancient
 Dutch style, and the palace on the outside,
 (for we were not allowed to enter,) appears
 but a shabby and tasteless residence; many
 of the houses belonging to the first nobility
 have this exterior effect, and the utter want
 of comfort and delicacy is evident at the
 first glance, from the filthy dung heaps
 which are for ever found, (undisturbed by
 a broom, or any other scavenger than the
 dogs,) lying beneath the windows of the best
 apartments: a number of fowls are always
 kept by every family, whether rich or poor,
 and as they never make any use of the
 feathers, they are suffered to remain un-
 collected; by which means an accumulation

of fleas and vermin is infallibly induced, which sometimes rises to the torment of an Egyptian plague: I shall never forget seeing the Count de ——— for the first time, in the forenoon of a very hot day, standing out in a balcony of his *palace* as it is called, (a building which, however spacious, had all the air of a sordid, gloomy, dilapidated prison,) dressed in his usual morning *dishabille*, hands, face, and teeth unwashed, hair in disorder, and with a swarthy beard which evidently had not felt a razor for two or three days, a tooth-pick in his mouth (which, as *Malvolio* seems to think, is a great and dignified resource for idle persons of high rank,) and hanging over the fumes of one of the largest heaps of impurity that I had yet seen, even in the filthiest streets of Lisbon; such a specimen of a nobleman and his palace, was indeed not to be passed over without due wonder and admiration!

I have seen a singular equipage, belonging to a gentleman of the neighbourhood who has a large family, but who cannot afford to keep horses or mules for their accommodation; a clumsy old coach, (as large as

a travelling caravan at an English fair, or a barge,) drawn by bullocks. This ponderous machine is well suited to the state of the roads in Portugal, (which are all dreadfully rough and dangerous,) and I dare say it would contain three times the number of persons, who were stowed, as the poet informs us, in the chaise of Johnny Gilpin's wife. This Noah's ark stopped at the gates of several houses here, and the door was with some difficulty wrenched open by the driver, (*drover* I ought to say,) who also enacted the part of footman. I must own, I should greatly enjoy seeing a London fine lady condemned to make her round of visits in a similar vehicle, after having been accustomed all her life to the Sybarite indulgence of her vis-a-vis, lined with eider down, and hung upon springs of the best workmanship: let it not be imagined that the antediluvian coach in question was merely a *country* contrivance, for the same sort of things are frequently seen even in the streets of the fashionable metropolis of Lisbon. As far as my own experience goes, I am inclined to believe that I was told nothing but the

truth, when it was said that the higher classes of females in Portugal are almost always plain; we have lately been introduced to a few donnas, who have the reputation of beauty; Rubens perhaps might have admired their persons, which were full, even to excess, although he would have found no tints of complexion worthy the emulation of his pencil; as to my own opinion, I must confess, that I thought their face and form highly inelegant and clumsy, and that I am utterly at a loss to conceive how it is possible to think these ladies beautiful; one of them came with her husband to pass a few days in the rural retirement of Cintra, and appeared at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with diamond ear-rings, and her fingers covered with the most superb rings. There is one young lady here, who forms the greatest exception to the generality of her countrywomen that I have yet seen; her delicate features, graceful manners, and tasteful neatness and simplicity of dress, would do honour to any country; but I ought, in justice, to mention that she has been educated by an English governess.

The Viscondessa de L—— has just returned from paying her duty at Queluz; the first time her age and infirmities have allowed of her doing so, since the return of the royal family: she still holds a nominal appointment at the palace, which is only conferred upon persons of a certain rank, and yet this "illustrious" lady does not know how to spell her own name, or to write a note without offending against the commonest rules of grammar; her case is by no means singular, as many noble compatriots can keep her in countenance; you may judge by this, of the state of education among the nobility, under the *ancienne régime*: she was so obliging as to show me her court dress, which is one of a *livery* common to all persons who are in waiting upon the king or queen; nothing can be more ugly, or in a worse taste; a train of red silk, of the flimsy Portuguese manufacture, and a petticoat of dark dull blue, of the same material; one embroidered in gold, the other in silver, at the edges; with which is worn (by all but widows,) a head-dress of red and

white feathers; widows always appear in a cap, with black flowers.

The silk fabric at Lisbon is said to be improving, particularly during the last twelve months, and there is certainly great need of it; I have seen specimens of their very best silk and satin, which were both rich and thick, although without lustre (comparatively speaking) and extremely dear. French silks are strictly prohibited, but they are not the less worn and admired by the belles of fashion. The national colours are now changed to light blue and white, and the king himself has submitted to wear the cockade, composed of them. Had his majesty *originally* given half of what is now wrested from his grasp, the people would have adored him, and he might have retained all the best and most truly noble attributes of a sovereign; as it is, he gains nothing by the most abject compliances, but the contempt of both parties, Corcunda and Liberal; he is said to have been warned of the probability of the present revolution, many years ago, by a few calm and rational

thinkers who were attached to his interests; but he continued unfortunately deaf to all advice, until the event actually took place, when the favourable moment was over, and his prospects closed—(it *may* be) for ever. Adieu.

1845.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

My dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the United States. I have the honor to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. Smith

LIS

those c
I re
eir s
polic
he
hich
ave
ity, j
en e
of th
en a
oy in
ghts
w at
their
, (in
order,
adap
all o
his
ndanc
fferin
ore eff
It is
es, to
o maj

LETTER XXV.

Buenos Ayres, October 18th.

WE arrived here last Monday; the weather is highly agreeable, for the heat has greatly subsided, and I was impatient to return to Lisbon, as my husband's official duties confine him so much, that I have seen but little of him at Cintra: the periodical rains are expected immediately, and people seem to think it unusual, that they have not already set in.

This day is marked by peculiar solemnity: there has been a grand funeral service performed, in the fine church of San Domingo, and masses said for the souls of the twelve patriots, with the intrepid General Freire at their head, who, four years ago, perished upon the scaffold, martyrs in the cause of their oppressed and degraded country. It is a pity that the *seed* sown by these devoted men, should now be reaped by the present

government, whose character and talent are so far inferior; I really cannot forgive the Cortes, for their self-interested arrogant narrow-minded policy; they have by chance been raised to the possession of that absolute power, which in wise and virtuous hands would have been exercised in the cause of humanity, justice and reason; *much* might have been expected for the welfare and happiness of the people, and *so little* in fact has been attempted, that my heart sickens, and my indignation burns, whenever my thoughts turn upon the subject; the persons now at the head of affairs (independent of their more serious defects,) seem to think, (in common with all minds of a limited order,) that arrogance is dignity, and they adapt their practice to their theory, upon all occasions; had the king more energy, his cause might certainly regain the ascendancy, when it is to be hoped that past sufferings would teach him to fulfil with more effect, the sacred duties of a sovereign. It is the fashion in these revolutionary times, to sneer at the term "*sacred*" as applied to majesty; and yet, if we refer

to the eternal laws of order and truth, (which latter is but another name for justice,) we cannot avoid perceiving that a king, when he scrupulously fulfils the various and important duties imposed by the Almighty at the moment he placed a crown upon his brow, merits from all good men that solemn and affecting appellation. I must confess that I am primitive enough to think, and sometimes courageous enough to assert, that it is from a forgetfulness of, and a departure from the plain straight-forward paths of religion, that monarchy has fallen of late into such disrepute; I attribute its evident decline to no secondary cause, and I am hopeless of the future amelioration or happiness of the world, while persons in power, shall continue to uphold the infamous yet received maxim of government, that "*what is morally wrong, may or can be politically right.*" The advice to kings and governors, which the excellent Fenelon has given in the pages of his *Telemachus*, ought to be engraven in letters of gold and fire, in the halls and upon the hearts of every sovereign; we now consider his work merely as a *juve-*

nile class book; alas! the time may come, when the greyheaded wise ones will regret that they have so utterly despised the lessons taught in this school; sooner or later we shall all be forced back by the invincible course of events, by the stemless tide of truth, to the same point from which we first departed, and from which we ought never to have diverged; but alas, what tragedies may occur, ere the salutary return is effected! You will not accuse me of romance, or fanaticism, in what I have just said, for I have only urged the doctrines of that *divine* law-giver, whose words are those of "eternal truth and life!"

The Spanish ambassador and his countess are just gone, having concluded their mission, which was to offer congratulations to the king and royal family, upon their return from the Brazils; the *graceful* Spaniard, (for such indeed the countess really is,) came to bid us farewell, previous to their journey; and in the fashion of her country, repeatedly kissed me on both cheeks, embracing me in the most engaging manner, and offering to execute any commissions for us at Madrid;

I regret her departure, for we were just commencing an acquaintance, and found her society very promising. Another diplomatic friend, with whom we were more intimate, is also about to leave us for his own court; he dislikes Lisbon as much as we do, and laughs extremely at the enthusiasm of those English travellers, who have imposed on their fire-side friends at home, by representing it as a sort of "*Pays de Cocagne*." This evening, I have received a visit from a lady of one of the first houses in Portugal; the Condeça d'A. who is just returned to her Lisbon residence, after a sejour of many months at her estate in a distant province; she is the first, (with the exception of the la C——s,) who has shown us the smallest attention or civility upon our arrival in this "land of the stranger:" but why should I mention civility or hospitality towards foreigners? they seem to be virtues *unknown* to this people, generally speaking; the Condeça has invited us to her house, (I believe at the instigation of our mutual diplomatic friend, to whom I have lately alluded,) on all nights, except those on which there is

an opere, as she tells me she is a constant attendant at San Carlos: her first appearance possessed considerable novelty for an English eye, as she was ornamented with many fine jewels, (among which I remarked a brilliant pin of a single stone, as large as a hazel nut,) and decorated with the order of St. John, enriched with diamonds, which she wore at her bosom; she is the only female (with the exception of one other lady of high rank,) upon whom the grand-master had conferred such a distinction; being a widow, her dress was black, as in this country the relict never re-assumes colours after the demise of the husband, unless she is either very young, or has no shame in rendering it apparent to the eyes of the world that she wishes to marry again.

It is really surprising to observe the number of jewels worn by the *inferior* classes also; the chambermaid at the hotel at Cintra wore real diamond earrings when she was dressed for mass, and when I was at the fair of Campo Grande (the largest in Portugal, and much frequented by all ranks,) I saw a

common huckstress standing behind her shopboard in a paltry booth, selling linen-drapery, who wore the most brilliant diamond drops in her ears, of such enormous length, that they nearly touched her collar bones; she was also adorned with a Brazilian chain, (always of the purest gold,) which appeared to be several yards long. The communication between this country and the Brazils, (which latter seems to be a kind of El Dorado,) in some measure accounts for such luxury of ornament. A friend who called upon us this morning, mentioned the following as the present opinion of the Portuguese in general, always excepting the Corcundas, (who would go on hoping to see the ancient despotism restored, though it were effected by the ruin of the congregated inhabitants of the world,) that "the allied Sovereigns will not attempt any measures hostile to the new found liberties of Spain and Portugal; that even, were they ever so well inclined to intermeddle, the *people* of their respective countries would rise to prevent them, and that in a very few years the independence of the South American go-

vernments will be acknowledged by the different European powers, and I am, indeed, very much inclined to join in this idea; time only will discover the justice of these opinions. The first and most probable disaster that is expected to happen to Portugal, is the defection of her American colonies, as a strong spirit of independence has lately been manifest among them: certain it is, that they have long been able to do without the protection of Portugal, and indeed yield far greater advantage than they receive. How long, therefore, they may continue voluntarily to submit to the yoke of the mother country, appears very problematical. The Prince Regent at Rio, Don Pedro, has always been upon bad terms with the King his father, and therefore it will not be surprising, if he should, eventually, embrace the opportunity of becoming the head of a new and independent constitutional government, should the Brazilians afford him the means. At a late meeting of the Cortes, (which now assembles in the convent of the Necessidades,) the Brazilian deputies hardly confronted those of Portugal, and from the

speeches which passed between them, it was evident that the latter were suspicious and secretly afraid of the former, who, on their parts, took little pains to conceal their feelings of scorn and defiance.

I have alluded to the fair of Campo Grande: this is held once every year in a large open space, about two leagues from Lisbon, planted with small trees in formal avenues. There are no amusements of any sort; neither shews, swings, tumblers, jugglers, strolling actors, nor wild beasts, and worse than all, no Punchinello was to be seen. The people displayed nothing of that light mirth and bounding springing hilarity which, at meetings of a similar kind in Spain, France, and some parts of Italy, are so delightful to witness: in fact, it is nothing but a vast commercial mart, where the jewellers' booths were better supplied and more numerous than any others, and the display of English goods very considerable. The fruit stalls were also well furnished, but altogether it was the dullest assemblage of the kind that can well be imagined, and the poisonous breaths of the mob (proceeding from their

garlic-eating propensity) were, to a stranger, absolutely overpowering.

You will, perhaps, wonder that I have not yet visited Mafra; but you would cease to do so, if you were aware of the fatigue of the journey in this climate, and the total absence of all accommodations when you arrive there. It takes up an entire day to see it, on account of the considerable distance from Lisbon and the horrible road through which you must necessarily pass. During the heat of summer it is doubly formidable, as there is not a single tree to shelter the traveller from the sun's intolerable blaze; and when he at length reaches Mafra, through all these difficulties, there is no inn to receive him, and if he has not had the prudence to carry provisions with him, he will run great risk of starvation, as it is nearly impossible to procure any thing really fit to eat in the place. Those persons who wish to enjoy Mafra, should take care to be invited to dine and sleep at the quinta of some friend in the neighbourhood, where, however, they might chance to pay for their meal, by being themselves devoured during

the night by bugs, &c. Truly I am of opinion, from all I have heard of it, that Mafra would not compensate for the trouble of the journey thither; not that I mean to depreciate its merits as a very fine building, and were it any thing similar to Batalha indeed, I might risk all or any inconvenience to have the gratification of beholding it; but I am assured that this is by no means the case, and therefore I feel less shame in yielding to that physical indolence which is fast advancing upon me.

LETTER XXVI.

Buenos Ayres, October 25th.

I WENT the day before yesterday to return the visits of Miss K. (sister to the Swedish Chargé here) and of the Condeça d'A. The house of the latter commands the finest view of the Tagus and the distant mountains that we have yet seen, and I readily acknowledge that the prospect is truly grand and beautiful *in its way*. The mansion, built within the last two years by the Condeça herself, is far more cheerful and fresh in its exterior, than those of the usual run of palaces in this country, but it has no pretension to architectural ornament. The men servants who came out to receive us were numerous, but not dressed with that attention to neatness and spruceness which is so universal among the domestics of noble and wealthy families in England. The interior of the house was both superb and

convenient, and reflected great credit upon the taste of the amiable mistress. Its apartments were many in number, all handsome, well proportioned, and furnished with much elegance and splendour. The estates of the A — family are numerous, and the principal seat, near Coimbra, is, we are assured, one of the wonders of Portugal; and here there has been likewise introduced a degree of comfort as well as magnificence, which assimilates very nearly with English taste and ideas.* At the Lisbon residence she possesses a fine collection of paintings by the old Italian masters, among which we recognized Corregio. She has also a private theatre here, in which her three daughters have sometimes performed operas, as they are all extremely fond of

* The kitchen of this place is a great curiosity; of immense dimensions, and most superbly appointed. A river flows through the midst of it, from which it is the common practice of the cooks to catch the fish, which a few moments afterwards are prepared for the table. The Duke of Wellington is said to have amused himself by fishing here, during the time that he was so hospitably and enthusiastically received by the family.

music; it is beautifully fitted up; and we were rejoiced to learn that it is her intention to open it for entertainments of this nature, during the winter. We perceived at once, that the mind of this lady, superior by nature, had received a degree of culture and polish very rare among her countrywomen, and that she had amply benefited by the opportunities she formerly enjoyed of acquiring information by foreign travel. Her sleeping apartment opens into a room furnished with books, and I saw maps, &c. lying about upon her writing table—a miracle in Portugal. Nothing could be more politely winning than her reception; and the dignity of her person, the regularity of her features, and the sweet expression of her animated countenance, harmonized entirely with the grace and ease of her manner. Her daughters seem to emulate her example; they are very young, but still they are what is called here grown up, and the eldest is recently married to her uncle by the father's side; this, however strange to our apprehensions, has every appearance of being a happy and prudent match, as the young

lady is *attached* to her husband, and the gentleman still in the prime of middle age, and of an estimable character and temper. The second daughter is remarkable, from the fair bloom of her complexion, her blue eyes and light brown hair, all of which are uncommon in this "land of the sun." The Condeça herself was married very early in life to a near relation, who was at the same time far advanced in years; and it is but too usual for young girls of high rank to be disposed of by their parents, for their own inclinations are seldom consulted, at the age of twelve and thirteen, to very old men, the pope readily consenting to grant dispensations which enable such marriages to take place. A noble foreigner, of very intelligent and agreeable manners, who has passed several years in the Brazils, tells me, that in Portuguese society there, the utmost form and ceremony prevail; when you enter a room, every body rises, and it is expected that you should be particularly minute in inquiring after the health of every absent connection of the mistress of the house. You must always visit in full dress, as if decorated

for court, and make about a hundred bows and curtsies at coming in and going away, or else resign yourself to the mortification of being considered as wholly ignorant and ill-bred. He added, that he would not advise an English friend to look for conversation, in the true sense of the term, at any of these meetings, for the thing is unknown.

We went afterwards to purchase some trifles at a jeweller's shop in the Rua d'Ouro (Gold-street) who is reckoned the Gray or Rundel of Lisbon; we saw several handsome ornaments and magnificent stones, but nothing could bear the smallest comparison in point of workmanship, fancy, or taste, with the beautiful things to be met with in London or Paris. We had occasion to remark, (of what, indeed, we had often been assured,) "the ridiculous pomposity, inattention and disrespect of the tradesmen in Lisbon;"—they generally conceive that they are doing you a favour in allowing you to purchase of them, and if you enter a shop and inquire if they have such and such an article, they will sometimes answer "yes," but without giving themselves the trouble of bringing it for

your inspection, unless you directly request that they will do so.* An English lady purchased a pair of ear-rings of the little Don Pomposo to whom I have just alluded; they amounted to more than ten guineas in value, nor did she attempt to object to their price, yet he received her money with almost a sneer upon his countenance, and wholly disdained to thank her as she left the shop: to this circumstance we were ourselves witnesses. The Portuguese manufacture cotton prints, muslins and calicoes, but they are far behind those of England; woollen goods are also of a very inferior quality, flannel in particular being both dear and bad; much of the latter useful article comes from our own country, but the Portuguese rarely import the best sort.

Driving through the city the other day, we encountered a very common, yet, to a stranger, a most unpleasant sight; two women in an open sege, at whose feet, roll-

* This peculiarity must, I should think, have been handed down to them from the Moors, as it is well known to exist among that people.

ing about with every motion of the carriage, lay the uncovered corpse of a young child, wrapped in a tawdry shawl of orange coloured silk, and loaded with other trumpery finery. Infants, whose parents cannot well afford the expense of a funeral, are taken generally, to the see, or cathedral church of Lisbon, and left on the steps, or upon some tomb, to be interred at the convenience of the priest. The nuns and other charitable persons take pleasure in decking the little corpse with all the finery they can collect, and these fallen blossoms are called "angelios," (angels,) while their death, when under the age of seven years, is considered as a signal favour from heaven, and kept as a festival by the parents. In one of the city churches, a few days since, a poor woman had left the body of her child, and not finding it buried at the time she expected, took it home for the night and returned it the next morning. The rapacious padres of this superstitious country will rarely do their duty without payment of some sort; and it occasionally happens that a dead body is seen lying on its back in the open streets,

with a little cup or pan placed upon the breast, for the reception of voluntary subscriptions to defray the expenses of burial. An English acquaintance of ours, who certainly is not too partial to this people, was narrating some curious anecdotes illustrative of their manners and customs, and more particularly mentioned the disgusting scenes which are sometimes witnessed at these funerals. Should the rank or circumstances of the deceased have been at all respectable, he is carried with great pomp to the grave, attended by many persons bearing lighted torches or wax tapers, and followed by other mourners: when they reach the place of interment, the grave is opened, and the corpse taken out of the *long trunk* in which it had been previously contained, and thrown heedlessly into it, frequently without even the decency of a shroud.

The priests are generally very active in obtaining rich bequests from their dying penitents, but now and then they are paid by the latter in their own coin: an instance of this is just come to our knowledge, at which I confess I was wicked enough to

laugh very heartily.—A sick gentleman of considerable property, thinking himself at the last extremity, called in two of these reverend advisers, who persuaded him, during a violent paroxysm of pain, to vow a pair of silver candlesticks to Saint Antonio (their patron) in case he should recover. Shortly afterwards he got well, and was duly reminded of his promise. “Certainly,” said he, “it is already fulfilled;—it was the first step I took upon recovering my health : look here.”—Then, leading them to a table, he pointed out a pair of silver candlesticks about two inches in height, and not thicker than a straw, which were placed before a miniature of St. Antonio, which he himself possessed.

The Chagas church is enriched by the votive offerings of native mariners, who, during a storm, are wont to promise to their favourite saint, the donation of their best sail, if he will extricate them from the impending danger ; and it is no unusual circumstance, to see an immense sail carried up the steep ascent to this church, by a ship’s crew, who immediately afterwards redeem it for a

sum of money. The Cortes are at present employed in abolishing a convent, situated at about the distance of a mile from Lisbon, in which the captains of vessels used invariably to confine their wives during their own absence upon a long voyage. Whatever may have been the iniquities of the Inquisition, some small apology may fairly be offered, on the plea of the darkness of the ages in which they prospered most; but cruelties of quite as deep a die are still perpetrated in some of the convents of modern days. It was only a week ago, that a monk was discovered in a loathsome dungeon in one of them, where he had been confined for some venial offence ever since the year 1813; he had suffered so much from bad food, want of cleanliness, and the deprivation of free air, that his death almost immediately followed his release.

LETTER XXVII.

Buenos Ayres, Oct. 26th.

THE Portugueze are by no means less proud of their city, than the Spanish proverb tell us that people are of Seville; indeed they seem not at all behind the Chinese in their estimation of their own capital as the metropolis of the universe, the true centre of the "celestial empire." A little satirical work, lately published, (or republished, I know not which,) is said to have ruffled the plumes of this self-important people, though it is questioned whether they will improve by its useful hints; its title is, "Adam alive again," who is supposed to be permitted to return to earth, for the purpose of making the tour of the world. Our worthy progenitor, like many other old gentlemen, is both surprised and indignant at every change that has been introduced since his

own time, considering the highest improvements in the light of innovations: he passes rapidly through England, France, Italy, Germany and other countries, and finds nothing but perpetual subjects of annoyance; in the remote parts of Germany, indeed, he is a little comforted by perceiving some remains of venerable and primitive ignorance, but when he comes to Portugal he breathes freely. "Here," he exclaims in a rapture, "here will I take up my future abode; here are no nonsensical refinements, no learning, no science, no literature; agriculture is free from modern presumptuous innovations: and so far from being pestered with what are called the 'fine arts,' I can scarcely perceive any appearance of what are denominated by the ridiculous philosophers of the day, 'useful inventions;' the wise, the noble, the magnanimous Portuguese have in no respect altered since I left the world, and they alone are worthy the honour of my association."

Last night we were at the opera; the house is a handsome, spacious building, and

the king's box in the centre of the dress circle, of very ample dimensions, rising in a dome to the upper tiers, has a truly splendid and regal effect. The theatre is badly lighted, shabby in its decorations, and dirty in the extreme, but it possesses some scenes beautifully executed; two large arm-chairs, and a range of small ones, for the king, queen, and royal family, occupy the front of their box, behind which rises a gallery for the ladies and gentlemen in waiting; up to the present moment we are assured that the latter personages, however dignified their rank, were always obliged, by etiquette, to stand during the whole performance, however tedious, if they were admitted to the honour of a place in the same box, instead of remaining in the gallery just mentioned. We were pleased by the performance, "*La Festa di Rosa*," but our admiration was limited to one or two of the performers. This opera (light and brilliant in the style of its music) is composed by Coccia, a young Italian, who copies so closely from Rossini, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the difference between them; the whole

company are from Milan, as well as the corps de ballet; the latter seem to possess little talent, and the mechanist must be, I should suppose, about the worst in Europe; as to the greater part of the scenery, and the dresses of the performers, economy appears to be the order of the day, or rather night. One thing it was impossible not to see—the ignorance, generally speaking, of the audience; almost all the applause was given to what really least deserved encouragement, and a few delicate strokes of genuine talent were entirely lost upon them. Favini was Prima Donna, her voice is much decayed, more from accident or indisposition, than from age, as she is still young and handsome enough for her profession; I should conceive that it had once been very fine; her taste is extremely good, and she is a lively graceful actress:—those who admire her most, insist that we ought to pardon the huskiness of her tones, in consideration of the injury they probably received in the bleak climate of Russia; for Favini was at Moscow with the French armies, composing part of the travelling baggage of Beauharnois.

In comparison with our English belles, the present audience certainly did not look to advantage; there is a superiority in the former, not only in beauty, but in elegance of dress and appearance altogether, which is not to be mistaken: I say this, in no spirit of unworthy and illiberal exultation, but merely as it struck me as being a simple truth.

Adieu.



LETTER XXVIII.

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 2d.

THIS month generally opens in Portugal during a rainy fortnight, which is the immediate precursor of St. Martin's summer ; but this year the weather has been so unusually capricious, that we have only experienced two or three days of rain, at irregular intervals, and the summer of this saint seems to have arrived at least ten days before its time. The sun was unclouded yesterday, and very warm without being fierce ; a fine breeze tempered its rays, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to take an excursion by water, to return the visit of an English lady who resides at Pedroços, a small town upon the Tagus, at a few miles distance from Lisbon, close to the picturesque

castle of Belem. The view of Lisbon, when seen from the river, is superbly beautiful; the white and lofty houses, free from smoke, appear as if they ought to be the favourite abodes of elegance and purity; but the moment you land, the pleasing illusion vanishes at once. When we quitted the boat at Pedroiços, we found ourselves upon the sands, close under the old Gothic castle which I have just mentioned, which is now made use of as a state prison: the Conde dos Arcos is at present confined there, having rendered himself obnoxious to the new government, upon his return from the Brazils, by the exhibition of Corcunda principles. We soon discovered the residence of Mrs. C—, which boasts of pure air, and is perfectly free from the effluvia of Lisbon or Buenos Ayres; she affirms it to be much cooler also than either, although there is nothing like shade to be seen. We observed that the fences by the road side were chiefly hedges of the aloe, which rises to an enormous height, and here and there a palm-tree reared its slender form among them, giving proof positive of the fierce degree of heat

common to this climate. The fishermen's families chiefly reside in this neighbourhood, and we met several of them in their peculiar costume, carrying large baskets, or antique-shaped pitchers of red earth, upon their heads; the latter are made of porous clay, and are in universal use as water-coolers; they are, I am told, so admired by the Italians for their classic forms, (certainly a remnant of Roman taste,) that large quantities are frequently exported to Italy. Some of these women were busily employed in roasting chestnuts in the open air, and the same trade is going on at this season in every street of Lisbon; nothing can be more delicious than this fruit so prepared: the manner in which they are sent to table in the houses of our English epicures is far inferior; I know not the process there employed, but the Portuguese method is to roast them in an earthen pot, beneath which is a pan of burning charcoal; the women perpetually fan the reluctant embers into a gentle blaze, sprinkling the chestnuts, in their skins, from time to time, with the same kind of coarse salt used in curing.

their sardinhas, and which is said to give them a peculiar flavour. The sardinha is a small fish resembling our sprat, which at certain seasons forms the principal food of the lower classes in Portugal. Passing by a shop in this marine village, we saw (for the first time) two men dancing the national dance, which greatly resembles the *cachucha* of Spain, to the sound of the viola or Portuguese guitar, strung with their double wires: they snapped their fingers in cadence to the tune, but used no castagnets, and I saw two boatmen engaged in the same way, upon the deck of a small vessel at anchor; but they were dancing (or rather stamping and gesticulating) to their own singing; these dances were extremely monotonous, and destitute of all graceful animation, forming a great contrast, I am told, to those of Spain.

Upon our return from Pedroços, we dressed and went in the evening to the Condeça d'A's.; the young ladies gave us several pretty modinhas upon the guitar, and accompanied each other in Italian duets upon the piano-forte; they speak French, Eng-

lish, and Italian, fluently, and are particularly well-bred and obliging in their manners, although a little inclined to be shy towards us as strangers. The hair of the youngest is really as worthy of celebration as the tresses of *Berenice*; of a deep rich black, confined in graceful braids, which, if they were released from the comb, would nearly reach the ground. I have taken her master to teach me to accompany my voice upon the guitar, but have chosen the Spanish rather than the Portuguese guitar, the former being much softer, and better adapted to the melancholy tenderness which breathes through most of the modinhas of this country. The Spanish songs, I think, would sound better upon the Portuguese instrument, as they are so much more spirited and lively in their character, and the accompaniments are generally louder, and consist, in most instances, of certain tricks and beats, which are omitted in the Portuguese method of playing. Buenos Ayres becomes more and more intolerable to me, and, I fear, I shall never be reconciled to a permanent residence here; but I endeavour to look on

the bright side of every object, both from duty and policy there are some things, nevertheless, to which there is but one side, and that a very black one indeed; for example, the filthy state of most places in this neighbourhood; imagine what it is to sit, as I do, night after night in the Hotel, smelling eau de Cologne, or burning dried lavender, to avoid being suffocated by the poisonous odours which rising from the street beneath, reach to the height of our windows, and penetrate even through the panes of glass; it has such an overpowering effect upon my nerves, that I have sometimes found it impossible to refrain from absolute tears of disgust; when we walk out also, either to attend the English chapel, or to take a boat at the water-side, we are obliged to pass through such revolting paths, that my promenade becomes a sensible penance, an absolute state of physical suffering. What I am now saying, is not at all an exaggeration, but no person who has not lived here, can form any idea of these annoyances, although they are by no means so great or so nume-

rous, as they were some few years since. An attempt at cleanliness was first introduced by the French, who ordered all the dogs to be shot, and obliged the natives to exert human labour, in cleansing the streets from the worst species of impurity; but after the departure of these salutary task-masters, the Portuguese once more returned to their dogs and their dirt: the example of the English has since effected some amelioration in their habits and customs; so much so indeed, that even in the city, there are two or three streets which are preserved by the police in a state of comparative purity, and within these last few months, during the dry weather, I have even seen two or three street-sweepers; but I observe that they invariably sweep against the wind. It is very common to see dead animals left in the open footpaths, to the annoyance of every passenger; but the air is so dry and clear, and the attacks of the dogs and flies so incessant, that in a few days the carcasses lose their offensive quality, and present nothing but bare skeletons to the view. I am

sure you must be tired of this disgusting detail; I will release you therefore, and endeavour to forget "the life which late I led," in that lovely land of my affections, in which this letter will find you.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

LISBON

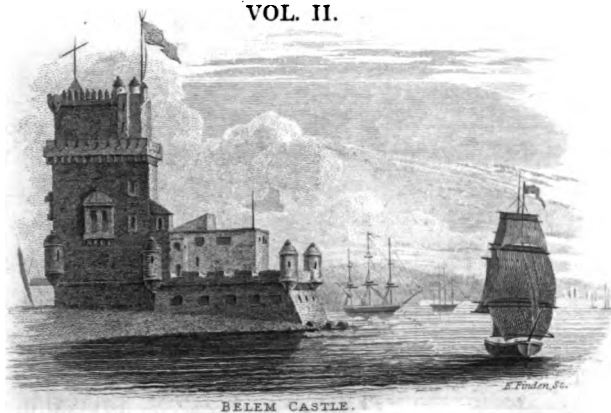
IN THE YEARS 1821, 1822, AND 1823.

BY MARIANNE BAILLIE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXV.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

LETTERS,

§c. §c. §c.

LETTER XXIX.

November, 1821.

WE have gleaned some further information this morning, relative to Portuguese opinions and customs, from an intelligent traveller, who has lived several years in the Brazils. He does not appear to be generally addicted to exaggeration, and therefore his account is likely to be correct; of course there are exceptions to all rules, but speaking candidly, I must confess, the report he makes of this people agrees but too closely with that of Costigan and other travellers. The "Sketches," of the former author are

VOL. II.

B

very interesting, and were put into our hands upon first arriving here, by a person who had resided many years in Lisbon, as a true and faithful account of Portugal. It is now openly lent from one to another, but hitherto it has been held in such detestation by the government, that any person known to have it in his possession, would have been liable to the punishment of the Inquisition. We are assured that the state of morality among the upper ranks of society, is much upon a par with that of other European capitals;—no more need be said, for every body understands this estimate. Appearances, however, are (as I once before mentioned) invariably preserved. All husbands go out with their wives into public, and place themselves close to the side of the latter in their carriages, into which no other male, however near his relationship, is permitted to enter. A lady, the head of a Portugueze family, with whom we are acquainted, was the first, and I believe the only person, who broke through this national prejudice; she once admitted an English gentleman into her family coach, together with herself and one or two of her

daughters, and all Lisbon was in consternation on the occasion. At the house of a nobleman in this neighbourhood, I observed a singular ceremony: every master has an arrangement with his servants relative to the arrival of the guests;—if a carriage with one gentleman in it appears in the court yard, the porter rings a sonorous bell *once*, the master hears it but perhaps does not rise from his seat, as it announces only the arrival of an individual, who is not considered to be a man of any particular consequence; if the bell sounds *twice*, he will generally rise, for this means that a grandee is coming; but when the warning stroke is *thrice* repeated he always leaves the room to meet the visitor at the door of the house, for then it is a lady who arrives.

My husband, from the first day of our arrival, has become acquainted with a personage so identified with Lisbon, that to have remained there without sharing in the extensive hospitality of his house, would “argue himself unknown;”—I allude to Mr. S. an Englishman by birth, who has past his life in this country, and is now in the enjoy-

ment of a green old age, surrounded by numerous friends, and blest with the smiles of fortune in a superlative degree: if general report can be trusted, his wealth is immense, and the greater part of it was bequeathed by a relation whose talents had materially benefited the country. The Marquis of Pombal, acknowledged to have been the greatest statesman that Portugal has ever known, bent the whole force of his mind, immediately after the great earthquake in 1755, towards the rebuilding of Lisbon upon an improved plan of architecture. I need not dilate upon his merits as a minister; they are well known to every person who has even the most superficial knowledge of Portuguese history. Among a people beset with all those prejudices which ignorance engenders, and enervated by their national indolence, mental and physical, he found, as might naturally be expected, great difficulty in discovering persons capable of assisting him in the execution of his various plans, and these he at last selected from among the English inhabitants. Perhaps the speedy regeneration of Lisbon ought to be attri-

buted, in a great measure, to their exertions ; however, this would not be allowed by the natives.

The Portugeze boast at present, and with great justice, of the excellent quality of their lime, but at the period of which I speak, the manner of preparing it was but imperfectly understood ; and the Marquis, complaining one day of its indifferent nature, was answered by an English individual, that, “ with the assistance of his excellency, he would undertake to remedy the difficulty.” “ Very well,” replied Pombal, “ try what you can do ; and he immediately furnished the projector with money and other requisite facilities. A short time afterwards, Lisbon, built with an entirely new and superexcellent sort of lime, sprung up like a phoenix from its ashes. The ingenious inventor in question was the relation of the present Mr. S. of whom I have already spoken ; but this, his first speculation, was not, if I am rightly informed, of any great pecuniary advantage to him ; his next was of a far more profitable nature.

The Marquis de Pombal, respecting the

generally excellent abilities of his adviser, took various occasions of employing him; and, amongst other matters, consulted him upon the subject of a manufactory of glass, which useful article had, hitherto, been imported: he much wished that it should be made in the country, but was unacquainted with any person who possessed the requisite knowledge and perseverance to undertake the management of such an attempt. Mr. W. S. again offered his services, and supplied by his patron with money and hands, invented and established the first and only glass fabric in Portugal, which remained without rival for nearly half a century afterwards.

By this successful effort he completely made his fortune, and built the square called the "Largo do S—," after his own name, in Lisbon, upon a plan given to him by his illustrious friend: his surviving relative, Mr. S., now resides there, and must, I should think, feel gratified upon being surrounded by such honourable monuments of the talents and respectability of his race. To evince the absolute authority enjoyed, in those days, by

a favourite minister, it is only necessary to add, the Marquis de Pombal gave a similar model for a square to almost every rich man of his acquaintance, each of whom he compelled to expend part of his fortune in building a house there.

During the time of the French invasion, Lisbon was the scene of perpetual assassination, and the only method of checking so horrible a crime, was found to be the prohibition of every sort of weapon to the native inhabitants. Upon examining the wells, many of them were found to be completely choked up with dead bodies; and the Inquisition, bad as it was supposed to be, did not always deserve the reputation under which it laboured, for several subjects who were obnoxious to its members, instead of having been confined in its dungeons, found in reality a speedier termination to their sufferings by the pocket-knife of the lower classes. There are several native individuals, who consider this mode of getting rid of their adversaries to have been *meritorious*, and the system is still acted upon, though not so often as formerly. The newspapers

never mentioning *accidents* of this sort, more perhaps are committed than comes to the knowledge of the public, and I have seen several English persons who have been attacked in this manner. The proximity of the Tagus affords great facility in the concealment of murder, and the extreme difficulty in which any fisherman or other person involves himself with the police, by interfering in any manner with a corpse, renders their assistance, in case of need, very doubtful. The laws are so strict in this respect, that any one finding a dead body, is under the necessity of proving himself to be entirely unconnected with its death—and this is, sometimes, almost an impossible task; besides, decomposition in a hot climate takes place so immediately, that bodies are frequently obliged to be interred before any thing in the shape of a coroner's inquest can be instituted.

The weather still continues to be delightful: it is as warm here as in the English month of August, and the sky is always brilliant and clear, though a change of weather is soon

expected to take place. It is very tantalizing, in such an enchanting season, to be constantly confined to the house, or to the dull and narrow boundary of a formal plot of ground, called a garden, which belongs to our hotel, and which, standing very low, and being surrounded by houses, catches but little of the pure breeze with which we are at present favoured. I am not, however, wholly ungrateful even for this small piece of ground. As to taking the air in a sege, it is nearly out of the question; I never get into one except from necessity, and the expense, also, is considerable; for if you take a carriage of this sort for a quarter of an hour, to pay a visit in the nearest street, you are charged half a day; and if you take it before one o'clock, you pay for the whole day; I say nothing of the fright one is always obliged to endure, in consequence either of the craziness of the vehicle, or the weakness of the horses generally in use.

Going down a paved street the other day the wheel came off, and we were forced to wait, standing exposed to the rude stare of every passenger, while the driver went

home to procure us another carriage ;* and in ascending another street, at a different time, which was so badly paved and so steep, that it was difficult even to walk on foot, our shaft horse fell down, and remained sprawling in the mud, without sense or motion, appearing in every respect as if he were dead. These accidents are perpetually recurring, as well as those of another kind, scarcely less disagreeable : I allude to the being sprinkled with the dirt of the streets, and the great liability of irreparably soiling

* This accident, however, was the means of our becoming acquainted with a most gentlemanly and agreeable Portuguese judge, who is one of the best informed persons in the country. He saw our distress from his window, and sent his principal domestic to insist upon our making use of his house until the postilion returned. We accepted the offer, and found a curious old-fashioned mansion, where we were hospitably refreshed with wine and cakes, and in the space of half an hour were joined by our courteous host himself, who had, I suspect, paid us the compliment of making a toilette, for his dress, when he entered, was scrupulously correct ; he wore his orders, and carried a chapeau bras under his arm. We found his conversation lively and piquant ; and he told us that he had formerly visited England, with which he expressed himself to have been delighted.

your gloves and dress in your attempts to arrange the filthy leather curtains with which you hope to shield yourself from the splashing of the wheels. My face, as well as my clothes, was covered with mud thrown up by the latter not long since; and when one reflects that the dirt of Lisbon is no *common* dirt, the imagination sickens, and total confinement to the house is welcomed as the least evil of the two, until health begins to fail from want of air and exercise, and then the same delightful mode of obtaining both must be sought and endured.

LETTER XXX.

November, 14th.

THE Scriptures have been circulated, in an underhand manner, among a few individuals, for some time past; one of our servants, although he attends mass with respectful regularity, expressed a great wish to see the real unaltered and entire bible, and he has just procured one in the Portuguese language translated from our English version, which is sold in Lisbon, at a particular shop, in spite of the priesthood. We sometimes have heard him reading aloud from it, to one of his compatriots, a Gallician; the waiter of the hotel, (a young Portuguese,) possesses a similar copy, and I have more than once heard him say, that their priests were (generally speaking) the greatest knaves in the world. This man, who scarcely opens his lips to us, appearing more reserved towards superiors than is usual, burst out yesterday during dinner, in

a torrent of natural eloquence, upon a casual mention of the Inquisition; nothing could be more forcibly expressed than his detestation of that system, and he assured us that he spoke the universal sentiments of the people; adding, that they had intended to burn the building to the ground, but had forbore, lest the fire might spread to the injury of other houses, and to the ruin of innocent individuals; a proof that a Portuguese mob, even when justly incensed, is not so madly blind, as some of the Corcunda party would lead us to believe.

The first English and Foreign Assembly, took place last Thursday; they are continued weekly, during the winter, and are numerously attended. The natives of the first distinction receive invitations from the directors, of which they usually avail themselves with much apparent pleasure. There is also a Portuguese Assembly, where they, in turn, invite the English and other strangers; the latter is more formal, and is held in truly magnificent apartments, but is not considered to be so gay and cheerful as our own. Many of the fidalgos refused for

some time to honour it with their sublime presence, in consequence of pique against the constitutional directors; the company therefore (not reckoning visitants) principally consists of merchants, who are upon a very different footing in society, and in their claims to general estimation, to those of England. An English merchant, whose family and education are almost always such as reflect credit upon his wealth, has no idea that he is not a proper acquaintance for a nobleman; he feels himself a gentleman in the best sense of the word—a duke can be no more: here the case is far otherwise.

The principal leaders of the new government were all present at our ball, and one of them addressed himself to Mr. Baillie, requesting he would procure him from England, Buonaparte's plan of education for French princes. It is said that hints are likely to be taken from this work, in attempting to re-model the education of the prince royal, who is shortly expected from the Brazils, where he is now remaining as regent in the absence of the king. The Cortes

intend that he shall "make the grand tour," in order to open and liberalize his mind; let them first procure the presence and consent of the prince, who has shown some symptoms of disinclination to a tame submission, not being at all of the timid disposition of Don João, and who, being himself also a husband and a father, is not very likely to brook the idea of being treated as a schoolboy; I have no doubt, however, from all I can gather, that his education greatly needs re-modelling, or rather counteraction.

The foreign society to be met with in Lisbon are now assembled for the winter season, and we contrive to meet occasionally, where we usually and dismally discuss our various sources of annoyance. By foreigners, I mean, chiefly, the corps diplomatique, among whom are several accomplished and amiable persons. We dined lately with a Portuguese acquaintance; the meal consisting of a mixture of French, Italian, and native cookery; a singularity which I remarked was the universal use of wooden tooth-picks, (made at Coimbra, of orange or

myrtle wood, here called "palitos,") which I am told are considered as indispensable appendages to a Portuguese table; two of them were placed by the side of each plate. I should be more surprised at the slight attention which was paid here to the decoration of the eating room, had I not already seen the same neglect in other parts of the continent; but I believe the excessive refinement and luxury of our dining rooms, is peculiar to England alone, as we place our ideas of social delight in the pleasures of a chosen and well assorted party, assembled round our table; this may proceed a little from our cold climate, and a great deal from our love of home.

It was the custom in Portugal not many years since, for the master of the house to receive his company with the most ceremonious distinction; he did not take his place at the head of the dinner table, nor even sit down: but remained standing, or walking about the room, urging them to partake of the delicacies of the entertainment, and assuring each person "that his house, and every thing it contained, was at their entire

and absolute disposal." This is a form of words peculiar to the Portuguese, and of which they make use upon every trivial occasion; like most complimentary phrases, it means nothing. The host, upon solemn dinners of this sort, used formerly to be drest as if for Court, and always waited upon his company himself; and even now, we have seen him rise frequently from table, to attend to the slightest wishes of his guests; surely the latter mode of conduct is somewhat more engaging, though not perhaps so easy as our own.

Portuguese cookery is not at all refined, and to most English tastes it would be highly disagreeable, on account of the profuse quantity of garlic and oil; there is no dinner without rice, drest in numerous ways, nor boiled beef, which, as it is unsalted, they generally eat with ham, or a strong sort of German sausage; the dessert however is always superb. We have again been at the English Assembly, which was remarkably brilliant; the Duchesses of Cadaval and Alafões, and many of the most distinguished *fidalgos* being present. I have also been at

a party where I heard the first piano forte player in Portugal; his name is Bontempo, and you must have heard of him in London, some time ago; his execution is miraculous, but he failed in interesting my feelings in the smallest degree; his defects appear to proceed from a want of sensibility, and as true genius never exists without it, I cannot consent to reckon Bontempo a real master of his art; depend upon it, that if poor Merlin had lived a few years longer, he would have made a wooden man who should have composed, and executed pieces of music much in the same style, and fully as well. You have heard, I suppose, that there is such a place in London as Rag Fair; here exists a twin institution, which also passes (among the English residents,) by the same name; it is held every Tuesday in a particular part of Lisbon, and a curious melange of all sorts of commodities it exhibits. Priests' garments, of purple and point lace, flout at women's flannel petticoats, (although the former are sold cheap, the latter dear;) old china rattles against rusty stirrups, and new bridles and saddles (fresh

stolen); boots, breeches, and worsted night-caps, contrast with gold watches, German glass, fans, necklaces, bird cages, and parrots. Here also you may find old trunks, and new furniture, dogs, Canary birds, living crickets in baskets, (kept to enliven the houses by their merry chirrup,) crucifixes and saints, wooden rosaries and wax virgins, horses, asses, and human skeletons! one of the latter (a very perfect specimen) was tendered to Mr. Baillie for three moidores, and the vender obligingly offered to throw in two additional thigh bones to the bargain. The only clean people in Lisbon seem to be the boatmen; their boats are always nicely kept, and they ply in almost as great numbers as those of London. The Portuguese like the water, and many a merry party embarks for "a day's pleasure," upon the magnificent Tagus, although, unlike our fortunate cockneys, they have no exquisite Richmond or Twickenham, no eel-pie island, or Hampton Court gardens, where they may gratify their hungry appetites, and freshen their smoky imaginations! The Lisbon citizens have no brighter resource, than the opposite or adja-

cent shores, nearly as destitute of verdure, shade, or fragrance, as the town itself, where they disembark, mount upon burros (who are found there in great numbers, kept for the purpose,) and ride for several hours in the burning sun, until it is time to return. Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Reeves's Hotel, Rua do Prior,
Buenos Ayres, Dec. 28th, 1821.

WE have had a great deal of wet weather during the whole of this month; some fine hours in almost every day, at its commencement, afforded an opportunity of getting out of doors; but latterly the rain has continued with scarcely any intermission; coming down in torrents, with nearly the force of a water-spout, (as is usual in most countries in this latitude,) accompanied by tremendous and piercing winds, and which have occasioned infinite damage among the shipping. The stoves in this hotel appear to be a great resource, but, in reality, they are a mockery of warmth and comfort; for, in consequence of the high winds, they are never lighted without filling our apartments with suffocating and blinding smoke: we sit, therefore, in our large lofty carpetless apartments,

wrapped up in capotes, furboots, and shawls, while all our endeavours to maintain animal warmth, are defeated by the perpetual draughts of air to which we are exposed. We have six doors, and two windows, to our sitting-room,* none of which will shut close, so that the rain and wind enter freely on all sides, rendering the apartment a perfect cave of Æolus. Dressing for a ball is a severe operation, under these circumstances, as you will easily imagine; but nevertheless I attended the assembly last night. In descending from the heights of Buenos Ayres, into the heart of Lisbon, we crossed a stream of filthy water, which was flowing into the lower part of the city, (from the steep lanes and alleys above,) with the

* The numerous doors to every apartment form a distinctive feature in all Portugeze houses; they have generally a narrow glass window above them, and are so rudely constructed, and so imperfectly finished, (more particularly in regard to their locks and keys,) as to resemble those of our English stables. The best sitting-rooms are almost always built immediately over the stables, and consequently breathe of the odour inseparable from them.

brawling rapidity of a mountain torrent; sometimes horses or oxen, crossing the streets at an unfavourable moment, have been known to be carried away by the force of these currents; a poor Gallego the other day, loaded with a large sofa, and some heavy chairs, was turning the corner of one of the above-mentioned lanes, (travessas,) when the wind took him completely off the ground, and whirled him suddenly from one side of the street to the other. Our windows command the Tagus, and it is really a sublime spectacle to look down upon the river, raging and heaving under the influence of the storm, its white breakers dashing against the opposite shores of Almada, in showers of snowy foam, and tossing the vessels up and down, notwithstanding their anchors.

On Christmas Eve, in the church of the Loretto, there was performed a most splendid midnight mass, and all the bells of the different convents and places of worship let loose their "iron tongues;" private masses were also performed in almost every house. Christmas does not appear to be kept with

much hilarity in this country, if I may judge from the street ceremonies, and from a large Christmas party, to which we were invited lately.

The only "sign of the times" which I myself observed, was the appearance of three or four underlings, belonging to the priesthood, going about to solicit alms from the charitable; and the only music consisted of a few melancholy and discordant trumpets, played by some bands of different regiments, who roamed from house to house, to wish you the "Boas Festas," (which is an expression equivalent to our "Merry Christmas and happy new year,") for which they of course expected to receive a pecuniary gratification. The party to which I have just alluded was large, and the apartments very magnificent; but the eternal card table effectually prevented any expression of that animated social enjoyment which is peculiar to similar meetings in "Merry England." Yet, even there, the warm hospitality and the broad honest cheeriness of spirit, which distinguished the good old Christmas week, are fast declining, checked by the pressure

of these "iron times," and chilled by the freezing influence of the sneering demon of ultra-refinement. One or two of the ladies wore the Spanish costume, than which nothing can be handsomer, or more graceful; a friend lately paid me an evening visit in this sombre but rich dress, which consisted of a black boddice and petticoat, deeply fringed (called the *vasquinha*, or *basquinha*,) and a long veil of black lace (the *mantilla*) thrown over the back of the head, and crossed over the bosom on the left side, confined by a diamond pin: the *Condega d'A.* has one of very great value, being entirely trimmed with garnet fringes of a large size and brilliant lustre: the taste for this costume, however, is by no means common in Portugal; for the national dislike between the two people seems to extend even to the dress of each. I know a Portuguese lady, who never permits her daughters to wear the *vasquinha*, her objection arising entirely from a feeling of animosity and disgust towards every thing Spanish!

Nothing more decidedly proves the rude state of the country, than a journey into the

provinces; in the first place, the roads are so intolerable, that most travellers find themselves completely exhausted, before they arrive at the place of their destination; they are obliged also to carry mattresses, pillows, sheets, mosquito curtains, and many articles of food with them, as there are few inns, and those of the very worst description, scarcely affording any accommodation beyond a mere shelter from the weather.

The Countess A., whose principal seat is situated near Coimbra, has provided most nobly for the accommodation of those friends who may travel from Lisbon to visit her, by the erection of several houses, at her own expense, furnished with every requisite convenience, and placed at the same points of distance with the common horrible inns. How much reason have many of the English to remember the genuine friendship of this family! I am assured by eye-witnesses, that during the Peninsular war, the princely mansion to which I have before alluded, was ever open to our wounded officers; so much so, that the house resembled an hospital, and the lives of several

individuals were preserved entirely through the kind and unremitting attention which they received from their really illustrious and excellent hosts. The general title of the Fidalgos is "Illustrissimo, e Excellentissimo," but the Condes d'A. merit it in every sense of the term. I ought not to omit, that their example was followed in a more humble way by the peasantry, during the time of that great and eventful struggle; and after this latter proof of just and grateful feeling, *who* ought to suffer themselves to believe that the Portuguese are incapable of moral regeneration? Yet I hear this asserted, every day of my life, by those whose hasty prejudices prevent them from allowing a sufficient space of time for the amelioration of character, among the Portuguese lower classes. If the system, now partially adopted, of national education, is permitted to work out its full effect, Portugal, in twenty or thirty years, will probably present a very different aspect from what it does at this moment. I must now bid you adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

Buenos Ayres, December 29th, 1821.

THE weather, for the last fortnight, has been severely and piercingly cold; with a brilliant sun, and thin and rarified air, which is keen and cutting as the edge of a razor.

January 29th, 1822.

I wrote the last sentence just one month ago; and in this short time, the climate has become so mild and genial, that I must in justice pronounce it to be perfection; but people say it is too fine to last long, and that we are to expect a renewal of rain, and afterwards a repetition of sharp and dry winds: who will pretend, therefore, to call the climate of poor old England uniquely fickle? Believe me that, in this respect, she is much belied; and with all her fogs and frosts, her hail and sunshine, I sincerely

agree with some wise man, (whose name I have forgotten,) when he pronounced, that, of all the countries he knew, (and he had seen many) England had the best right to boast of its climate, for that it allowed a person to take the air out of doors more frequently, and with greater personal ease and pleasure than any other; this is a point-blank contradiction to all those recreant travellers, who go about the world, affectedly lamenting their having been born and condemned to live in so barbarous a clime, prating of Italy and the south of France, of orange-groves, and vine-covered hills, till a real John Bull is ready to throw both themselves and their "Tours" out of the window. With respect to the physical effects produced by the winters of Lisbon upon pulmonary subjects, I really am not presumptuous enough to dispute the opinion of the faculty; but no friend of mine, labouring under a consumptive habit, should ever go to Lisbon for his recovery, if I had the power to dissuade him; not all the care and tenderness of the most devoted affection can procure him those comforts and lux-

uries with which our own country abounds, nor guard him from inconveniences and risques, which, to an invalid, must often prove fatal. If he were of a sentimental turn, and particularly wished to lay his bones in a place fully equal in melancholy beauty to the cemetery of Pere de la Chaise, then I would recommend him to come hither; but if he wished to prolong life to its last sand, and to render his remaining existence comfortable and happy, let him rest contented with the warmer parts of his own island, and put out of his imagination at once, all ideas of the superior advantages this place affords. I now turn from "grave to gay;" and am going to tell you of the glories of a grand ball at the Portuguese Assembly Rooms, given on the 26th of this month, to the élite of Lisbon, and to which the directors, (making a hitherto unheard-of experiment,) had the hardihood to invite the King, and Royal family. A deputation was sent to Queluz, and the answer they received from his Majesty was rather of an ambiguous nature; he simply told them that "he was much obliged to them;"—"Muito obrigado,

Senhores, muito obrigado," was all he would say, and thus the affair rested for the time. Don João, it seems, had never, in the course of his life, been present at a ball, nor indeed at an entertainment of any sort, if we except the opera, and his favourite melodrame, a church feast; this ball also was given upon a particular occasion, to celebrate the first sitting of the Cortes; there were but few persons who expected that he would accept the invitation, and the Corcundas were outrageous at the idea of his Majesty's consenting to compromise his royal dignity so far, as to honour with his presence an assembly where he would be contaminated by the society of persons who were not among the privileged orders. Upon this occasion, an old Portuguese lady, the wife of one of the Deputados, observed to me, that "de king, he always live shut up, wid two or tree fools, and never know nothing of what de world is, not at all!" Wagers to a very large amount were laid by persons in Lisbon, that the King would not go, and what rendered it more likely was, the various anonymous letters which he received, warning him not

to attend the ball, as the constitutional party had determined to blow up the house with gunpowder, as soon as he touched the threshold." This I was told was a fact, and it is suspected to have been done by the Corcundas, in order to mortify the directors, by the non-arrival of the monarch, for whose reception they had expended so much money, pains, and time. On the morning of the 26th, the King reviewed the troops, and was well received by the people; one man, who was the organ of the mob, repeatedly shouted, "Viva o Rey Constitucional!" but after this, when the constitutional generalissimo Sepulveda made his appearance, his Majesty was thrown completely into the shade, and Sepulveda welcomed by an universal and deafening thunder of applause; this officer is the natural son of a Fidalgo of very high rank, and possesses a fair reputation, and a manly soldier-like personal appearance; even the Corcunda party allow that his office might have fallen into far worse hands; he is by no means a furious liberal, but seems to act with good sense and moderation upon

most occasions. It is said, (with what justice I know not, but I believe there is *some* truth in the circumstance,) that the government have evinced strong symptoms of an intention to depart in practice from their vaunted theories, and that, in consequence, both the army and several of the provinces are dissatisfied and unsteady. But this is running away from my original subject; let us resume the history of this celebrated ball.

At seven o'clock, we left our hotel, and arrived safely at the scene of action, having passed through Lisbon, the whole of which was illuminated, (even to the topmost story of each house,) and large bonfires lighted in the principal squares. The population were all abroad, decked in their holiday finery, many of the women in the lower classes treading, as usual, the muddy pavement in white satin slippers; the carriages were flying about in all directions, the horse police steadily arranging every thing according to order, with drawn swords, but civil and conciliatory demeanour, guns firing, and the bells of every convent and church

pealing most tremendously; when we entered, the spectacle was really charming; the staircase is particularly fine, and on this evening it appeared like the entrance to an enchanted palace; the balustrades and pillars were wreathed with the freshest flowers; and costly vases, ranged on each side of every landing place, were filled with the rarest and most beautiful plants; the pavement of the outer court was also thickly strewn with rosemary, lavender, and other aromatics, newly gathered, which trampled beneath the feet of the horses and servants, diffused a delightful and refreshing odour. High over our heads, in the hall, fronting the entrance gate, was a transparent painting of Justice, holding the balance with an even hand, while a figure of Love presented a large volume to the spectators, on which was inscribed "*Constituição*;" an armed warrior on either side supported this painting; on their shields they bore the words "Cortes," and "Don João Sesto;" two doors at the top of the staircase led, one to the suite of dancing rooms, the other to the private apartment in which supper was pre-

pared for the King and his family alone; and each was concealed by full curtains of rich crimson velvet. To lady patronesses and directors of fêtes in London, all this would have appeared a matter of course, and nothing more than what they were in the habit of seeing every season; but in the eyes of the Portuguese, it was novel as well as elegant; I confess, for my own part, that the effect which the fragrance and brilliancy of the roses and other flowers produced upon my senses, was indescribably exhilarating. I believe I expressed my delight too audibly, which might perhaps have led a London circle to have set me down at once as a country cousin; but I do not envy those persons, who would have viewed the scene with apathy; the English alone, among civilized nations, feel ashamed of expressing their pleasurable feelings. Soft music (from the opera of *la Festa di Rosa*) resounded as the doors opened, and a coup d'œil of dazzling magnificence was discovered; an immense assemblage of persons splendidly dressed, among whom were the six directors, habited in court suits of blue

velvet, relieved with white, being the constitutional colours; the latter were indefatigable in their polite attentions to the company, who perpetually arrived in endless succession, so as to render their office no sinecure. One of them immediately advanced, and taking me from under the protection of my husband, led me into an anti-room, where he assigned me a place amidst a crowd of ladies, who were ranged in rows, three and four deep, (the gentlemen all standing,) awaiting the arrival of the King, who was then at the opera, from whence he had arranged to come to the ball. After waiting full two hours, a message arrived from the royal box, which put the directors into a bustle, and all the ladies into a flutter of expectation; "El Rey, el Rey!" burst from every lip—but no! it was only a gentleman of the court, who brought tidings that his Majesty intended to stay the ballet at San Carlos. I could perceive an evident though repressed feeling of anxiety and doubt at this information, and one or two of the liberal party who sat near me, began audibly to murmur an indignant apprehen-

sion that the king would, after all, delight in disappointing us.

At length, the noise of his heavy coach was heard, resembling the dull lumbering sound of a hearse; then a thundering roll of the drums, and the loud pealing of bells; and while the musicians in the gallery played the constitutional hymn, the directors went forth in a body, to receive the sovereign at the foot of the stairs, from whence they conducted him into an anti-chamber, to rest for a few minutes upon a gold and crimson velvet throne, erected for the purpose. Here the six directors kissed hands; and, after a short interval, Don João, accompanied by his second son, Don Miguel, (the eldest having remained, as you know, regent in the Brazils,) his married daughter, widow of the late Infante of Spain, the second princess Donna Isabella, and his little grandson, child of the widowed princess, passed through the anti-room in which we sat, attended by the chamberlains and ladies in waiting. The moment they had placed themselves upon their elevated seats at the top of the ball room, the dancing commenced.

with great spirit; the ladies, of course, all rose as they passed, and both gentlemen and ladies (at least those who were personally known to them) kissed their hands as they moved through the glittering ranks which opened with difficulty to afford them a passage.

The king was dressed in a scarlet uniform covered with diamonds, and rendered more ceremonious by a sort of scarf drapery, depending from his shoulder, being the ribbon of one of the principal orders: we had both seen him before; indeed, my husband had been presented by the English minister only a few days previous, therefore we were aware of the difference in the usual expression of his countenance, and that which appeared this evening. Terror (extreme, evident, but gradually yielding to the encouraging influence of female beauty and the general respectful devotion of manner exhibited by the gentlemen,) was its predominant character. Don Miguel walked next; a thin slight youth, with pale and rather elegant features, from which, however, every ray of intelligence seemed banished: solemn, upright,

and immovable, when once seated he had the air of a statue or an automaton. The little grandson was this evening very tired and sleepy, and as he sat perched up in state by his royal grandfather's side, with his small legs dangling from a very high and uncomfortable seat, I longed to have possessed the power of carrying him off to bed. Six chamberlains stood ranged behind this regal group, dressed in scarlet coats embroidered with gold, with outrageously long waists, which made them appear all back and stomach. Their various orders, stars, and collars, really dazzled the eye, and they appeared altogether so loaded with finery, and so stiff with embroidery, that they could hardly turn their heads, or make use of their limbs; perfect specimens of the ancient courtier—stiffened, cramped, confined, and unnatural. The dress of the ladies was splendid, and their jewels of incredible beauty and value.* The venerable Don

* One lady wore a necklace of pearls nearly as large as small pigeon's eggs; indeed, the descriptions of magnificent ornament, found in the "Arabian Nights Tale," were here realized.

Bernardo Paes led me to view the royal supper table, to which, by Portuguese etiquette, no person is admitted but the family of the king. As I leaned on the old man's offered arm, I really paused to admire my supporter, for he is the most perfect specimen of unaffected dignity that Lisbon now affords.

The royal banquet was not particularly magnificent; and the prettiest appointments of the table were some gold knives and forks, and a set of alabaster vases crowned, à l'antique, with roses: the apartment was fitted up with white muslin, so as to resemble a tent. We came away early, leaving Don João viewing the dancers, and I learnt that every thing concluded amicably and prosperously; the king went quietly to bed, instead of being blown up, and the ultra faction will, I hope, suffer him to retain the tranquillizing conviction, that his life is perfectly safe from the *bloody* designs of a Constitutional government!—Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 1822.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion which has afforded my curiosity a high treat. I have seen the interior and domestic arrangements of one of the strictest convents in Portugal; a favour which was graciously awarded to me by the dowager princess, aunt of the present king, and which, I believe, has hitherto, been refused to every other English woman. My kind friend, with her usual goodness, called for me, with her daughters, to present me to the princess, who was expected to visit the convent: they were all beautifully dressed, without hats, (and I was also requested to wear either a veil or a cap, on account of the sanctity of the place of rendezvous,) which is about three miles from Lisbon, close to the Palace of Ajuda, and is called the Convent of the Visitation, in allusion to the visit of the angel to the mother of John

the Baptist. The patron saint is the celebrated and really excellent St. Francis de Sales, whose "Life" the nuns have promised to lend me. When we drove into the courtyard, we found several carriages, as it is customary for those Portuguese families who have friends or relations here, to visit the latter in the different parlours, (where they converse through a double grating, under the scrutiny of an attendant of the convent, appointed to their hateful office by the superior,) on those days when the princess enters to hear mass. We were received by the portress, an old woman, who had not taken the vows, but was habited in a sort of intermediate costume, which partook of the peasant and the nun; she embraced my friend, who treated her with the kindest familiarity. A part of this establishment is appropriated to the reception of very young ladies of family, whose education, even in the different branches of ornamental accomplishment, is carried on under the superintendence of the nuns; the Condeça d'Anadia, and many others of the nobility, were brought up here. We waited about an hour, I think, in

one of the parlours, for the arrival of the princess, who came from Queluz, which is at a considerable distance, on the road to Cintra; here we were joined by several ladies, who were waiting to see their imprisoned relatives. My curiosity was irritated not a little, by the sight of a large window, which opened from this room into the interior of the nunnery, and whose massive shutters, defended by a strong double grating of iron, were fast closed, although I could plainly hear the whispers and footsteps of the persons in the inside. At last these ponderous shutters slowly opening, like the jaws of a tomb, a nun presented herself at the grating, to the view of her family, consisting of her mother, sisters, and one young man, who, I suppose, must have been a brother or near relation. The effect of this scene was really startling, when thus beheld for the first time; the family ranged themselves upon chairs in a half circle around the dismal aperture, beyond which, half lost in gloomy shadow, sat the nun, nearly motionless, except when she slowly bowed to us as we passed through the parlour; her

youth and beauty (for she possessed both, as I afterwards found upon nearer inspection) for ever shrouded beneath a costume which gave her nearly the appearance of a corpse: it consisted of a full loose habit of black serge, which greatly obscured the outline of the figure, from the long peaked waist of which depended a rosary of black beads: at the bosom a silver cross was displayed, of a very large size, made to open in the inside for the purpose of containing relics; a long veil of black serge fell over this dress, beneath which the face was just visible, (but no hair shown,) being swathed up in white linen; a wimple of the latter material, covering the throat and bosom, completed the costume. The countenance of this nun was pale and melancholy; or perhaps I should rather say that thoughtfulness was its predominant expression. I saw her afterwards in the interior of the convent, (walking in one of the long corridors, where the sisterhood take daily exercise during rainy weather,) with her mother leaning upon her arm, and followed by her young sisters. The character of her countenance was invariably the same;

but her mother (strange to say !) appeared in high spirits, and had a round simpering unmeaning face, which spoke at once, that strong feeling of any kind was to her a stranger. The bells of the convent now ringing out a merry peal, and the sound of wheels being heard in the outer court, we all confusedly hurried into the hall to receive the princess, who, surrounded by her ladies in waiting, immediately entered ; she is, I believe, nearly eighty, and very plain, but her manners are gracious, (comparatively considered,) and she has the reputation of much benevolence and kindness of heart. Here my friend, as is usual during every interview with a royal personage, kneeling upon both knees, on the cold flagged pavement, kissed her hand, and then presenting me, I was permitted the same honour, in the same position ; shortly afterwards she took an opportunity of requesting, as a personal obligation, that her "particular friend, a young lady who, after travelling much upon the continent was come to Portugal for the improvement of her mind, might be allowed to accompany the princess and her suite into the *penetralia* of the con-

vent." Permission having been granted, for which I felt extremely anxious, we proceeded to the chapel, where two venerable priests (one of whom appeared to be of the most advanced age) celebrated mass. During this ceremony we found an opportunity of slipping away, after having knelt upon the bare pavement for some minutes, to view the interior of the establishment, which in all its parts is highly worthy of observation, and I may add of admiration. The cells were beautifully neat—the beds of white muslin spotless as snow, and the boarded flooring delicately clean: a chair, a table, a low footstool used for the purpose of prayer, a crucifix, and a few prints of saints, and of the virgin, comprized the only furniture. Over each door a sentence is inscribed in praise of some particular virtue or Christian grace, which the inmate is recommended to cultivate; the cell in which I first, by accident, sat down to rest, was dedicated to *Patience*, and I could not help considering the present circumstances as a coincidence, when I reflected upon the peculiar state of my own mind at that time.

The windows were strongly guarded by iron gratings, but they looked upon the convent garden, and the sun streamed brightly and cheerfully into the apartments. The difference of feeling, however, with which a visitor and a resident must regard these habitations, cannot be otherwise than immense; human nature (considered without reference to particular exceptions) must ever be the same in youthful individuals, and the monotony inseparable from a cloistered life, is alone sufficient to bring on a total disgust of existence. In defiance of all the praises which are sure to be lavished upon their mode of passing time, by all nuns, when they are asked by visitors if they are happy, (praises which are prompted partly by bigotry, and partly from an *esprit de corps*.) I am decidedly of opinion, that in the secret recesses of their souls, they must be preyed upon by that worst of all sufferings, for which we (English) have no specific name, although we are more afflicted by it, in reality, than our Gallic neighbours, who have briefly defined it in a short single word—*ennui*. Indeed, I am supported in the conviction, by

the medical report of a very intelligent and amiable physician of our own nation, who has lived a great deal in catholic countries, and who has had repeated opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject, from the circumstance of having been admitted, in his professional character, to the conversation of these imprisoned females. He has invariably found, that the younger nuns die, generally speaking, of decline, brought on solely by a feeling of ennui, which poisoning the very springs of existence, conducts them slowly but surely, to the tomb. The young scholars dine altogether in a hall adjoining the vast and commodious kitchen: I saw the cloth laid for their dinner, which is served at eleven o'clock, as they breakfast by day-break, and retire to rest at eight; every thing was delicately and elegantly arranged, and each girl had her own large silver drinking cup, and a fine napkin placed beside her plate. Their dormitory was the perfection of neatness; each scholar sleeps in a small separate bed, with white transparent mosquito curtains; the apartment is lighted at night by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and two grave elderly

femmes-de-chambre sleep there, to preserve order and regularity. The dress of the children is becoming and graceful, consisting of a black stuff frock, a pelerine of white muslin, a transparent white veil, and a forehead band of crimson ribbon, to confine their hair in the simple Madona form; they also wear a broad ribbon round the neck, of the same colour, from whence depends a large silver cross. Every body crowded around my conductress, who seemed to be universally beloved, and she permitted and returned the cordial yet respectful embrace of the humblest females who officiated in the kitchen and offices. She carried me to see her former governess, an ancient nun, who had long been confined to her bed by extreme old age, having the burthen of a century upon her: she appeared lively, and as if her understanding was still clear, but never did I behold such a frail tenement of the human soul!—Flesh she had none, her frame consisting of bones alone, covered by a sallow and wrinkled skin; her eyes, dim and rayless, half sunk deep into her head, and were encircled by a ring of shadowy darkness, the

infallible sign of languor and debility: still the expression of the face was placid, nor is she (I was assured) ever known to complain of her infirmities. I almost expected to behold the slight tie by which the spirit still adhered to the body break while we conversed with her, and had it even so happened, I do not imagine the circumstance would have been greatly distressing, either to her or to ourselves, for I have no doubt but that death, in her case, will be as easy as sleep. After mass we assembled in the scholars' embroidery room, where we saw many beautiful specimens of their work: and we here found the princess, seated on a low chair, at the upper end of the apartment, with all the nuns sitting cross-legged in the Moorish fashion around her. The superior reclined at the feet of her royal visitor; she was a very plain woman, a Swiss catholic, and wore no veil, but a close cut crop of rough hair, which entirely destroyed all dignity of person, and gave her the appearance of a country boy. This office is changed every third year, in order to promote a spirit of humility, and the nuns have all things in common,

upon a similar principle; they never inhabit the same cells for more than twelve months at a time, all the little furniture, even to the prints upon the walls, being ceded in turn to the several possessors. The chief ornaments of the convent were various altars, decorated with white linen, curiously bordered with ancient lace, artificial flowers, and sundry images of the virgin, who was invariably represented by little wax dolls, decked in trumpery tinselled petticoats, standing stiffly out, like the old fashioned bell hoops; there were also, the bones of several saints, carefully preserved in glass cases, the principal among whom was Saint Bruno; his skeleton is clothed in a rich dress, with a corslet and sword; upon one of the fingers could be perceived a ring, dimly sparkling through the silk glove, and the head is of wax, representing that of a young man, with his eyes closed, as if in sleep or death. I also saw some indifferent paintings, as large as life, describing the several acts of humiliation to which our Almighty Redeemer vouchsafed to submit while on earth. As I contemplated

22

these, the cold objections of the critic were superseded by a higher and warmer feeling; the paltry execution of the pictures ceased to offend my taste, and the recollection of the stupendous condescension and the ineffable love of that Divine Being, was borne in upon my mind, with such sudden and powerful force, that I seemed to myself to be struck, as if for the first time, with the sublime truths of sacred history. Under this impression, I felt inclined to regard, with greater favour than formerly, the universal use of the representative forms, whether as statues or paintings, adopted by the Romish church: to those who look up to the invisible, through the medium of what is visible to our corporeal sight, the custom is undoubtedly lawful and edifying; but the great danger is, as experience daily evinces, that the common people should rest satisfied with the image alone, and from the too great multitude of these symbols, consider religion as wholly consisting of external forms and ceremonies.

While I sat in one of the passage rooms, waiting for the signal of the royal departure,

(previous to which it would have been contrary to Portuguese etiquette for us to have left the convent,) the nuns crowded eagerly and inquisitively around me, asking various questions, and regarding me with looks of eloquent curiosity: some of them spoke French, and one in particular appeared to regard me with peculiar benevolence; she was very young, with beautiful dark eyes; I could not forbear asking her if she was happy, to which she made the usual conventual reply, "The happiest creature possible;" She then enquired, in her turn, whether I liked their house, herself, and the sisterhood: I answered in the affirmative, observing "that it would be difficult to be displeased with the latter, while they retained countenances of so much kindness and benignity." This pleased them all, and the young recluse gently took my hand in hers, which she continued to hold until the last moment, standing beside my chair, and scarcely ever removing her bright eyes from my face, while now and then I felt her soft cheek pressed to mine, in a transport of juvenile fondness. ~~She wished~~ very much to know whether I

should dislike to become one of their number, but offered no objections to my reasons for declining such a scheme; namely, "that I was a wife and a mother." I wanted to have put a little ring upon her finger as a token of remembrance; but I found it would have been against the rules of their order, as none of the nuns are permitted to retain any worldly ornament: I then gave her my handkerchief, but this being embroidered, was also considered as too fine; and another objection arose from the necessity of requesting the permission of the superior, without which ceremony the nuns dare not accept even a pin. The physiognomy of that lady not happening particularly to charm my fancy, I declined any application of the sort, and my youthful friend contented herself by playfully pulling off a little piece of swans-down from a tippet I wore, which she put into her bosom, with a smile and a nod of her pretty head, as much as to say, "I will keep this trifle for your sake." One of the visitors at the convent had brought her child with her, an infant of six or seven months old, which was passed eagerly from the arms

of one nun to those of another, and almost devoured with caresses:—poor creatures! my heart ached for them; the feelings of maternal affection, which (with a few disgusting and unnatural exceptions) I believe exist in the inmost recesses of every female bosom, whether married or single, spoke plainly by this conduct. How painful is it to contemplate a delusion which places the renunciation of one of the sweetest and the noblest duties of life in the light of a virtue! Yet the celestial influence of a genuine spirit of piety is always of power to soothe and heal the wounds inflicted by fanaticism. Under every different veil or colouring, whether calculated to obscure or to embellish, the bright features of real vital religion remain the same. A striking illustration of this truth I now beheld in a scene which I have reserved for the conclusion of my letter, for every thing else would appear trifling and empty in the comparison. We were shown into the hospital, to which there is a small separate kitchen adjoined, where the comfort and order everywhere apparent, were particularly admirable: the apartment alto-

ther was calculated to act with cheering influence upon the spirits of the patients; the beds clean, and of white materials; the tables ornamented with fresh gathered flowers; the proportions spacious and lofty, and the windows admitting the reviving rays of a brilliant sun. In one of the beds, at the farthest extremity of the room, there lay a figure, so still and extended, that I imagined it to be a person asleep; but upon the approach of my friend, who, putting aside the curtain, asked kindly after its health, a faint voice replied, in the most placid tone, "Muito mal, Minha Senhora!" (very ill, Madam.) As she spoke I caught a full view of her countenance, which was that of a nun about thirty, or not so much, whose emaciated and sharpened features still wore the semblance of beauty, and were at that moment lighted by a smile of the most perfect resignation. One of the sisterhood now coming in, we enquired of her, what was the complaint under which it was evident that the sufferer was fast sinking, and learnt that it was a rapid consumption, which had passed through all its frightful gradations, and had at present

nearly reached its final close. "Last night," said the attendant, "our dear sister, who has never uttered a murmur during the whole period of her sufferings, broke a blood-vessel of such consequence, that the physician who was called in has pronounced it to be impossible that she can pass over the next four and twenty hours;—she so long remained in a state of exhaustion after the accident, that we thought her dead, and she is now liable to expire from one moment to another. We have therefore called in the aid of our holy religion; she has received the last sacrament, and now has nothing more to do than to depart in peace." My friend having been called out of the room, I sat down by the side of the bed, and contemplated, for the first time in my life, a death scene: it is now long since I have been enabled to shake off all idea of horror; in regard to the last awful act of our earthly existence—a horror, which is apt to infect more particularly the period of early youth; but still I was prepossessed by an opinion that such an act must be very melancholy both to witness and to endure. The state of this

poor recluse affected me extremely; I thought of her family, of her mother, who perhaps might be fondly attached to her, and ignorant that her child, surrounded by strangers, was, at that moment, breathing her last sigh. As all this rushed upon my fancy I burst into tears, for which, the next instant, I severely reproached myself, lest I should have disturbed the serenity of the dying person; but, looking again upon the nun, how was I startled, when I perceived that she had exerted the feeble remains of her failing strength in raising herself upon her pillows, while she attempted to hold out her arms to embrace me. I flew to receive this affecting testimony of Christian love; after which, she once more sunk down, exhausted by the effort, as she murmured—
“ Do not weep for *me*, I am not an object of compassion; happy beyond expression, I am going to my Redeemer; in a few hours I shall have reached the *end of my journey*—farewell! farewell!” This speech, which was translated into French by the attendant, seemed to fatigue her greatly; she lay motionless, but the fire of the eye beamed with

a pure and celestial joy; the sweet smile upon the countenance yet remained. At this moment several of the nuns came round her, approaching with an expression of friendly pleasure and composed satisfaction, while she looked at each, and smiled in return: indeed, the whole scene had more the air of a felicitation upon some prosperous event, than of a dying farewell. My friend now returning, and the princess being on the point of departure, I once more turned to take a last look at the object which had thus powerfully fascinated my attention; she faintly pressed my hand in hers, which, then warm with life, was so soon destined to freeze beneath the chill touch of death, giving me at the same time, a glance of tender sweetness that pierced my heart: I could not speak, but she pointed to Heaven, and I remember joining her in the action with a sort of enthusiastic impetuosity, which, had it not been for the sacred solemnity of the spectacle, might probably have been mistaken by the by-standers for affectation, or a display of sensibility, so completely had I lost sight of myself, and all worldly restraint

of feeling and manners ! How I got out of the room I hardly know ; but I cannot forget, that when we left the silent and tranquil precincts of the convent, and, following in the wake of royalty, emerged once more into the glare and tumult of the streets, where the “ busy hum of men ” returned upon my ear, and I beheld the hurried activity of their thoughtless existence, I felt as one awakened from a dream, and thought that the “ journey ” to which the poor nun had alluded, was less harassing to the spirits, than many which this world presents ; and I almost envied her the happiness of entering a haven of peace and bliss, while we were, perhaps, destined to encounter many a wild storm of affliction and temptation, ere we followed her to the same point of rest and security.

LETTER XXXIV.

Buenos Ayres, March, 1822.

I HAVE just been calling upon the family of la C——, and found that they had already received an account of my visit to the convent of the Salesias, from one of the nuns, who is their relation. The kind sister had mentioned also, the intention of the abbadesa to lend me the life of St. Francis de Sales, and added a tender prayer for my conversion to their faith; I really felt much indebted to her for this pious wish, notwithstanding my obstinate preference of the protestant heresy. (February 9th.) I have been interrupted several times, just as I was sitting down to continue my letter, and I fear you will have thought me a very dilatory correspondent. We have now moved into our house at the Páteo das Chagas, in Lisbon, finding the hotel system extremely expensive and disagreeable, and Buenos Ayres the dulllest and most inconvenient situation

possible. We are not however settled quite as we like, for there are several desagré-mens connected with our present residence; amongst others, the difficulty, (I had almost said danger,) which must be encountered every time we go out in a carriage, in descending one of those horrible, steep, ill-paved declivities, which abound in most quarters of the city, some of which are more like the descent into Avernus, than any thing of which I ever remember to have heard. Another inconvenience is our close vicinity to an unfortunate ancient Marqueza, who is afflicted with hysteric fits, and during their continuance she is apt to scream in the most alarming manner. Add to this, as a climax, the army of dogs, which she maintains, who sleep in the street, beneath our windows; and as they are curs of such high degree, scorn to be out of the reigning mode of Lisbon, and accordingly join all the dogs of the town, in their habit of howling and yelling the whole night long. One of them is an animal of the most disgusting appearance, and who is dying of old age and disease; this worthy retainer is a peculiar

favourite of the Marqueza, and he is encouraged to make a more hideous noise than all the rest; just at present, his yell is more prolonged and piercing than usual; which is accounted for, by our servants, according to a superstition which is as much English as Portuguese; I allude to the circumstance of a dying person being in the neighbourhood, whose eventual fate is supposed to be foreseen by these canine augurs, and proclaimed in mournful howls, to the dismay of every body near. There is a confined arid little garden in front, in which we have permission to walk; but the glare of the sun renders it intolerable at all times, except at a late hour in the evening; and even then, there are frequently such pestiferous smells, arising from the overhanging houses, that my very heart is sick when I encounter them. And yet our situation is reckoned one of the cleanest in Lisbon, the garden is visited as a luxury, and the air particularly commended as more free and wholesome than usual; every thing is judged of by comparison, and, therefore, we must not be fastidious; but if ever I forget thee, my

dear sweet native land, it certainly will not be in the paradisaical sejour we at present enjoy! Our friends at home think proper to sigh after this climate, and to envy us the good fortune of a residence in Lisbon: make my compliments to all of this way of thinking, and beg they will come out by the next packet to share our felicity; if any of them remain more than a week upon trial, I am much mistaken.

The Portuguese are accused, and not without reason, of the most absurd pride of birth; but there are some amiable examples of a more liberal feeling, one of which occurred very lately; a lady who has shown us considerable and hospitable attention, asked me if I was what they call "nobles"; and upon my replying that our idea of "gentle birth" did not necessarily include the possession of a title, and that although not of the class which she would term "bourgeoise," I could not pretend to call myself "noble"—she exclaimed with great vivacity, "ah! *our* idea of nobility is *wrong*; in reality every one is noble who

has education, honour, and graceful manners!" Speaking of education, the total neglect which in that particular has hitherto prevailed, even among the best families in Portugal, would amaze you: according to the accounts I receive from a lady who was born and has lived here many years of her life, the way in which young persons are brought up, is wretched indeed; the women do nothing from morning till night, but look out of their windows, lolling in a listless attitude, with the head leaning on the hand, and making satirical remarks upon every one who passes by. When the approach of night renders this amusement no longer practicable, they generally sit down, in the society of their female domestics, all cross-legged, upon the matted floor, totally without occupation, while they sleepily listen to the long stories of the latter, as they knit, or work with the needle. These narrations usually consist, either of the most frivolous gossip, or of garbled tales, drawn from the Arabian Nights, which they are often so weary of repeating to their nodding mistresses, that they take the opportunity of

counting the due number of beads in their rosaries (as in religious duty-bound,) at the same moment they are reciting their soporific histories. The accounts I received relative to the strange ceremonies of the marriage festivals of the *fidalgos* are really such, that I must see ere I can believe! Suffice it to say, that they resemble in many respects the nuptial formalities of the Jews, and are altogether repugnant to an English imagination. Both men and women marry at a very early age; and the parties are generally indifferent or unknown to each other; the parents being the only persons who arrange these unions, which may indeed be justly termed "*mariages de convenance*." This accounts for, and perhaps in some measure excuses, the dreadful prevalence of conjugal infidelity in both sexes; our justly celebrated Bishop Watson was decidedly of opinion, that the inordinate love of luxury, which he observed to be increasing among the upper and middling classes of society in our own country, would probably end in the destruction of our national pre-eminence; as had infallibly happened in the case of other powerful

kingdoms, once the wonder and admiration of the world. The great causes of this fatal bias, he pronounced to be "the neglect of the only proper motives in forming our marriage unions—affection and esteem;" and "the encouragement which parents and guardians were accustomed to afford, to sordid, ambitious, or frivolous calculations, upon so sacred and important a connection." The state of opinion upon these points, was such as to alarm his comprehensive and upright mind; and yet, England, considered as a country, is a model of morality, when compared with many others now existent; with Portugal, for instance, if we are to believe the testimony of universal report. The bigotry which exists even among the higher classes is really startling. I have just received a note from a young Portuguese lady, full of anxiety and despondence, complaining of the misery of being obliged to go the next morning to confess to a priest with whom she was totally unacquainted, and in whom she felt no confidence. This dilemma had arisen in consequence of the sudden demise of her ancient family confessor. In the present state

of public affairs, she observed, that the task of confession was particularly irksome and dangerous, and required to be managed with extreme caution and delicacy ; yet she could persist in the absurdity of imagining it a duty to go to this man, and to entrust to his prudence and integrity, the most important secrets of her life : nothing can set the glaring folly of auricular confession in a stronger point of view. Two Italian catholic noblemen, who were present when I received this note, and whose opinion upon the subject I was anxious to obtain, were sufficiently liberal to express their astonishment at the inconsistency of the writer ; who was evidently aware of her danger, and yet unable to exert sufficient strength of mind to avoid it : she was nevertheless a woman of considerable talent, and who had eagerly caught at every opportunity of information which her acquaintance with the English afforded. In the present times there exists no necessity for such imprudence, as the constitutional form of government has provided a check to the impositions of the clergy, and a resource for the conscience of the public. It was only

LETTER XXXV.

Pateo das Chagas, 10th March.

THE weather, since the middle of January last, has been dry, and, for the last month or five weeks, very warm. We sit with open windows night as well as day, and I already find it too hot to bear the sun in the house, or to walk in our horrid little garden before the hour of its setting: every body says that this is both unwholesome and unusual. Great agricultural distress exists in the provinces, and the cattle are continually dropping down with heat and disease. Public affairs appear to be more settled than at any period since the new mode of government was effected; the reception of the present Charge, Senhor Oliviera, at the British Court, seems to have crushed the remaining hopes of the concunda party. Great uneasiness prevails relative to the state of Brazil, who, feeling her own

strength, and the weakness of the mother country, is suspected to be upon the point of discarding her leading-strings, and of asserting her independence. I do not think that the colonies of Portugal will be likely to reap any advantages from the recent change in her internal policy, for the present ministers seem to have completely adopted the usual vices of their more courtly predecessors—a thirst for personal emolument, and a merely selfish love of sway. What such a spring of action is ultimately to produce may be easily anticipated; the probable consequences, both to themselves and to their country, will teach them the truth of that golden but obsolete rule, which is adapted to every situation and circumstance of life, “Honesty is the best policy.” Think you I am going to set up for a politician?—No, believe me; but common sense goes a great way in opening the eyes upon every subject; besides, it is no longer thought becoming to affect indifference and ignorance upon topics calculated to arouse attention and awaken interest in rational minds of both sexes, merely because the observer may

chance to be a woman. This cant belongs to a former century; at present we seem to be aware that feminine modesty is not pretty, imbecility, nor solid information and sound judgment synonymous with an affectation of extraordinary endowment, and an ungraceful assumption of the rights of man.

This climate disagrees with me daily more and more; and it continues to relax the strength, and to cast the hue of sickness and languor over the once blooming countenance of my poor little boy.

You know how acutely I possess the sense of smelling; it is hereditary in my case, and has often been the source of much enjoyment in the balmy land of purity and fragrance which I have left behind. Judge, therefore, of what I must suffer here; where, for three miles around Lisbon, in every direction, you cannot for a moment get clear of the disgusting effluvia that issues from every house. I seldom go out, for this reason, in the day time, and about nine o'clock at night the case becomes absolutely too bad to bear, much less to describe. I do not wish to complain, or to exaggerate; but, if

I am to give you a picture of my Lisbon existence, it ought to be a faithful one. I must speak the truth or be silent. And yet the power of habit and a stronger bodily organization will effect wonders. The residents appear very slightly sensible of this intolerable nuisance, and some of the natives actually enjoy it; boasting that "it is good for the nerves, and acts as a preventive against the plague." What the noses of the Portuguese are made of, I really am at a loss to conjecture, and so will you be, when I assure you that they dislike all perfumes, except eau de cologne; and also the scent of many of the most fragrant flowers; mignonette they particularly abhor, and also geranium. One of my damsels, the other day, was fixing a bunch of the latter in my hair, and observed, that "it was a pretty colour, but had a sad nasty smell." Adieu.

my dear friend
 I have just received your letter of the 12th
 and am very glad to hear from you.
 I am well and hope these few lines will find
 you the same. I am, my dear friend,
 ever your affectionate friend,
 J. M. S.

LETTER XXXVI.

Pateo das Chagas, April 8th, 1822.

THE weather has been cooler of late, although we have had no rain beyond a slight passing shower. The ultra party are indefatigable in their endeavour to throw the whole blame of the probable defection of the Brazils upon the new government; perhaps their imprudent management may have facilitated the denouement, but those who, unbiassed by the spirit of party, look soberly upon the eventful game now playing, must perceive that this threatened national loss is a calamity which has been gradually advancing for a length of time, and that the affairs of the colonies have only taken their natural course, in agreement with that of others who have preceded them in the great history of the world: be this as it may, the despondence is general; and many persons confess their reluctant conviction that Por-

tugal will be too weak and impoverished to hold her head long above water, without the coalition of Spain.

The late reigning queen of Portugal, who died in Brazil, six years ago, at an advanced age, and whose body had been removed from one convent to another ever since the event, was at length finally buried in the vaults of the Estrella convent at Lisbon, about a fortnight ago. We went to the house of a Portuguese friend, in order to see the funeral procession pass by, which occurred about eleven o'clock, by torch-light. All burials here are conducted during the silence and darkness of night, which circumstance greatly adds to their solemnity. The common people, as I once before told you, are generally thrown irreverently into the grave, naked; sometimes they are dressed in their usual clothes, which, however, become the ultimate perquisite of the sexton. I saw an old domestic of the Marquesa das Minas, who died in a house opposite to our own, carried forth to his last home, a short time since; the coffin, in which he was taken to the brink only of the grave,

was in the shape of a long trunk, with a covered lid, upon which was painted a white cross: a crowd of ecclesiastics, headed by a superior, bore it along the gloomy streets; several of them carried lanthorns, and tall silver crucifixes, mounted upon poles, and as they lifted the body, they broke out into a general funereal chant, indescribably dismal and monotonous. The windows of the room in which he died were all opened, and such a strong scent of burnt rosemary issued from them, that I fear I shall retain a disagreeable association of ideas in connexion with the smell of this plant as long as I live.—How extremely prone I am to ramble from my original subject.—I set out with an intention of describing to you the obsequies of a sovereign, and I start from my course to dilate upon the humble funeral of an old major-domo.

Her late majesty was the mother of the present king, who, as you already know, closely resembles her in a love of religious church feasts, papal authority, and popish miracles. The ceremonies lasted for three entire days and nights; during which period

the great guns on sea and land, and the bells of every steeple in Lisbon, thundered and pealed without intermission. It is really a great hardship for us little people that a queen cannot be interred without the chance of rendering many of her invalid subjects distracted. I am sure many sick persons must have been hurried out of the world by sheer noise, during these important three days, to attend upon her majesty in purgatory; an honour which, I dare say, they would have been too modest to covet, had the option been allowed.

On the first night the grand procession took place; setting out from a distant convent, and finally stopping at that of the Estrella, where the body was received with great state and formality, laid in the principal aisle of the church, and carefully watched until the next morning by a select number of ladies and gentlemen of the court; who remained standing, uncovered, and in dead silence around it the whole time, without once sitting down to rest their weary limbs, in the same rigid observance of *etiquette*, which they would have been expected to

practise during the life of the deceased. The procession was very imposing as a spectacle, and boasted the attendance of the king and all the royal family in their state-carriages, which, however, are the most clumsy tawdry vehicles that can possibly be imagined. These opened the long cortege; and after them, came all the *fidalgos*, upon horseback; drest in ample cloaks of black cloth, and *coal-heaver* hats, (which the Spanish call "*sombreros*,") from which depended very long streamers of black crapes—the effect of their glittering stars and orders, peeping occasionally from beneath the mantle, and flashing in the light of the torches, was very brilliant and chivalrous: each *fidalgo* was attended by two of his own domestics on foot, one on each side of his horse, bearing the torches. Then followed an army of bishops, monsignors, priests, and monks, the whole "Church Militant," and immediately afterwards came the different regiments in the service, horse and foot, each with its separate band of music playing; at due intervals, the most wild and pathetic funeral lament in the shape of a dead march!

I thought this by far the most interesting and agreeable part of the ceremony. The hearse, (or rather hearses, for there were two, in compliance with royal etiquette, one containing the body, and the other vacant, in case of accident,) were very shabby and paltry conveyances; they reminded me of our bakers' carts, covered with black drapery.

The next day, the church of the Estrella overflowed with spectators, and the corpse was exposed, in full court dress, while the nobility came successively to *kiss the hand*; a ceremony which could by no means be dispensed with. A grand mass was then celebrated; the requiem composed for the occasion by Bomtempo, in which the best singers of the opera performed. This was, doubtless, very fine, for it was allowed to be very difficult; the king, however, said with much simplicity, that "he could not exactly make out what it meant;" and so thought every body else—but so much the better, it showed the vast genius of the composer, being "*caviare to the multitude*," and we all know that "obscurity is one great source of the sublime."

I again heard Bontempo, a few evenings since, play several of his lighter pieces upon the piano-forte, without any alteration of my original opinion of his talent. Science and execution he possesses in perfection; but these qualities belong to the animal machine; the soul has no share in them:—and this is the reason, I suspect, that so few people really like to listen to some fine players in fashionable society—the art is mistaken by nine persons out of ten—they want to dazzle and surprise, and think that they have done every thing, in effecting this object.

“Oh friend! to dazzle, let the vain design—
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine.”

Thus, I believe, says Pope—our great English *infallible*—worth all the other Popes put together, though it must be owned, that he was no dealer in “*indulgences*,”—but I have not yet done with the queen; the third day concluded the ceremonies; her majesty was at length safely and bona fide interred, and all the world returned to the quiet enjoyment of their usual indolent existence. But one remarkable circumstance remains,

yet to be told; the ceremony of her funeral toilette. Two of the young princesses were appointed by the king to the high honour of presiding, and four ladies in waiting performed the enviable office of tirewomen to the corpse. It had been brought over from Brazil, enclosed in three coffins, the inner one of lead, where it was laid, surrounded by aromatic herbs, gums, and essences, without having been regularly embalmed, a process which is only adopted towards males of the royal house. As her majesty had been dead for the last six years, the horrible effluvia that now issued from the coffin when opened, was such as to overpower all the persons present, notwithstanding that she had died in the "odour of sanctity." One of the princesses fainted twice, and was too ill to re-appear; but her sister was obliged to remain, while the ladies raised the body and completely re-clothed it, in a black robe, a dress cap, gloves, shoes and stockings, and adorned it with four splendid orders upon the breast.

The body itself was not only entire, but the limbs were flexible; the face only, had

changed to a dreadful black colour. Thank heaven I am not a Portuguese courtier!

We went last week to Cintra for three days, and found the valley almost as beautiful as ever, notwithstanding the absence of summer foliage, as there are many evergreens among the woods, and the orange trees were in full blossom. The delicious perfume of the latter, after the detestable smells of Lisbon, was reviving beyond all idea, and the Judas tree with its soft pink blossoms, somewhat resembling those of the almond, added much to the gaiety of the landscape. We have not yet been able to fix upon a house, but propose making another journey for this purpose very soon.

The ceremonies of Lent and the Holy Week, although much of the same nature as those in all catholic countries, have been carried here to an extreme of impious and absurd farce, which, without *seeing*, it is difficult to credit. The processions on every Friday have been very numerous. Among the penitents, was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Saviour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking bare-

footed through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the comments of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back every moment for at least a hundred times running: but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags, and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented. The king washed the feet of twelve beggars on Holy Thursday. This office used to be

performed by the patriarch, but as that personage is now suppressed, the duty devolves upon his majesty. With the exception of the lady to whom I have just alluded, the exhibition of penitents this year was quite insignificant. A very few years ago, an old Fidalgo of *immense consequence*, and who had been guilty of all sorts of enormities, wiped off every sin at once, and afforded a pious triumph to the priesthood, by crawling through the city upon his hands and knees, underneath a cart which conveyed an image of the virgin: when the cart stopped, or he was tired, he reposed himself upon his haunches, sitting always in the attitude of a dog. I saw a procession in honour of a particular saint, not long since, in which there passed by, above a dozen images of the virgin, some of which were as large as life; the most conspicuous of these was adorned with very fine jewels, and her hoop petticoat and long waisted stomacher were powdered with diamonds. The young ladies, at whose window I had been invited to take a seat for the occasion, had that morning been permitted the high honour of dressing this

image in all her finery, and they seemed to attach great importance to the privilege. To me, the most revolting part of the spectacle were, the base and ludicrous representations of our Saviour; imagine a set of clumsy wooden dolls, of about a foot and a half in height, with hideous physiognomies, plastered with white and red paint, and the heads lost in coarse flaxen wigs, highly frizzled. Let those protestants, who are *liberal* enough to be perfectly indifferent as to all these matters, enjoy their philosophical superiority of temper;—as to myself, I confess that I am weak-minded and irritable enough to feel at once ashamed and indignant, whenever I think of the sacred form of the Creator and Redeemer, as thus represented and profaned. Adieu.

M. B.

LETTER XXXVII.

Pateo das Chagas, April 24th.

THE merchants and townsmen of Lisbon have lately concerted one of the best and most rational measures possible, to which they have obtained the sanction of the king. The institution of a society for the protection and reward of National Industry, in every branch. To assist in facilitating so desirable an object, it has been a question, whether the whole community of the Gallegos should not be sent home to Spain, in order to afford more ample scope for the employment of the lower orders of Portuguese? The final result is not yet known; but, in the mean time, it has caused a great ferment in Lisbon, and two unfortunate Gallegos were assassinated a few nights ago, victims to the jealousy of the natives.

How cheerless is the feeling which I for ever experience! that "I am living (with a

few exceptions) in the midst of persons whom I cannot trust, and whom I am forced to despise." However, I ought not to forget that every thing must have a beginning; the regeneration (such as it is) of Portugal is now in its infancy, and time must be allowed for any visible improvement in national character or conduct.

Condessa d' Anadia has lately given two representations of a very pretty opera, at her own house, called "Amor Conjugal," the music by Mayer, and the performers consisting exclusively of her three daughters, and their female domestics. Nothing could be better arranged; the little theatre, scenery, dresses, lighting, all were complete. The male characters were surprizingly well sustained by the ladies, who were so effectually disguised, that it was impossible to recognize their sex. The Condessinha, (i. e. young, or rather *little* countess, literally translated,) acted two parts—a country girl, and a Polish prince. In the first, she appeared to the highest advantage in the costume of a Hungarian peasant; the depth of shade which the fur bonnet cast over her handsome

marked brows and dark Spanish eyes, gave her a picturesque effect that was very striking. What an astonishing alteration does an animated expression of countenance make in the same set of features! I could scarcely believe as I gazed upon the delightful smile, and intelligent sparkling eye of the Condessinha, this evening, that she was the quiet unimpassioned personage which I had been so long accustomed to see in real life. The company was numerous, and consisted of the élite of Lisbon, of all parties—Corcunda Dukes were jostled together by Constitutional Generalissimos, and the laughing daughter of the untitled *liberal* smiled freely, unabashed by the scowl of the *ultra* *marqueza*. The whole suite of apartments, both above and below, were thrown open, and the house brilliantly illuminated; gay groups were beheld from the street, through the wide opened latticed blinds, parading the splendid rooms, covered with jewels flashing in the light, and others adorned with snowy plumes waving gracefully above the heads of the noble crowd. But the best performer yet remains to be described: the youngest

daughter of the Condega, Donna Nina, upon whom the arduous distinction of prima donna was conferred. She is extremely young, has not a regularly beautiful face; nor a perfect voice; and yet these natural deficiencies vanished completely before the magic power of genius. Her grace and feeling were only equalled by her unaffected modesty. The second sister, Donna Pepina, whom I formerly depicted to you as a blooming creature of seventeen, with a profusion of fair hair, and a complexion of lilies and roses, *quite à l'Anglaise*, acted the part of a rough Hungarian boor, father to Nina, and performed most naturally, strange as it may seem. You may remember my saying that the hair of Nina was the most luxuriant I ever saw; in the course of the piece she uncoiled its superb length, and I assure you, it electrified the audience; being done suddenly, and in the most graceful manner, reminding one of Altisidora in Don Quixote, whose ringlets were said to

“Brush the ground.”

The Condessinha's favourite maid, Ines, deserves not to be forgotten; she can neither

read nor write her own language, and understands not a word of the Italian; and yet she played the part of a tyrant prince, and sang her recitative, aria, and quartetto, in perfect tune and time, assisted only by her naturally good voice, and strong memory. I assure you that she is not at all spoiled by having been admitted to the *dramatis personæ* of her superiors, and is a remarkably well-behaved, ingenious young woman, and an excellent servant. I admired the superior gracefulness of manner, peculiar to the *Condeça* in receiving her guests; equally removed from ceremonious stiffness on the one hand, and from a cold or careless indifference on the other, it was a most engaging union of frankness and courtesy—our women of ton in England have nothing to equal it, generally speaking; and I must say, that I consider this talent to spring equally from the head and the heart.

The state of the country becomes daily more and more alarming: the army have shown increased symptoms of dissatisfaction, and the Cortes (that is the majority) are meanly influenced and intimidated by the two profligate upstarts, Carvalho and Pinheiro,

who have been allowed to place themselves at the head of the New Government. The king is a cypher, while the *corcundas* and the priesthood are secretly promoting discord, in hopes of recovering their late abominable privileges; but they are all equally bad in their way, all parties I mean; the arrogance (and, in some instances, the actual imbecility of judgment,) which these two reformers have displayed, are almost beyond belief. They have, among other *liberal* acts, just suspended the Portuguese *habeas corpus* upon no just or definite pretence: and they scruple not to evade the constitutional regulations, in every way, whenever they have a private end to answer, or a personal pique to gratify. The mask of patriotism has proved too painful to be worn any longer; it is now nearly discarded, and people begin to perceive, that the revolution, which has been vaunted for its avoidance of every *tragic* feature, is likely to turn out a mere *farce*. Carvalho and Pinheiro have heaped the grossest insults upon some of the foreign ministers in Lisbon; among these, the Prussian and Sardinian have fared the worst, and they have,

in consequence, resigned their functions; finding it impossible to submit to the impertinence of the *animals* in power; I prefer this appellation, both as it is the most appropriate that occurs to me, and, also, as it is a term of peculiar contempt among all Portuguese.

The Gallegos yet remain; for, in fact, the inhabitants of Lisbon are perfectly aware that if they were to be sent home, (as well as the other resident foreigners,) business of every sort would be at a complete stand. Several of the merchants have tried (both formerly and at present,) the difference between the Gallegos and the Portuguese porters. Mr. S. (one of the richest and most respectable mercantile characters in the country) has lately given some of the latter the preference, in order, once and for all, to place the matter in its true light; he employed them to convey several boxes to his warehouse from a distance; they grew tired of the burthen before they had carried it half way, set it down, amused themselves as they thought proper in the interval, and, finally, broke much of the contents. L.A.

German merchant made a similar experiment, relative to some casks of oil; they behaved exactly in the same manner, overturned the casks in the middle of the streets, and wasted a great quantity. In a word, the Portuguese (I ought to say those of Lisbon and its environs, for in the northern provinces the mental and physical character is said to be far different,) have neither activity, fidelity, nor personal strength enough to enable them to supersede this fine race of industrious Spaniards, which, nevertheless, they affect to despise. Even in labour which requires more ingenuity than bodily power, they are equally behind hand; the vegetables which adorn the Lisbon markets are all raised by natives of Genoa, and the best cooks are Spanish and Italian: thus, were an enchanter to wave his wand over Lisbon, and to palsy the right arm of every useful foreigner among the working classes, the native inhabitants would all at once find themselves deprived of most of the necessities of life:

Our friend, Baron O., only remains here until he has received his recall from his own

court ; and the Counts A. and M. are just gone.

If I stay here much longer, I believe I shall lose every valuable faculty of mind and body, and sink into one of the very characters I have been so unmercifully condemning ; nay, if Pythagoras's rule is true, my soul may actually slip through their fingers here, and find its next habitation in the body of a *sloth*, for I assure you *that* is the creature I at present most resemble.

Adieu.

M. B.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lisbon, June 6th.

THE queen continues to live in the utmost retirement ; secluded in the recesses of the palace, she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into public. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby dirty dishabille ; consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton, a cap with as little pretension to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat ; altogether no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches ; but the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from the waist, nearly to the middle of her leg, and are always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts.

Yesterday, being unusually cool, we took boat, accompanied by two friends, and sailed down the Tagus to the villa of Baron Porto Covo, which is built upon the banks of this

fine river, near the town of Passe d' Arcos, and so close to the shore, that the waves frequently break against the lower windows with great force; accordingly, all these are furnished with dead lights. Not a tree is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, and the small garden is artificially produced from the bosom of a barren rock. The house is not large, but it is very expensively furnished, and cost the uncle of the Baron (the original proprietor) fifteen thousand pounds. Here we procured from the house-keeper some beautiful Oriental china, splendid cut glass, and other superb et cetera of the table, in which we deposited the contents of our humble basket of cold provisions. I had brought my guitar, and we contrived to beguile the time agreeably enough, until the cool of the evening, when we returned as we came, by water, enjoying the purple and crimson beauties of a southern sun-set, and afterwards, the glory of an unclouded moon, which threw a lengthened line of radiance upon the waves, that I should call *golden* rather than silver, so brilliant was its effect. And now, shall I own the want of sublimity

in my taste? in the midst of this fine spectacle, I could not help thinking how infinitely I preferred the humbler charms of the Thames, gliding between its flowery banks, where the nightingale's note resounds through the waving woods, and mingles with the soft ripple of the gentle current. I believe it is the peculiar bent of my mind, to prefer the beautiful to the sublime, the soothing to the brilliant, in almost every instance; and the same feeling influences even my anticipations of a future world. As we returned home from the house of this wealthy man, the conversation turned upon the often debated question, "whether great wealth, or an easy competence, was best calculated to confer happiness upon the possessor?" Our diplomatic friend, whose youth and peculiar career naturally prompted the feeling of ambition, was decided in his preference of unbounded riches; and the usual plea for such preference did not fail to be adduced:—"that a man, thus endowed by fortune, would have superior opportunity of happiness himself, from the unlimited exercise of benevolence towards others." Will you ac-

cuse me of misanthropy, if I confess, that my experience of human nature led me to the most opposite conclusion? but, indeed, I have seldom known an instance where the habitual possession of immense wealth did not harden and contract the heart; and I have repeatedly had occasion to remark, that the most distinguished actions of generosity and benevolence have been performed by persons whose means of aiding their fellow-creatures have been very inadequate; as to the question of mere selfish enjoyment, I am convinced that where nothing is left to desire, half the relish of life is destroyed; repletion is nearly as fatal as inanition.

We are in very indifferent spirits at present, in consequence of the death of Mr. Wm. W. with whom my husband formed a sincere friendship during the winter. This young man resided for several months in the same hotel with ourselves, and his amiable disposition, ingenious natural manners, and melancholy state of health, altogether combined to awaken our most anxious interest and solicitude. Labouring under a pulmonary complaint, he was sent to Lisbon but

I fear too late; and yet, why should I suppose this? perhaps no human skill or fore-sight could have saved him from a premature grave. Fond of social enjoyments, and eager to witness the different scenes which Lisbon presents to the curiosity of a stranger, he accompanied us to many a party, and made me in many an excursion, while we flattered ourselves that the fallacious bloom, which sometimes overspread his complexion, was the symptom of improving health. He quitted us at length, in order to pay a visit to a friend at Madeira, with the additional hope, that change of air, and a sea voyage, might assist in his recovery; alas! his disorder increased so rapidly, that shortly after he had reached his friend, the springs of life gave way, and he breathed his last in his arms!

How melancholy appears every circle in which we have been so long accustomed to his ingenuous countenance, beaming with sensations of curiosity or interest, respondent to our own! last night at an assembly, I was quite overcome; his image seemed to haunt me, and in every group which passed, me-

thought I saw the pale smile, the fair and luxuriant hair, and the feeble bending figure of our youthful friend. My husband (who feels as if he had lost a younger brother) gladly acceded to my wish of returning early from the incongruous scene; and I afterwards found some relief in endeavouring to express what I had felt, in the following lines.

Ah! why in the moment thus given to joy,
In the hour thus devoted to mirth,
Should we feel, more than ever, the bitter alloy,
Which tempers all pleasure on earth?

And why, when the harp, and the dance, and the song,
Resound in the bright sparkling hall,
Do we turn from the smile of the gay festive throng,
To check the full tear, ere it fall?

'Tis a fond lingering thought, which thus poisons our
rest,
Of one, on a far distant shore;
Now silent and cold, stretched on earth's chilly breast,
He sleeps—to awaken no more.

In scenes like to these, we so lately have met,
That methinks I yet look for him here,
And the kind gentle voice, which I cannot forget,
Still breaks, faint and sad, on my ear!

In the morning of life, while the world was yet new,
(Ah! why the sad tale must I tell?)
Dear youth! all ingenuous, guileless, and true,
Early crush'd, ... like a flower he fell!

Far away from the mother, who blest his first cry,
Who watch'd o'er his childhood in love,
'Twas bitter, 'mid strangers, all lonely to die,
—— But he still had a Parent above!

To that Parent of all, our young friend we resign,
He can heal the deep wounds of the heart!
We shall yet meet again—in a country divine,
Wherein sorrow and death have no part!

LETTER XXXIX.

Lisbon, June 8th, 1822.

YESTERDAY was the festival of Corpus Christi, here called Corpo Santo, and considered to be the most magnificent in Portugal. Saint George (represented by a stuffed figure on horseback) was the hero of the day; his attire was extremely superb, and the helmet, in particular, was richly studded with the finest diamonds.

The people uncovered their heads, and saluted him with the utmost veneration as he passed through the streets from the church of the Roscio to his own castle of St. George. He receives an annual salary from the latter place, in quality of a general officer; nor is he the only *man of straw*; I fear, upon whom pensions have been bestowed. The jewels, whose value is immense, are generally lent for the occasion by the Dukes of Cadaval and Alafoes, who rank here next to the princes of the blood, and

are, I believe, in the succession to the throne. In former times the character of the saint used to be performed by a living subject, hired for the purpose; but this custom was abolished, in consequence of the knavery of a Frenchman, who represented this great personage one year, and concluded by stealing the helmet. The Roscio was filled with gay groups of admiring spectators, in carriages, or on horseback, and the windows of every house were hung with crimson draperies, and crowded by ladies in full dress, resplendent with jewels, and gracefully waving their courtly plumes; even the wives and daughters of the lower classes of tradesmen were decked in gold, diamonds, and pearls: the military were all in attendance, and the knights of the order of Christ, as well as the whole body of the clergy, walked in procession, dressed in their distinctive and splendid paraphernalia, forming altogether a most imposing spectacle. Some orders of monks walked with their eyes fixed upon the ground, it being contrary to their rules to look upwards.

In the evening I accompanied a friend to

a site at the convent of the canonesses of the Incarnation, near Campo St. Anna. We were all in full dress, and I perceived that the canonesses themselves were allowed to wear jewels. The sister of Countess A. is one of this order, and in her apartments we drank tea, in the ancient social fashion of England, the fair canoness presiding at the tea table, attended by her two female domestics in the costume of the convent. She gave us a variety of excellent cakes, made by herself, (all the religiousa possessing this useful talent,) and did the honours of her cell with much grace and politeness; after tea, we entered the choir of the church, where several of the lady canonesses were at devotion, in sweeping garments of fine white wool, which, worn over the usual black robes of their order, and flowing in ample drapery around them, gave a dignified effect to the figure. Here we knelt in silence and humility, upon the cold marble pavement, for a few moments, in company with a crowd of the most distinguished families in Lisbon, whom we there found assembled, many of

when had brought their young children with them; some not more than two or three years of age. The high altar was splendidly illuminated, the rest of the church being left in perfect obscurity. Notwithstanding the difference of my religion, I could not forbear thinking, that the bright altar thus visible from afar, and partially revealed through the screen which divided it from the kneeling assembly, was a striking and noble type of that heavenly sanctuary, to which the eye of faith is constantly directed, in the midst of the gloom and darkness of a fallen world. The canonesses of this convent are about sixteen in number, and all of them women of rank and fortune; they are not bound by strict vows, and may occasionally visit their families in Lisbon. Each has a suite of apartments upon a small scale, wholly distinct from the other, and some are gay with flowers, and ornamented with considerable taste. They wear colours, (excepting red and yellow,) and discard the sombre robe and close lawn cap, when absent from the convent; but within its walls, they are of

course restricted to the habit of their order. Here, as well as at the convent of the Visitandines, I was much impressed by the amiable character of the Countess A. She had evidently inspired every member of the community with a sentiment of the tenderest regard. All shared in her benevolent and affectionate attentions, even to the servants and pensioners upon charity, who crowded around the gates. In crossing one of the quadrangles, we met a woman, bending under the accumulated burthen of years, poverty and infirmity, whose wretched capote had fallen from her shoulders, in the hurry of saluting the countess; the latter took it from the ground, and gently replacing it upon her humble friend, kindly embraced her, and passed on, followed by many an audible benediction. The whole action was the work of a moment, and was done with the utmost simplicity, as an ordinary tribute of attention to the claims of helpless age; if this be the custom of the Romish church, it is a good one, prompted by right feeling, and so truly christian, that we could hardly err in its adoption.

I know not what has come o'er my spirits
of late ; restless and dissatisfied with every
thing foreign, I can think and muse and
dream of England alone. I was affected
the other day, upon finding a knot of violets
in the gardens of a palace here, and gave
vent to my foolish regrets, in the following
lines.

UPON SEEING THE VIOLET IN THE GARDEN
OF A PALACE IN PORTUGAL.

Sweet tenant of the hedgerow wild,
Whose virgin sigh perfumes the air,
Methinks thy beauty, pure and mild,
Is lost amid yon gay parterre.

Oh ! while thy fragrance I inhale,
Far other scenes before me rise ;
Scenes loved and lost, in vision pale
They float before my humid eyes.

E'en now, by memory raised, I view
The dewy mead, the shaded dell,
Where erst, when life was fresh and new,
My careless childhood loved to dwell.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
Where milder suns in summer smile,
Exists the land so dear to me,
Beloved England's verdant isle.

There first I knew thee, lowly flower;
In copse remote, so wildly sweet;
Nor dreamt in proud and foreign bower,
Thy modest form I e'er should greet.

Yon rose, the garden's brilliant queen,
The orange, clad in vest of gold,
Carnation, rich in painted sheen,
And gaudy tulip, gay and bold;

Not one for thee a friend or mate,
Meek daughter of the lowly dale!
O leave them to their lordly state,
And think thee of thy parent vale.

When next thy modest charms I view
Be it each early friend beside,
The primrose pure, the harebell blue,
And cowslip, still the fairies pride.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
Where milder suns in summer smile,
There may I meet thee, wild and free,
Once more within our native isle.

This is all very absurd you will say; and I acknowledge my weakness; which, however, may be as much physical as mental; this climate being so enervating, that it forms at once the cause and excuse of such morbid feelings. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Lisbon, June 10th, 1822.

WITHIN the last few days, a conspiracy has been discovered by the government. Its stated object was to overturn the ministry, and to massacre the king and certain members of the Cortes. A friend, in whose veracity we can confidently repose, has seen a copy of the document, which falling into proper hands, was the means of revealing the existence of the plot. It is suspected, that the ministry have made the utmost of this pretext for future severity, and that their statement of the case is overcharged and exaggerated. A strong proof of the justice of this opinion is evinced, in the circumstance of only four persons (two of whom are servants) having been arrested. One man of rank alone is implicated, and it is rumoured that he will be hung, rather than beheaded, as a mark of the greatest indignity. At the execution of the rash

victims to patriotic feeling, four years since, the nerves of our poor friend * * * * endured a most horrible shock. Unfortunately, her house was sufficiently near the scene of death to be filled with the suffocating smoke arising from the pile on which the sufferers were burnt. No words can express what she suffered, upon finding herself thus enveloped by a vapour, horribly tainted by the scent of human carnage; escape was impossible; the effluvia spread through every part of the house, and she remained sick, in body and mind, for many days afterwards. The barbarous custom of mangling the persons of those who suffer for high treason still exists in Portugal, as well as some others, which are equally repugnant to reason and humanity; but enough of these horrors! That the new constitution does not exactly act up to the principles of a free government, I think you will allow, when I tell you a circumstance that has lately occurred. One of the richest subjects in the country has been desirous of visiting England, travelling for amusement and improvement; as a very great favour, he has been

permitted leave of absence, for a term not exceeding sixty days!

In proof of the gross superstition of the lower classes, I will relate a circumstance that has just occurred, and which occasions an excitement and an interest in Lisbon, which are almost incredible. At the distance of a few miles from hence is a certain field, in which a peasant boy was chasing a rabbit; the animal crept into an aperture in the side of a bank, closely followed by a dog; the boy surprised to find that the latter did not return, determined to ascertain what had happened to prevent it, and, accordingly, groped his way into the bank, through the same narrow entrance; ~~what~~ was his astonishment, upon finding himself in a sort of cave, or hermitage, at the upper end of which he beheld an image of the virgin! The discovery was soon made public, and the miracles affirmed to be worked by this image go on daily increasing; all ranks of persons are hastening to the spot, and it is asserted, among other popular tales, that when the boy first entered the cave, he found both the rabbit and dog upon

their knees, in devout adoration of the image. A few days after the opening of the shrine, this treasure unaccountably disappeared, and an active search immediately commenced, which was happily terminated in the following manner.

A peasant was ploughing in the neighbouring fields, when suddenly the oxen stood still; nor would the sharpest application of the goad induce them to move; the peasant, after vainly puzzling himself to account for their obstinacy, chanced to cast his eyes upon a tree overhead, whereon hung the identical image, for whose recovery all hearts were anxious. No sooner had he beheld the phenomenon, than the animals began to turn round and around the tree, in mystic dance, and completed the ceremony by falling upon their knees, like the rabbit and the dog! Notwithstanding this innate propensity to the marvellous, there exists a spirit of contempt and dislike towards the monks and friars among the people in general. We were in a boat, not long since, upon the river, and were passed

by another in which were two or three priests, and as they proceeded, the shores echoed with sarcastic abuse from almost every boatman present.

LETTER XLI.

Lisbon, July 7th 1822.

A MELANCHOLY circumstance has just occurred; a soldier has been shot for having attempted to stab his commander. It is impossible to excuse the act, being so flagrant a breach of military duty; but this is the only instance of sanguinary punishment that has been known for a length of time; and the case of the individual was indeed a hard one, as he had been extremely ill-used by the officer in question. Contrary to the former wishes and regulations of Lord Beresford, the soldiery are now beaten, kicked, and struck in the face, by their superiors, upon every trifling occasion, and this, together with other reasons, has induced great dissatisfaction among the army; nay, it is a fact, that only two nights ago, a revolution of the troops was upon the point of being effected at the castle; General Sepulveda was near falling a victim to their violence,

but his firmness saved the government for the time being. It is no less true, that the soldiery have retained their former cockades of the royal colours, and now wear them constantly concealed about their persons, in order to be ready for open display, upon any change or emergency; nor is it to be doubted, but that at this present moment they would unanimously join in the restoration of the king to absolute dominion, were he bold enough to afford the smallest encouragement. The conduct of the priest who attended the criminal in his last hours deserves to be recorded, from its humanity and consideration; as soon as the bandage had been placed over the eyes of the unfortunate man, he gave him absolution, and afterwards proposed that he should join him in prayer, previous to his making the fatal signal for his comrades to fire; thus, engaging the mind of the soldier in a consolatory exercise, he made a private sign, long before the conclusion; the man fell dead, instantly, and without a groan, happily spared the dreadful task of working up his courage to the effort of giving his own signal

for execution. How different was the feeling displayed by the officers of the regiments present! they marched the troops to the melancholy spot, (the prisoner included,) with their bands playing the gayest quadrille tunes, and airs from the opera ballets.—**Adieu.**

LETTER XLII.

Lisbon, July 9th, 1822.

THE late attempt to overthrow the present government, in which the soldiery have borne so conspicuous a share, appears to have been abetted in a very high quarter; the ministry, instead of maintaining an undaunted attitude in defending their authority, have evinced symptoms of terror, which cannot ultimately fail to induce a second revolt, upon the first convenient opportunity. The reason adduced by the latter, as the cause of discontent, was the disappointment of the men in not being sent to the different provinces, at this time, which at the beginning of the constitutional system had been solemnly promised them by its leaders.— Will it be credited, when I tell you, that the latter, after having irritated the troops by breach of faith in the first instance, have now weakly yielded to all their demands, as if in reward of their disobedience? There is a strong report that several of the nobles attached to the interests of the king have

been suddenly recalled from their respective banishments. (July 10th.)—I had written thus far yesterday; since when, I have experienced so vivid an alarm, that I can scarcely yet convince myself that no essential harm has occurred. This morning, at ten minutes before seven, we were roused from sleep by—an earthquake! Its duration did not exceed seven seconds, or we are assured that Lisbon might have experienced a repetition of the horrors of the great convulsion of nature in 1755. Several houses are said to be destroyed, but I shall wait for authentic details before I say more upon the subject. I think we must have been spared the first burst, from the circumstance of having been asleep when it came on; but we heard enough to fill us with sensations at once awful and terrific. The house, beds, and all the furniture, violently shook and trembled, while the doors clapped, and the windows rattled incessantly, accompanied by a noise resembling subterranean thunder, which continued the whole time. I have since learnt that the actual damage occasioned by the earthquake is inconsiderable; but several houses in the Roscio Square

show its effects very palpably, being rent in front; some of the edge stones, and the weathercock in the convent of the Coração do Jesus, were thrown down; while at the convent of St. Francisco da Cidade the friars were beheld sallying out of the churches instead of betaking themselves, as was the case in former days, to the shelter of their walls; this evinces the great change that has taken place even in the religious opinions of the people, since the memorable shock of 1755, to which I have already alluded; at that period both the clergy and the laity flocked to the churches for imaginary protection, and fell victims to their mistaken ideas of security. The house of a friend here, which was built about two years since, upon the modern plan for resisting earthquakes, rocked in the most frightful manner, and the wax candles remaining in the chandeliers in the drawing-rooms were loosened from their sockets, and thrown violently upon the floor.* This is considered

* One of the Reviews which did me the favor of noticing the first edition of this work, appeared to doubt, from *theoretical* reasons, the possibility of this circumstance; but they have only to make inquiries of those persons who have lived in countries subject to these visitations, to be persuaded of the fact.

to have been the most severe shock that has been known for the last six years, when a similar one was felt, which, strange to say, was less violent, but more dangerous of its kind than the present. The rationale of this opinion is as follows; I give it as it was told to me, though I am myself too ignorant of these phenomena to vouch for its correctness. The present earthquake was of that description which causes houses to rock from side to side, and which, however alarming in appearance, is comparatively harmless. The former was of a sort, which, from shaking the earth in a different manner, induces a trembling rather than a swinging motion, and renders the ground liable to open suddenly in gulphs beneath the feet. Altogether the occurrence is horrible, and the sensations it brings on, both physical and mental, are such, that I sincerely hope we may not again witness another. My next letter will I believe tell you, that we have quitted Lisbon for a country residence upon the banks of the Tagus, to the enjoyment of which I look forward with feelings of delightful impatience. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, July 19th, 1822.

Four days ago, we removed to our present abode at the Pateo da Saldanha, on the shores of the Tagus, immediately adjoining the Saldanha palace, which Lord Beresford used to inhabit. His lordship has politely accorded us the privilege of occupying this residence, and it is indeed a most beautiful and agreeable retreat. How long we may continue here, I know not, as the original possessor of the palace (from whom the king took it, to bestow upon Lord Beresford, in consequence of the former having forfeited his rights by joining the French, against his own country, during the Peninsular war) is now in a manner pardoned, and his family have put in a claim for the restoration of this property.

The whole of our quinta is indeed completely foreign, exclusive of some few accommodations in the domestic offices, which are

engrafted upon the usual arrangements, and are peculiarly English. Our apartments upon the ground-floor, which are en suite, open with glass doors, immediately upon a terrace, raised above the pleasure-ground, to which we descend by steps at the farther extremity.

From hence we command a fine view of the opposite coast, which, from being covered with vineyards and corn, wears, during the spring months, a delightful resemblance of verdure. The white walls of the Lazaretto (built in so elegant a form that it has the effect of a castle of romance) start abruptly from their ledge of rocky cliffs overhanging the noble river, and constitute one of the most beautiful objects that it is possible to conceive. The Tagus is visible even as far as the bar, from whence it pours its silver flood into the bosom of the main ocean; innumerable vessels are for ever passing and repassing before us; some humble barks laden with the agricultural riches of the provinces, on their way to the Lisbon mart, and other more stately vessels bearing away

troops to their different destinations. The king's yacht, superbly gilt, is not unfrequently to be seen, when his majesty makes an excursion to his favourite summer palace of Salvaterra, on the opposite side of the water; nor are the light fishing boats to be passed over without remark; their sails are cut in the most picturesque shape, and the effect of the lighted lanthorns in each, sparkling like small stars amid the darkness of night, is really beautiful, dispersed in every direction upon the river, even as far down as the distant bar; they remind me of the poet's "fairy bark with the fire-fly lamp," which has so often delighted my fancy in the colder clime of an English home. From our terrace, the walls of which are ornamented by geraniums and China roses, embedded in artificial earth, and intermingled with a profusion of creeping plants, whose crimson blossoms glow like fire in the light of a southern sun, we descend to the quinta beneath, consisting of a space of several acres, surrounded by tall and thick hedges of lavender, and rosemary, and

for the modernism

planted with young fig, mulberry, and other trees, amid which

“ The tall palmetto lifts it's graceful shade.”

The space thus bordered by the fragrant and beautiful shrubs I have mentioned, is allotted to the culture of milho, or Indian corn, while lower down, vegetables are raised in profusion, and the ground is irrigated by various little channels, supplied from the numerous tanks and wells with which the place has been furnished by the provident care of Lord Beresford. At the bottom of the whole, is a young plantation of orange and standard peach trees, breathing rich odours, and giving promise of fruit equally delicious. One of the wells is a picturesque object; being enclosed within low circular walls, and overgrown by the broad leaves and golden globes of the climbing gourd; a large wheel, which brings up the water to the surface, in innumerable clay vessels fastened to its spokes, is turned by an ox, who blindfold pursues his weary task, soothed, or it may be stupified, by the melancholy and monotonous sound which

the machine produces as it turns. I should have spared you such minutiae, were it not that these wells form a peculiar feature in every Portuguese quinta, and are of very ancient origin; they are called *Noras*. It is delightful to walk here after the sun is set, enjoying the breeze from the river, and inhaling the fragrance of the shrubs and blossoms, while the vesper hymn to the Virgin rises upon the ear, chaunted by the deep voices of the soldiery in an adjacent barrack. There is yet another outlet from the terrace, through which we are admitted, into an old-fashioned flower-garden, with a fountain in the centre, belonging to the palace itself, to which our house forms an appendage, and is only divided from it by a wall. This large pile of building, though it cannot boast much beauty or regularity of architecture, is yet remarkable from the number and size of its apartments, one of which was formerly appropriated to balls and masquerades, and is called *la Sala das Colunas* (the hall of columns). It is of vast height and proportions, and very beautifully

pointed in fresco.* The only drawbacks to the enjoyment of this charming residence are the countless swarms of mosquitos, sand, and common flies which infest it; the former are the necessary consequence of the adjacent ponds and tanks, and the latter really amount to an Egyptian plague; it is remarkable that, in this country, the flies more particularly attack those persons who are unwell; and the natives when they see them persecuting a sick man, more or less, form superstitious prognostics as to the result of his disorder. Adieu.

* A portrait of the king, and a canopy of state, ornament one of the apartments; almost all the principal houses boast a similar style of decoration; the canopy is erected, in case the sovereign should ever chance to honour the mansion with a visit. The portraits of the king and queen are sometimes displayed in the royal box, at the opera house, when the living personages are not present.

LETTER XLIV.

July 23, 1822.

Every creature in Lisbon and its environs is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered virgin, who is about four inches long, and being found, as I before mentioned, in a cave near this place, is consequently denominated "Nossa Senhora da Barracca," (our lady of the cave). Here, every evening, a friar descants upon the miracles said to have been performed by her; and a small book, descriptive of them, has been published by *authority*. The image is already covered with costly ornaments, among which are, a crown set with brilliants, and numerous gold chains; the gifts of those votaries who are able to afford such demonstration of their faith. An aged fidalga, and somewhat fanciful withal, living in this neighbourhood, and who has been bed-ridden for

years past, has caused herself to be carried to the cave, and has in consequence, (as she declares,) recovered the use of her limbs; the circumstance being well authenticated, affords additional proof of the extraordinary power of the imagination in nervous and hypochondriac complaints. The Queen goes in grand state this evening, and makes an offering of a silver lamp. The field resembles an immense fair, and restaurateurs regularly attend in their booths, to provide for the refreshment of the company. Last night, there were no less than thirty carriages upon the ground; and it is common to see more than a thousand of the peasantry and townspeople upon their knees, at one time, surrounding the mouth of the cave. The friars have thought proper to declare, that a balsamic fragrance flows constantly from the image; and though there is always a strong smell of garlic and oil in the grotto, it is the fashion, upon entering, to exclaim, "What a delicious odour!" I ought to tell you, that the Senhora is not very easy of access, as the entrance of her cave is so narrow, that persons are under the necessity of

of squeezing themselves in, creeping upon the hands and knees, and the heat of the interior is so insupportable, that several women have fainted. All our household have of course been to pay their devotions here; and you will easily conceive that we make it a principle to comply with every request from them, that has a religious motive for its pretext. I should be sorry to increase the ill opinion of the English heretics, with which the priesthood so unceasingly labour to inspire the lower classes. That our servants take advantage of this species of indulgence, will be easily anticipated; indeed, I find it difficult to get any work done, for my handmaids are always either gone or going to mass, and it appears to me as if the innumerable Saints had monopolized every day in the year; yet, looking on these things as a lover of the picturesque, it is really a pretty sight when these women (having finished their religious toilettes) set forth to pay their coquettish devoirs each at the shrine of her favourite idol. Their dark complexions and brilliant eyes appear to great advantage, slightly veiled

by the clear muslin lenço (handkerchief,) white as snow, which, together with the ample and graceful cloth capote, forms the national costume. Nor do either of them totally conceal the long tresses, curiously braided and wound round the head with classic simplicity, (relieved by the elegant ornament of natural flowers,) or the smart jacket and petticoat, decked with coloured glass or silver buttons; while the neat foot, with its fastidious satin slipper, and delicately white stocking, trips gaily along, with a light and springing step, wholly novel to an English eye. This morning, the loud and pompous sound of a trumpet called us to the windows, where we saw a gallant troop of bull fighters riding past, drest in the most fanciful and gay costume, borrowed, I should think, from the fashions of ancient Spain. This diversion is of a more cruel, because more cowardly nature, in Portugal, than in the sister country; the bulls being weak, half-grown animals, and their horns always carefully sheathed. I could not be tempted to accompany my husband to these exhibitions; but he occasionally attends

them, and they are frequented by females as well as males of all ranks. Don Miguel, the second son of the King, often combats bulls in person, and is said to be a proficient in the sport; it is by no means unaccompanied by danger, and requires great dexterity, strength, and resolution.

July 29th.

Since I wrote the above, one of the principal leaders of the constitution has made an attempt to open the eyes of the multitude to the delusion of Nossa Senhora da Barraca, and the *Astro* newspaper has written against it, but in vain; the leader in question, notwithstanding his high official situation, actually received a box on the ear from the vigorous arm of one of the fishwives, who took offence at his having uttered some expressions of contempt when he beheld the crowd kneeling before the door of the cave. An unfortunate wag has also found reason to repent the indulgence of his sarcastic humour; a few days since, he tied an artificial hump upon his shoulders, and going into the miraculous grotto, pre-

tended to come out again "a straight and proper man;" the circumstance was loudly celebrated, but upon his imprudently showing the trick he had played, he was nearly torn to pieces by the populace, and concluded by finding himself safely lodged in the public prison. "Our Lady," in the mean time, has been removed from the barraca, and conveyed in solemn procession to one of the churches in Lisbon, where she is henceforth to take up her residence. She went by water, and was received upon the quay by a magnificent procession of priests, and a guard of honour. The concourse of people was immense. The government have attempted to appropriate to their own use the treasures lavished by the devout upon this image, and it only furnishes an additional proof of their rash and incompetent judgment; true policy would never hazard a sudden overthrow of those superstitions which have been cherished as the realities of religion by the great mass of the people for so many ages past, and to which they are still so blindly prone. Nothing but the gradual influence of a more

rational system of education, and the general diffusion of knowledge, can effectually reclaim the minds of men from such fooleries; and as there are no *Alexanders* at present in Portugal, it is indeed a dangerous enterprise to attempt to *cut* that knot, which the hand of time alone can safely and advantageously unravel. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August, 1822.

THIS morning, at day-break, we were alarmed by another shock of an earthquake, which was accompanied by the usual horrible subterranean noise, and which shook the room and bed very forcibly. Upon getting up, we discovered that the original cracks in the walls and ceiling of our apartments, which were the consequence of the more serious shock about a month since, were now very considerably enlarged. How terrible it is to live in perpetual subjection to these alarming visitations! This is the fourth we have experienced in point of number, and the second in importance. The sensation which I, in common with many other persons, suffer, after every shock of the kind, and the extraordinary oppression for some hours previous to the recurrence of each, must be experienced to be conceived; it is purely phy-

♦

sign, although perhaps, liable to be aggravated by mental uneasiness. A friend was with us last night, who related that all his household had been unwell and out of spirits during the day, which they attributed to the heat of the weather; doubtless it was the latent earthquake which induced such sensations. The Italians, I am told, can almost always prognosticate the approach of these visitations, from the peculiar effect it produces on their finely strung nerves. We observed, during this last shock, (which was of very short duration,) that our poultry made a great noise, and the little birds in the garden flew about, chirping loudly, in terror and disorder. One of my servants, an old Portugueze woman, shows me the most considerate attention at these times; indeed I ought in justice to remark, that the servants in this country, however indolent and dirty in their habits, are, when kindly treated, far more apt to be attached, than those in England; they are more grateful in their feelings, and humble in their manners towards their employers, and although they require to be *told* their business upon

all occasions, they seldom refuse to do what you desire. Marianna, the person in question, is a good specimen of her countrywomen in this respect, and we have reason to be satisfied with the good will and obedience of all the rest. My English maid forms a disgraceful contrast; her airs of sulky importance, and her singular want of feeling, make my life quite uncomfortable. I have been assured that the Portuguese servants are deceitful, but when I see ours anxious to express their regard, and when the females among them shed tears over my pillow of occasional sickness, I find it painful to believe in the reality of the charge. The lower classes are invariably fond of children, and it is quite an extraordinary circumstance when any instance to the contrary takes place. They quite spoil my boy amongst them, and it was only a few days ago, that upon his being missed from the house, I at last discovered him, seated upon the lap of a peasant, by the side of a tank where she had been washing linen, partaking of by no means the smallest share of her hard-earned meal. At another time I found him listening

to stories related by an old soldier from the tower of Belem, as he lay contentedly in his arms, nestling his little head in the bosom of the veteran. Our major domo (an elderly Spaniard of inflexible gravity) is as much bewitched by infantine influence as any of them; his great delight is to walk out with the child in the cool of the evening, and to be permitted to take him as a companion when he goes to mass at any of the adjacent convents. There, he has often been seen, kneeling behind a pillar in the chapel, with his arm round the little one, who with a countenance of innocent solemnity, observed and imitated every devotional movement.

The king's boatmen here are a sort of privileged buffoons, and are allowed to sport their river wit even at the expense of majesty; no offence is ever taken let them be as saucy as they please, and I am assured that the king really enjoys the expression of their blunt truths and uncouth jests. They are always many in number and superbly habited; nor is the barge they row at all unworthy its royal occupant, being magnificently carved and gilt, and of a form singu-

larly light and elegant. This class of men affords the finest specimen of personal strength and beauty in the neighbourhood of Lisbon; but I believe I have already mentioned the superiority of the fishermen, boatmen and their families.

A considerable share of low humour is sometimes possessed by the postillions also; a set of the strangest mannered and most uncouth looking beings that you can well imagine; their obstinacy is proverbial, and I conclude that they imbibe it from the example and society of their mules. One of these men was lately hired by an English lady of my acquaintance to convey her to the Protestant chapel; she desired him at first starting to make the best of his way, as the hour of divine service was upon the point of striking: old José, however, had a pace of his own, to which he had been accustomed for the last fifty years, and which certainly resembled that of the tortoise rather than that of the hare; no entreaties could induce him to alter it in any degree; in vain the lady called, persuaded, and threatened. At last she exclaimed, "What! is there

nothing that will prevail upon you to make haste!—upon which he coolly pulled up his mules, turned round in the saddle, and replied, “I never made haste when I was young; I am now seventy years of age, and that is not a time of life to begin!”—He then resumed his former jog-trot, and the lady was obliged to order him to drive home, as all hope of reaching the chapel in proper time was wholly at an end.

Another brother of the whip also played a droll trick upon one of our countrymen not long since. He had been hired by the valet of the gentleman in question, without knowing who it was that he was ordered to drive: when he drew up to the door, he dismounted, and took his stand at the foot of the stairs to await the coming of his employer. The latter happened to be a large fat man; and the postilion no sooner caught a glimpse of his portly figure, than he slipped to the head of his mules, and tied a handkerchief over their eyes. “What are you about there?” said our Falstaff:—“Hush!” replied the wag, “if my beasts once get a sight of you, I should never be able to persuade

them to let you mount quietly!" Indeed, the easy familiarity of these gentry is unique, and is displayed without scruple, even towards the highest *grandees*. Speaking of the latter, I ought to mention, that the nobility of Portugal are not particularly numerous, and are divided in the same manner as in England. There are only two dukes, and from that rank downwards, including the counts, they are, I believe, considered *grandees*. Some of the viscounts and barons, however, from their military rank or other causes, possess the latter distinction, which is not confined wholly to titular nobility. The *fidalgueia* are another species of noblesse, and claim it from their being personally employed about the king. There are also two classes of these: the title of Don is not universal, as I believe it is in Spain, but is generally held by the younger sons of the higher ranks of nobility, and likewise by those persons who trace their descent from ancient Spanish families. Titles are not in all cases hereditary: the king is expected, however, to confer the title of the father upon the son, during the lifetime of

the former. The Portuguese of all ranks are particularly tenacious of the titles by which they are addressed, and are not offended, in common converse, at being designated by a higher title than that to which they have proper right. "Vosce Merçe," for instance, is applied from merchants, downwards. "Signoria" is still more honourable, and "Excellençia" generally includes the *grandees* and *fidalgos*; but a well-bred Portuguese will so word his conversation, that he will adhere to the rules of perfect etiquette, without committing himself by either elevating or detracting from the dignity of the person to whom he is speaking. They are certainly a courteous people, and the urbanity shown by all ranks one to another, would be no bad lesson to our honest though less polite countrymen. They are very charitable, and when their means are not large, make no scruple of receiving change from the beggar who asks their alms, should they have no copper coin sufficiently small for their intended donation; if they are too poor to afford to give any thing, their denial is tempered with a kind-

ness of manner that is in itself a virtue. This is real charity! I have myself seen respectably dressed persons salute, hat in hand, the tattered mendicant, as they have passed in the street. The priests also, many of whom are of very poor orders, draw largely upon the purses of the lower classes. The Saints expect to be well paid for their celestial intercession, and are seldom disappointed. One of the latter imaginary personages, whose name I have forgotten, has a rich shrine supplied by the offerings of his very numerous petitioners. I must beg leave to call him Saint Killorcure, for this is really what he is required to do. Whenever a sick peasant languishes for any length of time, without a visible change in his condition, either for better or worse, his friends go in solemn procession to the shrine of St. Killorcure, and pray that he would be pleased to put an end to their trouble, either by restoring the patient to health, or by taking him off their hands, to the other world. 'I knew a woman, whose child had long been ill; riding past her door one evening, she recognized me, ran out, and

laying her hand upon the cradle, exclaimed with what I thought to be rather an indecorous expression of satisfaction, "Ah, Senhora! the baby is dead at last! I went only last night to the Saint, and sure enough he took it to himself this morning!" Another curious superstition deserves mention, and you are to believe, if you please, (for I assure you it is the truth,) that it extends, in some instances, even to the higher classes of society. Upon the summit of one of the steep hills with which Lisbon abounds, is a large black stone, upon which it is customary for mothers near the time of their confinement, to go and sit for some time—a ceremony which, it is said, never fails to procure the most happy result when their hour of peril arrives. Do not imagine, from what I have just said relative to St. Killorcure, that the Portuguese are careless or brutal nurses of the sick; on the contrary, I have, as far as my own experience reaches, repeatedly had reason to admire their extraordinary compassion and ready skill upon these occasions. The women are acquainted with a thousand little allevia-

tions, which sometimes even amount to remedies, in common cases of pain or indisposition; and their knowledge of the healing properties of various herbs and plants is more universal than it is with us; the use of outward applications is far more general in Portugal than in England, and their simple recipes are almost all drawn from the vegetable rather than the mineral kingdom. I must acknowledge, that the simplicity of the prescriptions in common use among the old wives of the people, has a peculiar charm for my fancy, and I am not sure that I would not rather trust my life to these, aided by the tender nursing of the Portuguese peasantry, than to the more learned nostrums of the faculty.

I forget whether I have yet told you, that they use torches here in going through the city at night; the streets being so badly lighted, except in those places where a large lamp is kept constantly burning before the shrines of various images of the virgin, it is highly requisite to avail yourself of the protecting light of one of these implements, which is borne close behind you either by a

servant, or a gallego; assassins being scared (like other beasts of prey) by the appearance of the friendly blaze. Footmen also carry torches, as they stand behind the carriages of their employers.

Adieu.

unabated preference? I confess that I deprecate the idea of passing a third summer in this burning climate, which at that season is too fiercely bright, too gorgeous in unclouded beauty, to please a northern fancy! I long, but vainly, for the refreshing variety of a rainy day, nor can I bear the indolence and inaction both of mind and body, to which I am condemned. Latterly, I have even found the charms of our quinta unable to fill the void in my imagination, which continued seclusion from literary or social pleasures has induced. During my late indisposition however, I have been constantly cheered by the visits of our incomparable friend, the Countess A——. I feel that in leaving her, I shall sever a tie which has formed the charm of my existence for many a tedious month past.

The manners of the Portuguese are, in many respects, so different from our own; that were I to relate *all* I know of the former, it might cause the hair of many a pattern of strict English propriety to stand on end! It is usual for ladies to see company, male as well as female, and of all ranks,

while they are confined by illness to their beds. Upon receiving the intelligence of the confinement of a friend here, Mr. Baillie and I hastened to offer her our congratulations, on the third day after the event.— We found her, as is the fashion upon these occasions, supported by snowy pillows, richly fringed with lace, and surrounded by a numerous assemblage of visitors, many of whom were in full dress, and decorated with diamonds. Nor was this the first day of the ceremony, which commences from the moment that the patient is sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of being dressed for company. I myself received very early felicitations from my Portuguese friends, who invariably arrived in the gayest and most elegant attire. One young donna assured me that she had reserved a set of amethysts purposely to wear in honour of my new-born. On the second or third day, the male domestics of the family are permitted to cross the threshold of the bedroom, and to offer their humble congratulations, often in a set speech, carefully conned for the purpose, yet prompted, I really be-



...should ...
...to ...
...when they ...
...discovered ...
...between ...
...with ...
...there to ...
...death by ...
...trial was still going on ...
...several weeks, she was ...
...in a remote part ...
...more fortunate young ...
...time nearly finished her ...
...been attacked with an ...
...confined her to her own ...
...formance of this tragedy, ...
...after her recovery for ...
...old by the superior that ...
...expired. Some days af- ...
...of her ...
...and ...
...and ...
...ed with the whole of her ...

ness, by very sincere feelings of interest and good will. They are all kind-hearted people, and I shall never forget the vows to the virgin, which were audibly breathed in my behalf; nor the earnest simplicity of my nurse, "the Senhora Maria de Felicidade Perpetua," (Mrs. Maria of Eternal Felicity,) in invoking a leaden image of Saint Simon to restore me to health; nor the various auguries of an affectionate superstition, which were drawn from every action of my little daughter. They are full of anxiety that she should not be seen by any but well dressed and agreeable looking persons, for fear of the malignant influence of "the evil eye." They believe firmly in witchcraft, and there is an old woman accused of this practice, who lives (as they were assured by a priest) not very far from this house, of whom they are particularly afraid; and I am convinced, that if the nurse were to meet her in any of her walks, she would hurry away with the infant with the speed of the wind!

The marriage of a fidalgo of high rank took place here not long ago, which on account of the extravagant expenses it in-

duced, has caused sensation even among the Portuguese, who are accustomed to such follies. The family of the bride are not rich, but they presented her with a superb dressing-table, trimmed with French lace, which cost more than a hundred moidores; the curtains of the bed were decorated in the same manner, and I believe the lace was eight moidores (at least ten pounds sterling) a yard. The number of domestics retained in the service of the nobility, from generation to generation, is quite incredible; a fidalgo in this vicinity supports no less than eighty in-door servants: in consequence of which he is constantly poor and embarrassed. My friend has at this time four servants sick in bed, two of whom are so old that they have not been able to perform the smallest service for the last six years—five of her retainers are married, and each of them have a child or children every year, all of whom live under the roof, and at the sole expense of the mistress of the house, from the moment of their birth, until they either settle in the world, (by some fortunate chance which does not often occur,) or die

in the service of the family: she has altogether forty-five domestics, eight of whom are *femmes de chambres*; in her Lisbon home, without mentioning those who remain upon the establishment at her principal country residence. They are each fed, like soldiers, by rations, and sleep either upon the floor, or on straw mattresses hard as iron. The females are crowded together in sets, distinct from the quarter allotted to the men; nothing indeed, can be more unceremonious than the sleeping accommodations for servants of both sexes, even in the families of the richest persons; and when I compare them with the superior comforts enjoyed by English servants in general, the insolent discontent which the latter are too apt to exhibit, appears doubly ungrateful and absurd. To ascend from the lowest to the highest, I must tell you of the courageous pertinacity of the Queen: she has ventured to maintain a grand struggle with the government, in refusing to sign the Constitution. She is allowed some days for reflection, after which, it has been intimated to her, that should she persist in her deter-

mination, she will be sent out of the kingdom, and be deprived of her regal dignity, holding only the rank of an Infanta of Spain, to which she is by birth entitled. Her health having been declared by a council of sixteen physicians, incapable of sustaining the fatigue of travelling, she is, for the present, banished from Lisbon to her own palace of Ramalhao, near Cintra, where she is guarded as a state prisoner. The two young princesses, her daughters, who have hitherto shared her maternal attentions, in distinction from their sisters, who were under the more immediate care of the King, are not allowed to bear her company in this solitude, but have been consigned to the society of his Majesty, who appears somewhat embarrassed by the additional charge. Last night, we were at the Foreign Assembly; the ball was a full one, but most of the *fidalgueia* (nobility) refused to make their appearance on account of the present condition of the queen.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Pateo de Saldanha, January 29th.

We were lately present at a splendid fête, given at the Portuguese Assembly Rooms, to the king and all the royal family, with the exception of the queen, who still remains at the palace of the Ramallao. The young princesses, I am told, were so anxious to obtain permission of the king to accompany him to this ball, that they have been invoking all their saints to render him propitious to their wish. It cannot reasonably excite much surprise that such eager curiosity should thus prevail over every other consideration, when it is recollected that the princesses are extremely young, and that two of them have never before been allowed to partake of any diversion whatever; in compliance with the manners of the ancient regime, which were modelled after the severest forms of court etiquette, dullness and

dignity have hitherto presided in inseparable union over the movements of the royal children of Portugal; at present, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" I am afraid you will be ready to pronounce, like Molière's Esculapius, "that the heart is no longer in the right place"—for after all, the state of the queen is one of so much peril and mortification, that you would naturally expect greater demonstration of filial sensibility.—The royal party did not leave the scene of festivity until four o'clock in the morning, and then returned to the palace at great speed; it is astonishing that they do not meet with some fatal accident, in driving at such a pace through the steep and dangerous streets of this seven hilled city; but it appears as if royal personages in most countries were uniformly addicted to this hazardous custom; a sober native, of our acquaintance, was startled from sleep, by the rapid whirl of their carriage wheels, and crossed himself in dismay, ere he turned once more to slumber. We went yesterday to the Opera, in which the Prima Donna (who might rather be called, from her tender

age, "Prima Vera") appeared to great advantage and sang delightfully. Her name is Adelaide Varesi. The ballet, "Les Templiers," I thought particularly beautiful; it breathed the true spirit of poetry, and the first female dancer displayed infinite grace and pathos; which species of talent appears to me to be worth all the pirouettes and entrechats in the world! Altogether, San Carlos has considerably gained in the recent change of its company of both singers and dancers. Rossini's "Barbier de Sérviglia" has lately been played, and it is impossible not to admire it; yet, the general merits of its composer appear to me to have been very greatly over-rated. Compare him with Mozart, and see how much he loses by the comparison! To have attempted this opera after that of his incomparable predecessor, is, in my opinion, as futile an experiment, as that of Dryden, when he chose to write another "Tempest" than Shakespeare's.

LETTER XLVIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, Feb. 2d.

For the last six weeks, the periodical rains have descended upon us, in torrents, in floods, in a deluge of water! The winds, also, have raged with alarming violence, occasioning infinite damage both by sea and land. The effect this sort of weather produces upon my spirits is not the most exhilarating; but it is hardly worse than the suffering which the piercing cold, that preceded it, induced. I shall never forget a dinner party, at which we were present, during the continuance of the latter. The guests (more especially the females) sat around the really superb banquet, shuddering, and deprived of appetite; wrapped in shawls and furs, and with lips and cheeks of a frozen purple hue. Nor did any of us revive, until we had drank repeated dishes of very hot coffee, at the conclusion of the repast. The house was among the most

elegant and expensive in Lisbon; yet, strange to tell, no accommodation for warmth had been thought of; a fire was quite out of the question, as the natives have a prejudice against it, saying that "it is the most unwholesome of all luxuries." At Oporto, I am told, this absurd opinion has been abandoned, and the people now emulate the English residents, in the blazing comforts of their domestic hearths. The only resource I can command during this chilly season, is gained by the relinquishment of every sitting-room but one, which I call more particularly my own, and which is not larger than a light closet. Here I have but one window, whose yawning crevices are carefully stopt with matting, and here, I contrive to counteract the dampness of the atmosphere, by causing dried rosemary and lavender to be burnt in a small earthen vessel, holding a few embers of charcoal, several times in the day; while at night, my substitute for the heart-cheering fire of my native England, is a large French lamp which *looks* at least like warmth, and with which I am fain to be contented. The

eternal wailing of the wintry wind is here less perceptible, and I am indeed rejoiced when I can forget it altogether; for the monotonous melancholy of its sound is prodigiously aggravated by the additional noise it makes in blowing through the numerous cows' horns, which are fastened to the sails of every wind-mill, in order to intimidate the cattle from approaching them in the night, and I ought to tell you, that we are surrounded by these machines in every direction.

LETTER XLIX.

Pateo de Saldanha, March 11th.

It is only within the last two days, that we have experienced anything like fine or healthful weather; and we have all been very unwell with severe and repeated colds. The confusion of public affairs seems rapidly advancing to its crisis. The ministry and the newly elected Cortes (the latter in every way inferior to that of last year) are actually committing a political *felo-de-se*. Their Turkish despotism, their want of faith towards the nation, oppressive exactions from the upper classes, and degrading timidity towards the army, have disgusted the general mind. What will be the ultimate result of the universal discontent, I sometimes dread to conjecture; but at all events, I have great faith in the peaceable nature of the people of Lisbon, averse from sanguinary contest, and having already effected one

great political change, without the horrors, usually attendant upon revolutions.

My husband lately went to see the celebrated patriarchal church, with which he was so well pleased, that I regret the circumstances which prevented me from being of the party. The ornaments are of the most costly description, and among them are jewels of the first water and magnitude. I think Lisbon cannot be said to abound in objects of general interest; the best works of art that it possesses, are the mosaic tablatures in the chapel of St. Roche, and these indeed claim the most distinguished mention, being reckoned among the finest in the world. There is a museum of natural history near this place, at Ajuda, and also a botanical garden; neither of them superior of their kind. I cannot praise the few gardens in the environs, as they are all laid out in the formal Dutch style; the best of them is the garden of the convent of the Necessidades. But what delights my English fancy more than any thing, is the king's park in this vicinity, called the Tapada; it is full of olive and other trees mixed with a low brush-

wood, and the inequalities of ground are almost picturesque. Here his majesty occasionally shoots rabbits, and the young ladies of the court partake of the sport. Lord Beresford, during his sejour in Portugal, had the privilege of pasturage for cows here, by which means the phenomenon of fresh butter was by no means so rare as at present. How often have I wished to refresh my eyes, by a walk or ride, amidst its green retreats! but in vain; nobody is now allowed to enter.

I am always charmed with a fountain; its sound alone is reviving during the ardours of the summer season; and there are many in Lisbon and its environs, where the most picturesque groups of figures may be seen, drawing water for their several purposes of convenience. Sometimes a crowd of gallego water-carriers filling their casks at the source, while from the tank below, the rough and martial-looking muleteer refreshes his string of thirsty animals, their trappings fancifully ornamented with fringes of coloured worsted and small melodious bells. Here too, the lavadeiras (or washerwomen) ply their fa-

figuring task ; twenty or thirty of these women may be seen either surrounding a tank, or kneeling upon large stones in the narrow channel of a scanty brook, beating the linen with a relentless fury, totally insensible to the injuries they inflict upon its texture. My favourite fountain, to which I often direct my morning or evening ride,* is situated at some miles distance from Lisbon, and in the vicinity of a convent ; it is overhung by weeping willows, and encircled by stone benches, whereon I generally find one or two of the monks seated, in the calm enjoyment of listless reverie, soothed by the murmuring of the gentle water, and the distant laving of the ocean waves. Adieu.

* My horse is the most beautiful little animal you can imagine ; of a deep black colour, with a mane and tail like *meteors*, and a form of the most faultless proportions : he is a native, and originally belonged to the queen. According to the custom of the country, the mane and tail of a horse are here always suffered to reach their full length, and our cruel and tasteless fashion of curtailment is never practised.

LETTER L.

Pateo da Saldanha,

April 27th 1823.

We have lately visited the convent of Odiveiros, situated in the village of the same name, about two leagues distant from Lisbon, through the road to Campo Grande, where the annual fair is held, which I have formerly mentioned; this is one of Lisbon's finest environs, for after the first few miles, a valley (comparatively shaded) offers its welcome retreat, and is at this time of the year particularly verdant;—the eye reposes upon green hedge rows, and the ear is delighted by the joyous warbling of a thousand birds. Several very pretty quintas enliven the road; one of which, together with a large palace, belongs to the Marquis of Valência, a noble of the first rank, and who is, I believe, in the succession to the throne. We have occasionally met him in society, where I have been much pleased by his musical ta-

lent. These quintas appeared to be very carefully cultivated, and nothing could be more *riant*, than the effect of the latticed bowers erected for the vines; among which the China rose peeped forth, blushing like a delicate beauty in her earliest prime. The summit of every wall we passed was crowned with brilliant coloured creeping plants of innumerable variety, and the scent of the orange groves within was exquisitely delightful. Certainly spring is the only season in which this part of Portugal appears to advantage. We met a litter, (the first we had ever seen,) borne sideways between two mules, and attended by horsemen on each side, as if returning from a journey to the provinces. It contained two ladies, and I should imagine it a most agreeable conveyance, either in fine or wet weather, as it appears to be guarded against both sun and shower. As it is very uncommon to meet such an equipage so near Lisbon, where the roads, though indifferent, are yet good enough to admit of wheel carriages, we concluded that the elder lady was an invalid,

too weak to encounter a rougher mode of travelling.

When we reached Odivelos, we were shown the church, which is a handsome structure, and which contains the tombs of two royal personages. The order of nuns is that of St. Bernard; a *mild* one, as they are permitted to converse with male acquaintances at the grate; the habit is rather becoming, as all the hair is discovered, slightly shaded by a strip of black silk, in the form of a veil; the robe is black, relieved with a handkerchief of white muslin, that covers the bosom somewhat in the neat and precise style of our quakers; and over all is a flowing mantle of fine white wool. Children under six years of age are allowed to visit the interior of the convent, where the sisterhood are delighted to kill them with kindness, in the shape of sweetmeats and cakes, which they make and also sell, and some of which we purchased of an austere and ancient portress, who received our money and dispensed her stores by means of a moveable sort of cupboard, defended by an

iron grating, common to all nunneries, and called, I believe, a "turning box." With the exception of their dried plums, I cannot admire any of the performances of the religious confectioners in Portugal, the flavour of the different fruits being completely lost in the predominance of the sugar used to preserve them; and this is universally the case, both in this country and in Brazil. Having made our purchases, we attended mass, which was performed by one of six priests who are appointed to do the duty, and heard the nuns, with the abbadessa at their head, chaunt the service in the choir, divided from the body of the church by an iron screen. There were no remarkably fine voices among them, but several very pretty and engaging physiognomies. The abbadessa, accompanied by a younger nun, advanced with much courtesy to the grate, where we remained in conversation with her for some time, and they kissed my little boy, as he stood on tiptoe, peeping through the bars, with a face of innocent curiosity. There are, at this time, five and twenty members, many of whom are ladies of good

family, and it enjoys a most respectable reputation. This was not formerly the case, as, during the reign of Don João V., the sisterhood (then three hundred in number) were by no means remarkable for their strictness or their purity. Dumourier relates, that these ladies were accustomed to throw aside their professional habits, and were among the most attractive favourites of his majesty and the nobility.—The romantic "Letters from a Portuguese Nun" are supposed to have been dated from this convent. Adieu.

family, and it enjoys a most respectable reputation. This was not finally the case, as during the trial of the late V. the sisterhood (and the **BETTER LA.**)

28d. Regiment, which had received orders, to march towards the frontiers on the same day, suddenly halted between Sacavem and Olivæes, and declared their resolution to proceed no further without the presence of their accustomed commander, who was one of the officers dismissed, as I have just said, and who shortly afterwards joined them, accompanied by the Infante and the troop of the 4th Cavalry, when they proceeded on towards Villa Franca.

The king, upon being made acquainted with the evasion of the prince, immediately sent information of the circumstance* to the Cortes. In the meanwhile, General Sepulveda, commander-in-chief of the forces in Lisbon, had received a letter from Colonel Sampayo, now commanding the revolted troops, informing him of their resolution no longer to submit to the controul of ministers so unworthy their situation, and stating his

* It is *whispered*, and I believe *truly*, that the king in his heart felt more confidence in the Constitution-
alists than in his own family, and was any thing but
pleased when the evasion of Don Miguel was first made
known to him.

desire and expectation of a complete change of men and measures. In placing this letter before the Cortes, Sepulveda undertook to answer for the safety and tranquillity of the city, provided that an entire and immediate change of ministry took place. To describe the state of confusion reigning in the city would be impossible; it was in tumults from end to end! The national guard having been called out, assembled under arms in the Praça do Commercio and the Roscio: but enthusiasm, or even interest for the constitution appeared at a very low ebb, and the tide of popular opinion seemed to be rapidly turning in an opposite direction, while the bivouacking system, to which the volunteers were obliged to submit, rather damped the ardour of their military zeal. The Marquis of Bellas was dispatched by the king in pursuit of the prince, but failed in his mission; nor is it probable that he wished to succeed. The prince declared he would return in the course of a fortnight, and completely change the order of things. His companion and adviser is General Pampelona* an officer

* Afterwards created Count Subsera.

highly unpopular with the army, and of a most unworthy character altogether. He fought with Junco against his country, and was hanged in effigy as a traitor. Can Portugal ever receive, with consistency, so degraded a son?—can her native prince with honour present him to her acceptance?—he is a man advanced in years, and has been employed by the Constitutionalists as war minister: his countenance is singularly ignominious and repelling, and he is famous for the arts of baser intrigue, and for a devotion to French interests. The king is said to have shown every symptom of genuine grief and vexation at the conduct of his son; the faction around him having taken advantage of his peculiar feelings to persuade this confiding sovereign, that a large party existed, whose object was to effect his abdication in favour of Don Miguel, at the head of which was the queen. There *may* be some foundation for the suggestion; but the king is now become so popular with the fickle multitude, that any open attempt would be at once dangerous and futile. I cannot persuade myself to believe (notwithstanding his

imperious temper) that the Infante himself had the least idea of injuring his father; great allowance ought to be made for the defective education he has received, and for the corrupting influence of a servile court; and it must be acknowledged that both the royal brothers, Don Pedro as well as himself, have shown a personal energy and an intrepidity of spirit which reflect some credit upon them, and which they must have inherited from their mother, as nothing can be more painfully timid than the character of the king. The French party are gaining ground *a vue d'œil*, and the court is invested by crowds of base fidalgos, who fought against their country under Junot, but are now pardoned and received into the royal favour; these creep, and flatter, and hang about their falsely indulgent sovereign, clamorous for posts and pensions, which, if granted, would quickly exhaust a treasury already insufficient to answer the claims of justice and humanity.

On the 29th, his majesty and the whole court assisted at the solemn church procession of the Corpo de Deos; the night passed

in perfect tranquillity, but it was discovered that all the police cavalry had left Lisbon to join the prince, whose reception in the country is said to be enthusiastic. He was on the road to Santarem, with a much increased military force, a large posse of fidalgos, and other gentlemen; it is said, that he has been abundantly supplied with money, and has issued a proclamation, which, however, has not yet reached Lisbon; report also affirms that he has no intention of changing the new Constitutional code, (which is in some respects excellent,) but that he desires to have two chambers, much modification, and the veto to his father. All this sounds well, but it were unwise to indulge prematurely in sanguine anticipation, for does he not retain Pampelona as his Mentor? Nothing can be more unfortunate, or of worse augury to the cause of rational liberty. Surely it will be impossible that the Conde d'Amarante can consent to serve with such a man, and great confusion must naturally ensue, unless the spirit of chivalrous honour has wholly abandoned the country. The ministry, so hastily nominated, are of a more

respectable stamp, than their predecessors ; but it is very improbable that they will long retain their situations. The king has no confidential friend, and his intentions can therefore only be guessed at ; he is at once an object of blame and compassion.

On the night of the 30th, General Sepulveda was attacked in the Praça do Commercio, by a tumultuous assemblage of persons, who, surrounding him on all sides, declared their suspicions of his fidelity to the Constitution, and insisted upon his either swearing to be true to the cause, or prepare to receive instantaneous death from their hands. Waving his plumed hat in the air, he at length obtained a moment's hearing, and took the oath required. An hour afterwards,* goaded by a thousand conflicting sensations, he threw himself on his horse, and escaped to join the prince, who received him with such petrifying coldness, that his soldiery fell upon him without waiting for an order, and maltreated him in the most brutal manner. His life was saved with

* *Consistency*, it must be confessed, is not the *leading* feature of the Portuguese character !

difficulty by the exertions of an officer, but he remains so ill, that he is scarcely expected to survive. This day the king has been declared *Roy Absoluto* by the unanimous voice of the army, and this morning he set forth in person to bring back the prince his son: the queen meanwhile has been invited to quit her forced retreat at the Ramallaõ, and the *liberal* party are leaving Lisbon as fast as possible, fearing the eventual result. The soldiery attempted to liberate the convicts and other wretches confined in the prisons of Lisbon; they furnished them with arms, which they eagerly received through the bars of the windows, and, availing themselves of the kindness of such *worthy* coadjutors, had nearly effected their escape, when the vigilance of the national guard interfered, and, after a great struggle, succeeded in preventing their design. I cannot but consider this as a providential intervention, and deeply feel that while our more natural guardians, the police cavalry, abandoned the city and their duties, these despised citizens evinced a courage and resolution worthy of our sincerest gratitude. If

my memory does not deceive me, the national guard have uniformly conducted themselves well, upon occasions of real moment, in most countries; and I should hate myself if I could ever again join in that senseless ridicule with which the supercilious and thoughtless continue to regard this respectable and estimable class.

The last evening, being sultry in the extreme, there was an unremitting succession of sheet lightning playing over the city during the whole night; it seemed to accord with the tumultuous state of inquietude then shared by every heart. I sat at my window, watching the coruscations for a length of time, my own feelings (as may well be imagined) far from tranquil, as my husband was in the midst of the scene of action, and my own servants, as well as several other females, were continually breaking in upon my solitude, with agitating accounts of the various public events hourly succeeding each other; their taking this liberty was a consequence of that sort of patriarchal intercourse existing in this country between mistress and dependant, which I

had adopted in my own domestic economy, and which I have not yet had reason to repent. Every hour the door of the apartment was opened, and a dark animated visage, shrouded in the national kerchief, peeped in upon me, with a—"co sua licença" (by your leave), or a—"naõ tenha mêdo senhora" (don't be frightened). We are indeed surrounded by a peasantry naturally peaceable and inoffensive, and to whom we have had occasional opportunities of affording some relief; I therefore trust that we are in no danger of suffering either alarm or injury in our present situation: not that I have any reason to be pleased with our more immediate neighbours, one of whom was formerly a captain of banditti, and vows vengeance against the English ever since he was turned out of their army for divers malpractices. He is the great favourite of another personage in our near vicinity, (the Conde d'Ega,) who has been hitherto the tool of the *liberal* government, and has gallantly changed sides upon the approach of danger, and repaired to the camp of the prince in all the odour

of affected loyalty. I think him (nor am I severe in my judgment) one of the very worst specimens of the Portuguese fidal-gueia. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

Pateo da S. June 12th.

His Majesty has made his grand entrée into Lisbon, attended by the illustrious fugitive Don Miguel, the princesses, and all the court, and proceeded to the see or cathedral church, where Te Deum was performed. The acclamations were loud and incessant; particularly at sight of the youthful princesses, who were decorated in a novel and splendid costume, being in masculine attire, (the petticoat excepted,) like colonels of regiments, with superb golden epaulettes, cocked hats, and military plumes of white feathers. It is astonishing how well the dress became these lovely creatures, who were perfectly wild with spirits, smiling and receiving the homage of a thousand flatterers with an air of proud delight, and nearly deafened by the noisier admiration of their humbler subjects. The last time his Majesty had entered that church was under

very different circumstances, and with far other sensations; it was immediately after his arrival from Brazil. The Queen, during his short absence in pursuit of the prince, had already taken advantage of her acquisition of power, to order that no vessels should be allowed to leave the harbour of Lisbon. José de Sylva Carvalho is said to have left in his writing-table a secret paper, containing a list of those persons who had sold their services to him as spies; it comprehended all ranks, and many of the nobles have been in consequent disgrace at Court. The King has had the good policy to enact a farce, called "The Reconciliation," a few days ago. He went in state to Ramallaõ, to bring back the Queen in triumph, to hold a drawing-room at the palace of Queluz, and placing her in the same carriage with himself, (a circumstance which has not occurred for the last twenty years,) embraced her and kissed her cheek; upon entering the neighbourhood of Queluz, they were met by the whole of a most brilliant court, and an immense concourse of the people. The latter, taking off the horses, drew

the royal carriage as far as the gates of the palace, and the former followed *on foot*, in grand procession. Their Majesties, upon alighting again kissed each other, before all the assembly, and then proceeded, hand in hand to the audience chamber, where such numerous “*beije mãos*” (kissing of hands upon presentation) took place, that the ceremony was not concluded under six hours. Several ladies who were present, assured me that they dropped into a deep sleep the instant they entered their carriages on coming away, completely worn out by fatigue and exhaustion. The young daughters of the Visconde de Juromenha, and those of Donna Maria de Piedade, (cousins to my agreeable friends, the La C—— family,) the former very elegant and pretty girls, distinguished themselves upon this occasion; dressed in white, and in the utmost perfection of Parisian taste, each wearing a breast knot of the royal colours, (red and purple, in contra-distinction from the light blue cockade of the constitutional government,) they presented the young Infante with a crown of natural roses. The prince, after

accepting it, would have offered it to the King; but the latter, not ungracefully, returned it to his son, saying, "This is your guerdon Miguel, therefore keep it!" Don Miguel appeared delighted, and in acknowledgment of this homage, took his military plume from his hat, and stamping upon it, hastily tore it into numerous small feathers, which he presented to every lady present. Ever since, it has been the fashion to appear in public with a breast knot of purple and red, in which this little remnant of the princely plume is inserted: some wear a small cross depending from it, in allusion to the Conde d'Amarante, who first excited the courage of his people to arm in the cause, his sword in one hand, the crucifix in the other. It is not at all safe for ladies to appear in public without the reigning colours, or in dresses in which the obnoxious light blue is predominant. Yesterday I was obliged to go into Lisbon, and just as I was getting into the carriage, I recollected that I wore a pelisse of the latter unfortunate hue; my only remedy was to divest myself of it as soon as possible, and as I had no orthodox ribands then ready, I hastily gathered a

quantity of the scarlet carnation and purple larkspur, from the garden, which in a few minutes was woven into a rich and beautiful wreath for my hat, and afforded me at once security and ornament.

You will smile at my folly in relating all these puerilities, at a time when public affairs are so far from being settled, that every thinking person is oppressed by anxiety and inquietude. The prince is made generalissimo of the armies—a coup de maître, it is suspected, on the part of Pampelona, as it will effectually oppose the restoration of Lord Beresford, (earnestly desired by some, but which would sadly derange the French party,) and this important situation is ill-calculated for his youth, inexperience, and usual habits of life. The soldiery are more than ever in a state of insubordination, universally felt to be at once infamous and appalling: and there is evidently no master-spirit in the kingdom, who could tame the arrogance, and properly direct the energies of these military reformers, who are but too fully aware of their power

“ To make, and to unmake a king!”

Great excesses on their parts are apprehended by the peaceable inhabitants of Lisbon. Count Palmella is reported to have made objections to acting with Pampelona; but how is it possible to believe in their sincerity, when it is obvious to the commonest understanding, that he ought never to have dimmed the brightness of his reputation by accepting of office while so infamous a character held sway in the cabinet? How strange is the conduct of Dón João! He still continues to heap favours upon Pampelona, and never acts but by his advice; what but evil can ensue?

The priesthood all this time have not been idle; and many of them have lately been known openly to refuse absolution to their communicants, until they should renounce the constitutional form of government.

The steward of Lord Beresford, who retains the Saldanha palace in trust for his master, was so much enraptured by the sudden change of affairs, that he has illuminated the whole building, and given a dinner to some of his own friends; and Padre João, a royalist priest, was elected master of

the revels; the latter reverend personage was reported to have uttered the most piquant sarcasms, and the best jokes, of all the assembled convives, who after dinner, marched round our quinta, carolling and rejoicing, with the Padre at their head, who, par excellence, accompanied his voice upon the guitar. The group stopped as they passed my windows, and perceiving me standing there, were anxious to afford me a specimen of their holy minstrel's art; my servants flew out in a moment, with a chair and a compliment for the Padre, whose deep mellow-toned voice sounded most agreeably in the modinha he selected, chorussed by all the party. I was delighted at the novelty and hilarity of the exhibition, and having bowed my thanks, they proceeded on their way, after a few animated "vivas" from young and old. Had such a scene occurred in our own country, I fear it would have been alloyed by drunkenness and familiarity; here I knew myself safe from either.

Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, June.

THE king, queen and royal family, accompanied by the ministers of state, have lately paid their devoirs at the shrine of Nossa Senhora da Barracca, the newly found image, to whose benign interference is now attributed the late happy change. From hence they proceeded to the arsenal, where a beautiful frigate, called the "Don Miguel," was launched in the presence of "all the beauty and fashion" of Lisbon. The king afterwards held a levee, during which, the prince went out to meet the hero of the provinces, Count Amarante, who was approaching the city with some of his troops, who were decorated with laurels. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the multitude on receiving this popular general; they rent the air with "vivas," and would

have prostrated themselves had he wished it, beneath his horse's hoofs, while they kissed his hands and his feet in transports; indeed their joy at length took so violent a method of demonstration, that the Conde gained the audience chamber absolutely breathless. At night, the opera was brilliantly illuminated, and attended by all the court; and upon the entrance of the Conde, the scene of the morning was nearly repeated; but how vain are the hopes of men. Notwithstanding the services he has conferred upon the present ministry, he is already become the object of their jealousy; and intrigues on all sides are forming against him. The war minister is his decided enemy, (which Amarante may consider as a compliment,) but as he possesses the ear of the Infante, it is probable that prejudices in the highest quarter may eventually be excited. The Baron Teixeira* (much against his will, it is said) has been appointed minister of finance; this gentleman accumulated immense wealth during the campaign, when he was plain Senhor Sampaio, and

* Now Conde do Povo.

one of the principal contractors employed by the Duke of Wellington; his nomination to the present situation is in the belief that his riches will reflect credit upon a treasury now most wretchedly poor. The Conde Amarante has already laid his laurels at the feet of a softer conqueror; he has long been engaged to marry a lady of high family in Lisbon, (a Puritana,) to whom however he has hitherto remained a personal stranger, until of late, when he beheld her for the first time at court. The interview was by no means romantic in its character or consequences; but the marriage is arranged, *selon les règles*, and is to take place almost immediately. Balls, fêtes and entertainments are anticipated *ad infinitum*, and amongst others, they talk of one to be held in the Saldanha palace, projected by the female nobility, in honour of Prince Miguel. As to illuminations, they begin to scare the very moon from her propriety; and it will be some time yet, ere she resumes her sovereign undisputed sway over a land of silence, darkness, and tranquillity.

LETTER LIV.

Pateo da Saldanha, July 6th.

Nothing is now talked of but the sudden *insanity* which has seized the Conde d'Amarante; occasioned, it is rumoured, by poison recently administered by some secret enemy. His military followers, dependent upon their chief for every hope of promotion, are mortified and disappointed beyond expression, at this effectual check to all his greatness; the capricious sun of royal favour has already withdrawn its beams from him, and his alarming illness was such, as to induce a conviction in his own mind, that his last hour was come, and a hasty summons for the assistance of his confessor; in this he was mistaken, as he has since rallied sufficiently to appear in public, though with strange alteration of countenance, and with

strong marks of mental derangement. Some among the Fidalgueia are evidently unable to conceal the expression of a malignant joy. Gracious heaven! on what a reed does that man lean, who depends for his support upon the hollow smile of courtly favour! How firm should be the principles which can resist the temptation to a disloyal mode of resentment, when smarting under its unmerited frown! We were present, however, very lately at one house, where he was received, together with the officers in his suite, with the most gratifying and noble courtesy; his cross was worn upon many a fair bosom, and royalist hymns were sung by lovely lips; all gracefully contending which should most warmly greet so honoured and distinguished a guest. I would not be understood to hold up the Conde d'Amarante as a hero, (in the genuine sense of the word,) neither are his abilities of the first order, or his virtues transcendent, but he has excited my very sincere commiseration, in consequence of his generally honourable conduct and his most undeserved misfortune. The ball at the Saldanha palace is now arranged

to take place very shortly. The lady-patronesses, sixteen in number, meet in one of the apartments there, every three or four days, in grand and secret council; nor does the divan break up under some hours. The list of the persons they intend to invite, I have seen; and I cannot but smile at the delight some persons evidently feel in this opportunity of mortifying many of their acquaintance, whom they affect to consider as "*canaille*," a la mode d'Almacks: being the personal friend of one who has a share in the direction of this important business, I am exempt from the misery of exclusion, which I believe they consider would be tantamount to annihilation!

Last night, a sort of mutiny broke out among those troops who are quartered near us at the Boa Hora, in which affray four lives were lost. The Infante came down in the morning, accompanied by Amarante, (who is now created Marquis de Chaves, an empty honour,) and soon succeeded in quelling the disorder. I was foolish enough to make myself quite uneasy, by the strange placards which have been stuck upon the walls of our

Pateo; one of them is so characteristic of the spirit which actuates the soldiery in general, that I cannot forbear sending it to you.

“ Logo que tivemos pão e vinho,
Viva nosso Infantinho !
Agora que temos so pão,
Viva o Constituição ! ”

Which may be thus rendered in an equally doggerel translation :

“ While we had wine as well as bread,
Long live our little prince ! we said,
But now that wine is ta'en away,
Long live the liberals ! we say.”

LETTER LV.

Pateo da Saldanha, July.

I do not recollect that in any of my former letters I have mentioned to you an excursion which my husband, accompanied by two friends, made in the spring to Setubal (commonly called St. Ubes) a small commercial town about thirty miles distant from Lisbon; famous for its salt-pits, oranges and wine. The object of their tour was to explore the adjacent country, which common report had extolled as picturesque and interesting in the highest degree. As they were obliged to cross the Tagus at its widest, and as the accommodations on the other side were not much praised by former travellers, I did not accompany the party; and yet, I afterwards regretted my want of energy, as they returned more highly gratified than even their sanguine expectations had led them to anticipate. The route, from the place of disembarkation, (Moita,) consisted

of heavy sand, and wound through a large tract of pine-wood ; mules, ready accoutred for the road, and not less obstinate than is usual to the fraternity, conveyed them in three or four hours to the Casa de Pasto, at which they intended to pass the night. Woe to the traveller who alights before his journey's end ! for no persuasion will induce his four-footed servant passively to submit to be mounted again ; from an ignorance of this little prejudice in the mule, one of our friends nearly suffered serious inconvenience.

Within six miles of St. Ubes, you pass, upon the left, the remarkable hill and castle of Palmella, forming a singular and beautiful feature in the landscape for many leagues around. The inn was found to be tolerably free both from the persevejos (bugs) and mosquitos ; I say " tolerably," for a little rest, where none is expected, is a great luxury. The second day was one both of labour and enjoyment, as the mountain, cave, and convent of the Arrabida were successively reached and explored. The romantic wildness of the scenery is such, that I am

assured no description can do it justice; indeed many persons are of opinion, that it more than rivals Cintra, both in beauty and sublimity. At all events the completely different countenance which nature here assumes, compared with that to which the eye is accustomed in Lisbon, appears to have afforded the highest gratification to the whole party. The mountain of Arrabida, from the inequality of its situation, forms at once one of the most peculiar as well as beautiful objects in Portugal. The convent, dedicated to Nossa Senhora d'Arrabida, stands nearly at the summit of the mountain, embosomed in fine woods; and seen from the ocean, which is in its immediate vicinity, must call forth many an ardent wish from the longing mariner, to visit its paradisiacal retreat. A very singular cave, excavated by the force of the waves, was visited before they proceeded to the convent; it is divided into several compartments, one of which is used as a chapel, where the poor pescadores, and other humble inhabitants of the coast, had offered up many a votive gift, vowed in the hour of storm or shipwreck; this

chapel is also an object of pilgrimage, and a more romantic shrine can hardly be seen.

The padres of the convent treated their Protestant visitors with the utmost hospitality and attention, nor should it be forgotten, that an instance of deficiency in this respect is hardly ever known to occur, however poor the order or severe their rules. The building is so embedded in the mountain, that the rude stairs appear as if hewn from the living rock, and it forms altogether one of the most picturesque edifices that the imagination can conceive; the order is that of St. Francisco.

In this neighbourhood our travellers experienced a shower of rain, and you may perhaps smile at the mention of so trifling an incident; but after being accustomed to arid, sandy, or paved roads, for many long months, the delight of a shower is hardly to be expressed, heightened, as it then was, by its effect upon the local scenery; no words can depict their enjoyment, while listening to the cool drops, as they rode beneath a covert of the most luxurious shrubs, (the

myrtle being the most common of any,) and breathed the fullness of their aromatic odour drawn forth by the freshening influence of the falling element. On their return home, they visited the castle of Palmella, which belongs to the military order of St. James, and is inhabited by some of the knights. The whole of the surrounding country is rich in the vine, the olive, and the orange, but it is not considered to be healthy, the inhabitants being subject to the ague. As some English gentlemen were returning a short time ago through the pine-wood I have before mentioned, between St. Ubes and Moita, they found, beneath a tree, the murdered body of a man who had been recently assassinated. One of the gentlemen, with a natural British feeling, proposed to carry the corpse to the nearest house; but his companion, who had been more habituated to sights of the kind, and who was experienced in the customs of the country, strongly dissuaded him from such an attempt; his argument was concise, but pithy. "Are you prepared to bring forward the murderer?"—"No."—"Then how can

you prove that you yourself did not commit the deed ? and this you will infallibly be required to do, if you touch the corpse.”—They proceeded on their way, and the first Englishman remarked that his pantaloons were sprinkled with blood ; and immediately perceiving that he might become an object of suspicion, he proposed to his companion that he should retire into the wood and change them, having his portmanteau at hand. His friend was here equally prudent: “ No,” said he, “ why, innocent as you are, give additional reason of suspicion, if we happen to be apprehended ? ”—They rode on, and at the first small town were stopped by the armed police, who had already heard of the murder. They answered the usual interrogations, and were then asked whether they had seen the murdered body ? “ Yes ; ” “ Have you touched it ? ” “ No ; ”—“ Why then this blood ? ” “ The reason is apparent,” said the Englishman, “ look at the mouth of my mule : ” this was covered with slime and blood, which had actually given rise to the question. On less ground of suspicion might a person of bad character, and travelling

alone, have been brought to trial, and perhaps to an ignominious punishment! What I am now going to relate, is certainly irrelevant to the subject, but it has just occurred to my recollection, and may afford you some amusement. I allude to the existence of a very singular sect in Lisbon, (who also extend their numbers over the whole of Portugal,) called "Sebastianistos." Incredible as it may seem, these people daily expect the return from Africa of an ancient king, Don Sebastian by name, famous in the annals of chivalry, who lost his life in attempting the conquest of the country. This event happened in 1578—but strange rumours were then raised concerning it; the body of the brave prince was never found, and it was believed that he had been spirited away by the force of Moorish enchantments. A time, however, was predicted should arrive, when he should break the unholy spell of his infidel oppressors, and once more return to bless his faithful people in his native land. The tale has been handed down to the present times from generation to generation, and every thing connected with the history

of Sebastian is still held in superstitious reverence. I told you that I had seen the chair of state at the Moorish palace of Cintra, upon which he sat the last evening he passed in this country, previous to his fatal embarkation; you will hardly credit the assertion, (yet I assure you it is no fiction,) that we have repeatedly seen whole sets of the Sebastianistos, assembling from day to day, upon the heights of Lisbon, gazing wistfully towards the sea, and expecting to perceive the white sails of their hero, returning from the land of magic thrall; their children are baptized by his beloved name, and I myself have frequently played with one of these little Sebastians, whose parents reside in the neighbourhood of the Saldanha, and who are, in spite of their superstitious belief, very sober-minded rational sort of people in every other respect.

I had written thus far, when a piece of intelligence reached us, of so delightful a nature, that every other idea immediately faded before it. We are coming home. *Home!* that talismanic word, which thrills the heart of every child of Britain, and

whose full import can never be comprehended by any foreigner to the soil. The same invaluable friend who has hitherto cheered my spirit with hope of our return, now holds out certainty to our acceptance. Through the efforts of his never-failing and persevering friendship, my husband has been appointed to a situation whose official duties will require his presence in London, and which will at once replace us in the midst of our old friends and connections, and restore us to the enjoyment of his valued society. What do we not owe to this paternal solicitude! a solicitude which extends not only to our solid interests, but to our own peculiar notions of happiness. Many friends may be ready to serve you; but it must be in their own way, not yours: true delicacy alone knows how to confer an obligation; but I cannot write any more now; my heart is too full. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

Pateo da Saldanha, July.

THE new English chapel, built at the expense of the Factory, in the very picturesque burying ground I have formerly mentioned, has lately been opened, and reflects great credit upon the architect, who has evinced much simple and appropriate taste.* It is capable of containing the whole British population, which may amount at present to about 800 persons; a portion of whom are Irish Roman Catholics. To those unfortunate strangers who are doomed to leave in this country their mortal remains, it must at least afford some consolation to know, that the funeral rites are most respectably performed, and that the spot of their interment is so beautiful, that a visit to their

* It may perhaps be only doing justice to mention that it was planned by Mr. Fowler of Great Ormond Street.

grave would soothe and calm the sorrow of their surviving friends. Far, far different to the horrid receptacles for the dead, in the vicinity of most other cities, (that of London in particular,) this ground awakens no charnel house associations; though the trees give a somewhat melancholy shade, every thing around is calm, silent, and cool; verdant shrubs adorn the avenues, and the fairest and sweetest flowers are planted upon the graves of those who once were sweeter and more blooming than themselves! Here Fielding, that incomparable author, found his last home; but it is unmarked even by a simple stone! I was shown the exact place, however, by an old friend, who had himself attended his funeral. One part of these grounds was appropriated to those heroes who fell in the Peninsular war, and several monuments, well preserved, point out the spot of earth which covers many a brave and gallant heart. The Dutch also possess a share of the inclosure, as well as the German protestants, who have a chapel of their own, situated not far from the convent of the Necessidades. I believe I have not yet

mentioned to you the principal convents of Lisbon; those for men are St. Vincente, the Graça, St. Bento, and St. Domingos. The former, if I recollect rightly, gives the title of Don to its holy inmates, who are of noble families, and, as it would seem, not of the most humble ideas, for it is against their rules to walk, when they go out; they are also obliged to appear in couples, whenever they are seen abroad; indeed, it is customary, in many convents, to forbid the monks to go out singly; surely this is not meant as an oblique reflection upon the clergy!

I admire, as you may perceive, and duly, the superiority of the Lisbon burial ground, to most of those in my own country; and yet, in despite of all which I have said, my imagination revolts at the idea of finally reposing my head upon any pillow but that of my native earth. Strong, indeed, is the love of home, which dwells in the depths of some hearts; it mingles with every idea and influences every feeling. I too often find myself, though no philosopher, gazing, like the sage Ulysses, in the direction of our own

dear island ; and in this instance, at least, the wisdom of man and the weakness of woman coincide. Under these impressions, you will not accuse me of a want of taste, when I thus compare the different charms of this country and my own :

I wish I were in yon dear land,
Beyond the stormy ocean's bound !
What, though it boast not golden strand,*
Nor golden fruits within are found !

There myrtle shades, nor weeping vine,
Nor orange groves surprise the eye ;
Nor summer suns intensely shine,
Nor gorgeous moons with day-light vie.

Nor sports the fire-fly all the night,
In restless flight from flower to flower,
Like sparkling gem of rubied light,
Called into life by fairy power !

* I need hardly remind you that poets have ever celebrated the Tagus, as well as the Pactolus, as possessing sands of gold.

Nor marbled palaces are there,
Each with its hundred menial train;
Nor steals upon the silent air,
From convent walls the midnight strain.

But oh, my country ! sweeter seem
Thy verdant meads, thy " bosky bourns ;"
Where placid rivers crystal gleam,
And classic willow graceful mourns !

And fairer to thy minstrel's eye,
Thy straw-roofed cottages appear,
Where climbing woodbines canopy
The porch to free-born rustic dear !

Now, even now, methinks I hear
The gushing sound of babbling rill—
The blackbird's note, so wild and clear,
'Mid thousand warblers sweetest still !

Methinks I see the dappled fawn
Peep shyly from the leafy glade,
Then bound along the velvet lawn,
To seek the forest's deeper shade.

And, oh ! the scents of dewy-spring,
Unprized on Lusitania's shore,
Doth tantalizing memory bring
To mock my home-sick fancy more !

* * * *

The Swiss, condemned, alas! to roam,
(By stern cold Prudence' mandate led,)
Still dreams of his sweet early home,
Still hopes return, till hope is dead.

Then fail at once, his youthful prime,
His ruddy health, his manly strength;
The victim of a foreign clime,
He pines, he fades, he sinks at length.

LETTER LVII.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August 13th, 1823.

SINCE the appointment of Pampelona, the expression of discontent has been nearly universal; execrations, "deep not loud," may be heard on every side; "mais c'est égal;" he remains in power, and is most courted by those who hate him most. This is a very extraordinary country, king, and government; for by the laws of the first, Pampelona is still under the ban of his ignominious sentence, and the second has not repealed the order for his execution as a traitor, which extends also to his wife—she who stands with him condemned to lose her head, still bears it haughtily upon her shoulders, and those hands *yet* devoted to the bloody axe, are daily extended in all the pride of patronage to many a cringing courtier, who boasts that she should thus have given him their "bluest veins to kiss." Do

you shudder at the picture?—spare your commiseration; she, who bears not woman's heart, is unworthy of the tender interest due to the sex. The speedy arrival of the Duke d'Angouleme is talked of, in certain circles, but nothing positive upon the subject is yet known; I should think that many eyes which are still closed to the intriguing spirit that wars against the English cause, will then effectually be opened, upon its appearance bodily—*nous verrons*.

Sir Robert Wilson, having been unsuccessful in Spain, has just entered the port of Lisbon, and having ventured imprudently on shore, has been arrested by the authorities of the place; it is not yet known what will be determined upon against him, but it is strongly reported that Pampelona, contrary to all reasonable anticipation, had advised that he should be suffered to depart perfectly unmolested.

The conduct of the Infante, with respect to this minister, appears perfectly inexplicable; its inconsistency throws all rational conjecture at an irrecoverable distance:—he now manifests an utter detestation of his

society ; and upon being obliged, in compliance with the royal commands, to honour a ball, given by Pampelona, with his presence, he was seized by one of those transports of indignation to which he is said to be painfully addicted : the servants, as the hour of night approached, dare not ask the prince what habit he would vouchsafe to wear, and at length, at the last moment, he threw himself on his horse, rejecting any other mode of conveyance, and, in marked dishabille, made his appearance in the ball room ; where, upon a throne, prepared for his reception, he remained the whole of the evening gloomy and silent. Report does not scruple to affirm, that he is already weary of his new distinction as commander-in-chief, which has been foreseen by the minister. One or two energetic spirits are said to have endeavoured to open his eyes to the grasping ambition and crafty policy of the latter ; nor did the prince appear insensible of their true loyalty, and of his own heavy responsibility : but amusement is all-powerful to some minds, and self-control is a lesson

hitherto strange to his apprehension, and too difficult now to be attained.

We were lately present at a splendid assembly given by the Countess A. in honour of the approaching marriage of her second daughter Donna Maria José. The contract had been signed in the morning, and all the most distinguished personages in Lisbon assisted. The loyal principles and the disinterested and unaffected veneration for their sovereigns of the whole house of A—— is universally known and acknowledged; I was, therefore, not surprized to perceive the fine countenance of its graceful representative illuminated with the most radiant expression of pleasure, as she conversed with the different ministers upon the subject of the recent change. The perusal of their several physiognomies afforded me the most interesting subject of speculation: you know my theory is formed neither upon the rules of Lavater nor Gall; nor am I mad enough to defend it as infallible; yet, the conclusions I have drawn have almost always been just; and this heightens my enjoyment of the

science, if science it may be called, which, in my case, is destitute of any fixed rule, and yet is as often crowned with success as that of mathematics itself. The Countess Alva was present; I know not if I have ever mentioned this lady to you in any former letter; if not, I have been guilty of a great omission, for she is considered to be one of the most accomplished women in Portugal, and her manner and conversation have ever struck me as singularly amiable and distinguished: she is the sister of the Conde (now Marquis) Palmella. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August, 1823.

THE report, mentioned in my last, of Sir Robert Wilson's having come on shore, I now find to have been incorrect: he is arrested, but remains on board his vessel; but he has either sent, or the king has demanded, his order of the Tower and Sword, bestowed formerly in acknowledgment of the distinguished services he had rendered to this country during the Peninsular war.—Whatever may have been his subsequent errors of conduct, I cannot but think that the king would have displayed a laudable forbearance, and a judicious magnanimity, had Sir Robert carried this order with him to the grave.

The French Ambassador, Mons. Hyde de Neuville, lately landed here, under repeated salutations, and the Patriarch is daily expected to return from his banishment, in

grand state ; the ceremony will be pre-eminently solemn, and also as magnificent as the present exhausted state of finance will allow. We were lately at a gay soirée, given by the Viscountess de T. where the brilliant musical performance of her elegant daughters formed the chief attraction of the evening. Here I had the good fortune to sit next to a friend, who was invaluable to me as a sort of *diable boiteux*—his perfect knowledge of the world in general, and of that of Lisbon in particular, afford me the most piquant species of amusement. Two or three anecdotes I cannot forbear relating, as they are nationally characteristic. A beautiful woman, covered with jewels, entered the room ; “ That lady (said my *diable*) is the young bride of the Conde *** ; her wit is not exactly equal to her beauty, but she fixed the roving inclinations of her lord, who is the *Don Juan* of this country, and has made and broken no less than eight contracts of marriage, with daughters of some of the first houses ; he saw her leaning from her balcony one evening as he accidentally passed on horseback, and wooed her in the equestrian

fashion, daily canolling before her door, and offering up mute vows of adoration, until he had gained her favourable attention. The mother of the lady receiving further information of his rank and fortune and honourable intentions, by means of a female contrabandista (or smuggler) employed as his agent, (still a-la-mode de Portugal,) was enraptured at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance; his morality was not thought of, and the marriage took place in as short a time as possible, lest the hero should again change his mind ere it was concluded." This mode of courtship is very common among the Portuguese; they express their wishes and make known their intentions by a thousand expressive signs: indeed, the language of the fingers and eyes is as well understood here as in Spain. I myself once accidentally witnessed a scene of this kind, which was concluded by the man's clasping his hands together, as he stood on tiptoe beneath the latticed window of his dark-eyed laughing inamorata. "Do you know what that action signifies?" said a person who was with me, and who was accustomed to the

manners and customs of the natives; he has just made an offer of marriage." I was further cautioned by my discreet informant not to appear often at the windows, or to return too courteously the bowing salutations I might chance to receive from any of my acquaintance mounted *en cavalier*, unless I wished to excite the curiosity of the neighbourhood. A hint which, you will readily imagine, I did not neglect—but this is a long digression; I return to my subject. "Look at that graceful and elegant woman, who is receiving the compliments of so many persons," continued my diable, "her beauty is of an English character;"—"and her taste in dress also," I rejoined; "for you see she has chosen a plain robe of white; only a few pearls ornament her fair neck, and the rich tresses of her dark auburn hair are confined simply with a tortoise-shell comb."—"She is the wife of the Conde de S. L." said my informant, "the mother of several lovely children, and her air of languor and suffering, which is too apparent not to be remarked, is in consequence of the cruel privations and anxieties she lately en-

dured during her banishment by the constitutional government, to a barren and dreary scene of the most desolate solitude; she accompanied her husband to this horrid place, and in ministering to his health has lost her own." Many similar sketches of character were made by my spirited companion in the course of this evening; but I will conclude with the exhibition of one, which made such an impression upon my imagination, that when I was in my turn presented to its original, I could with difficulty repress a shuddering sensation of horror and dismay.— "Observe that lady, who is seated at the upper end of the apartment," said my Asmodeus; "do you see her airs of haughty nonchalance?—as yon courtier approaches to kiss her hand, her proud heart prompts her to extend her foot in its stead; she burns to plant it upon the neck of every individual present, that of her husband not excepted. Did you remark the expression of her livid countenance?"—"Dreadful! it is the very worst I ever beheld; I can scarcely comprehend its singular character: were I not afraid to utter so harsh a conjecture upon a

person who is unknown to me, I should say, that some dark crime was stamped upon her brow." " You are not deceived ; she is said to be the murderess of her first husband, in order to give her favoured lover a legal claim to her society." By what means the narrator became acquainted with her guilt I cannot tell ; but I was solemnly assured of its certainty ; and yet this Messalina is received in society, and gives the most magnificent entertainments ; at the last of which, a person of our acquaintance refused to partake of some lemonade which the hostess pressed upon his acceptance, in a manner so strange and sinister, as to awaken confused thoughts of poison in the mind of her guest. This is a portrait in the true Rembrandt style ; the depth of its shadows appals the very soul ! Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

St. Amaro, Aug. 20th, 1823.

You will be surprised at the date of this; but we have left our pretty villa, fearing to incommode Lord Beresford, who is daily expected to arrive, and have taken up our residence in a house called the "Palasetta," (little palace,) which we had thought it prudent to hire (for the usual period of six months, if we took it at all) some weeks ago, when we were threatened by the legal opponents of Lord Beresford with a forcible ejectionment from the Saldanha residence. I believe I never yet told you of the disagreeable predicament in which we were at that time involved. At one period, during the last days of the constitutional reign, the person calling himself the true proprietor of the Saldanha property, declared his determination of making good his entrance through the medium of the battering ram, since the sapping and mining process of the law was

too tardy in operation to satisfy his impatience. We were advised by the competent authorities on the other side to make the most vigorous resistance, and I had accordingly the pleasure of living for some days in a state of siege, keeping every door and gate barred, and suffering a thousand apprehensions, which appear ridiculous now they are at an end, although they were not a little annoying at the moment.

St. Amaro is a pretty habitation, comparatively speaking, with a prodigious number of rooms, which would be superfluous to us in our own country, although, from habit, we now find a use for them all. It would be impossible to remain here in the winter season; as there is not only the usual absence of fireplaces, but every door and window (the former more in number to each apartment than the latter, in the usual Portuguese fashion) is so rudely and awkwardly constructed as to admit the rain and wind in every direction; but it answers our purpose at this time of the year perfectly well; and is superior in one point even to the villa we have quitted: I allude to the free and pure air

which, from its standing upon very elevated ground, we enjoy here in a pre-eminent degree. Invalids are generally sent to breathe the air of St. Amaro, when all other remedies fail: but the first night of our arrival, the wind being very high, I thought we should have been literally blown away! not a candle would remain lighted in any room of the house, and I began to think, that we must have recourse to the stable lanthorns, if we did not wish to remain in total darkness. The view from our windows is very extensive; Lisbon, hanging, like some snowy aërial city, upon her seven rocky hills, on the one side, and the majestic Tagus on the other, flowing onwards to the ocean, whose heaving world of dark blue waters we can discern far beyond the entrance to the harbour. Adieu.

LETTER LX.

St. Amaro, Aug. 25th.

THE pleasures of ambition have ever appeared to me few in number, and very imperfect and unsatisfactory in quality; and I should imagine this to be felt more particularly by those who are here elevated to the helm of state, in such a disastrous and precarious position of the country. Every day seems to add to the embarrassment of the ministry, and how or whether they will ultimately succeed in restoring a more prosperous order of things, is perhaps more painful than difficult to conjecture. Bahia was evacuated by the Portuguese troops on the 2d of July, and also by nearly the whole of its inhabitants: the British ship Porcupine is just arrived from thence, having left, on the 4th, a convoy of at least eighty vessels of different nations, containing the troops and persons I have mentioned. Between fifteen and twenty men of war form

part of this convoy, and they continue to arrive daily. Lord Cochrane, by command of the Emperor of the Brasils Don Pedro, was following them closely when the *Percupine* came away. The king has ever been particularly jealous of his eldest son, and it is to be feared that this fresh demonstration of colonial independence will affect him most painfully. Report affirms that the sudden determination of the people to abandon Bahia was made upon receipt of intelligence from this country, that the *late* government had refused to honour certain bills drawn in favour of, or by, the merchants of the place, for provisions and necessities supplied to the troops when in a state of great distress. General Madeira, who commanded, has behaved with far more consistency of principle, as well as personal valour, in the defence of Bahia, than any of the constitutional heroes of whom it has fallen to my lot to have heard, and it appears hard that his reception in Lisbon, upon his return, should be of so chilling and disheartening a nature, as (to say the least) it will certainly prove. He has yet to learn, that in faithfully obeying

the orders of "*el Rey Constitucional*," he has sinned past forgiveness against "*el Rey Absoluto*."

Very considerable arrears of pay are due both to the army and navy; but how they are to be discharged, no one is able to divine, as the treasury is now completely a name, and the resources of the country are dreadfully exhausted. The soldiery continue to be discontented and turbulent, and this addition, of at least ten thousand men, will hardly improve the state of affairs. There are startling reports also in circulation, relative to the island of Madeira; on the 22d the king dispatched two ships of war to that place, with criminal judges to the number of six on board, who were accompanied by that very important appendage to the law—the hangman: it is suspected that the government intend to make a few terrific examples there, where it is safer to indulge in a vindictive course of law, than in this country; more particularly as they will be out of the sight of Don João, whose best point of character is an aversion to the shedding of

blood; indeed, he even carries lenity to a dangerous excess.

An attack will probably be made against the Freemasons, who are at present, objects of peculiar dread and hostility; it was only a short time ago that I heard a Portuguese gentleman gravely assert that he believed they practised many of the occult arts, that of sorcery included. The Jews also are beginning to be more unpopular than usual: and it is pretty confidently believed that such prejudice is encouraged in order to pave the way for the re-establishment of the Inquisition. How infinitely painful is it to reflect, that whole nations of our fellow creatures may thus be thrust once more, by the iron hand of power, into that depth of mental darkness, from whence they had but just begun to emerge! What species of dominion is that, which, to secure its own stability, finds it indispensable to put out the eyes of its slaves? The subject will not bear an argument; reason, justice, and humanity, turn, sickening and indignant, from its audacious sophistry. It is said, that a memorial, signed by two hundred of the

most respectable inhabitants of Madeira, has been sent to the British government; setting forth the inability of Portugal to defend her colonies, and requesting to be received under the protection of England, whose laws they desire to adopt. At the same time they are reported to have offered certain advantages, which she might consider as not wholly unacceptable.

Last week the Patriarch made his solemn entry into Lisbon, and was received by his Majesty with most distinguished honours.—I am endeavouring to beguile my impatience to return home, by thus dilating upon public events, but I confess that my selfish heart is wholly engrossed by private concerns and feelings.—*Paciencia!* How often am I recalled to a calmer tone of mind by this expression from my different Portuguese acquaintance! I shall never forget the condensed wisdom of the expression, nor another all-significant word, which is ever on their lips, and which is wholly untranslatable—“*saudades*.” How am I to make you understand its varied meanings, or appreciate the elegance of its frequent application?

If you are leaving a person you love, you would beseech him or her "to retain *saudades* for your memory;" if you send a cheerful salutation to absent friends, "you waft them a thousand *saudades*." The other day I was sitting at my window in a joyous mood, gazing upon the sea and thinking of England; I believe I looked the happiness I felt, for my Portuguese nurse observed, with a significant smile, that "many *saudades* awaited me in my native land; but oh," she exclaimed, in a tone of sudden grief, and passionately kissing the infant in her arms, "what *saudades* will it cost me, when I think of this child!"

The affectionate fervour of manner towards those they esteem, peculiar to the females of Portugal in every rank of life, is to me highly agreeable and engaging; if I enter the opera box, the ball room, or the retirement of a friend here, she equally springs forward to greet me, and without a thought of those who may or may not be present, she embraces me kindly, and perhaps bestows a kiss in addition; self is unremembered, in the pleasure of meeting another.

In England, on the contrary, how chilling is the reception, generally speaking, which you receive even from the most intimate connection, if what is called "company" are witnesses to your entrance! An Englishwoman must appear to a foreigner pre-eminently egotistical, for she never loses sight of her own effect; perpetually watching the eyes of all, she is for ever afraid of "committing herself" by following the genuine impulse of her heart. Is this shyness, pride, or folly? perhaps a mixture of all, with this extenuating addition—"the force of habit, induced by a mistaken system of education." Now will your national feelings be up in arms against me, and perhaps I shall be accused of having become a recreant to those principles of delicacy and propriety which form the just distinction of my fair countrywomen; believe me, you would do me wrong, I love my country, and its inhabitants; I am even more proud than ever in feeling myself an Englishwoman; and it is therefore that I regret that unamiable and unnatural frigidity of manner, which time and a continued intercourse with the rest of the world; will one day, it is to be hoped, subdue. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

St. Amaro.

IN the midst of my impatience to leave this country, I feel that at all events I ought to be thankful that circumstances obliged us to occupy our present residence, during the time we may yet have to remain here; already the English rose begins to revive upon the cheek of my boy, and I myself enjoy the gradual return of physical animation, in consequence of being able to walk every morning and evening upon the sort of down, on which our house is built; so much for the bracing influence of cooler air! It is really a delightful variety to move by means of two legs, after having so long been accustomed to four. If I had staid much longer in Portugal, I believe I should have forgotten the use of my limbs altogether. The indolent habits of the females who do not dance, or are of a certain age, in the upper classes of society, resemble those

which are described in the account of an eastern harem. It has only been of late years, that women have learnt how to sit upon chairs; and even now, I know that many of the elder ladies, who are too much attached to the customs of their youth easily to change, continue to sit with their legs crossed, and doubled under them, in the ancient Moorish fashion, even upon chairs, fondly persuading themselves that their posture is unobserved, as they take care to let the petticoat fall over the space where the legs *ought* to be. I must tell you an anecdote which was related to me not long since, by an arch little donna of the new school, relative to the puritanos of this country, for the truth of which, however, I will by no means vouch; but first I ought to explain, what I believe I have never yet done, the meaning of the term puritano. It is the distinctive appellation of that class of the nobility, who pretend to trace their descent from a source too high and remote for *common* minds to conceive; and who have carefully preserved the purity of their blood, by never having permitted an alliance

with any person of inferior birth to take place among them. These high personages are (or rather used to be, for I really believe the absurdity of their pretensions is now beginning to be viewed, even by themselves, in its true light) extremely cautious in the choice of their society, confining themselves almost exclusively to that of their equals in rank. Once on a time then, it happened, that a knot of puritana dames were discussing the subject of who was, or who was not, properly qualified for the high honour of their acquaintance. "If the Virgin Mary were alive," said one, "we could not visit her, you know, on account of her plebeian rank in life." "I can hardly decide," replied another—"she is entitled to our adoration dead or live." At length the matter was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, by the fiat of an ancient Marqueza, the oracle of the party.—"Yes," said she, "we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected*; she is, you know, the Mother of G—d!" I have been passing an hour this evening (as I have often done before) in the style of Spanish rather than

of Portuguese romance, amusing myself with the guitar ; but the ladies of both countries, in these modern days, are too apt to abandon their sweet native modinhas for the brilliant varieties of Rossini's music. In Spain the barbers almost monopolize this instrument, and take their customers by the ears as well as by the nose ; but I am of a different way of thinking, and have been sitting in a balcony, which projects beyond my window, in the brief but sweet twilight of this climate, enjoying the mild sea breeze, and watching the gradually increasing brilliancy of that gem of heaven, the evening star ; my only auditors a flock of rough looking goats, whose collar bells mingled not unmusically with my voice, as they browsed on the scanty herbage beneath.

Adieu.

LETTER LXII.

St. Amaro.

The British minister, Sir Edward Thornton, is at last arrived ; and it is to be hoped that his judicious counsels will be of much service to his majesty, who, poor man, has much occasion for conscientious advisers, in these difficult times ; and the more so, as the French party have betrayed the most palpable anxiety to possess themselves exclusively of the royal ear.

There is a great deal said about the modified constitution which the king had solemnly promised to bestow upon his people, and which his ministers are also said to be at this moment composing ; but it is shrewdly suspected that nothing is farther from their intentions than to perform this promise ; the king will remain absolute in name, his ministers in reality, and every hope of a constitution will soon expire, even in the bosoms of the most credulous and san-

guine. The very persons who once counselled Don Joaõ to bestow the boon, at the time when the old government began to totter, now find it more convenient to advise him as strongly against it. An instance of courage and singleness of mind, which was lately displayed in the conduct of a Portuguese gentleman of known talent, forms a brilliant contrast to that of too many of his countrymen. The king having intimated that he had appointed him to some high official situation, this gentleman returned the most grateful and manly acknowledgments for such a mark of his sovereign's favour, but declined to accept it; "I am a freemason," said he. "I know that the order is considered as obnoxious to your majesty, and that of late it has been rigorously denounced; but I avow that I belong to the fraternity, although neither demagogue nor traitor. I cannot honourably accept the office proposed to me by your majesty, because I should then be restricted from speaking truth; your majesty is at this moment encircled by freemasons; the illustrious gentlemen who share your highest

confidence belong at this moment to three lodges; they find it advisable to counsel your majesty in a different manner to that which *my* conscience would allow me do; I have nothing more to say."

Why are there not more of these honourable characters? The reason is too evident; "Kings seldom know how to appreciate their worth." The Queen is said to be in a terrible state of temper, on account of the bad news from Bahia; the island of San Miguel and another (whose name has escaped my recollection) have openly declared for the constitution. Several of the Portuguese ships, chased by Lord Cochrane, are come into the river, dismasted, and knocked all to pieces; and it is even reported that he has captured fourteen sail of the line

We dined, lately, at one of the country seats of Donna Pepina, the newly married daughter of the Countess A——, where her husband received us with frank and hospitable courtesy; the house is small, cool, and rural in its style; but the surrounding quinta is very extensive, and bears some faint resemblance to an English park; we accom-

panied them the following night to the opera, where the fair bride dazzled every eye by the magnificence of her nuptial splendour. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

St. Amaro, 5th September.

THE King has expressed himself to be greatly delighted at the arrival of Sir Edward Thornton, although the influence of the French party is daily gaining ground; Hyde de Neuville's principles of *extreme right*, it is feared, may work us *extreme wrong*; that is, if we are tame enough to suffer it. There is another Frenchman immediately expected without delay, who will invest the king with the order of the *Saint Esprit*; he has more need of *l'Esprit Sain!* —(but this, *par parenthése.*) Another frigate and a man of war are arrived, bringing out Sir George Naylor and the long expected—Garter! The king is said to be in raptures, and daily hurries on his surgeons in the cure of his affected leg, in order to be in a fit state to receive the investiture.—(15th.)—I was interrupted when I had written thus far, and have not been able to

renew my narrative until now. My beloved friend dined with me to-day, at a very early hour, tête-à-tête; and with the exception of next Monday, when she has asked us to meet the French ambassador's party at her own house, I fear this may be the last time I may see her; for I shall endeavour to avoid, if possible, the sufferings of a decided farewell; you can hardly imagine the pain it gives me, when I think of the separation; nor can I look at her without tears. The warmth of female friendship in this country, when once sincerely felt, would amaze most Englishwomen; I shall never meet with it again!

19th. Another long interruption; I believe there is some spell against my concluding this letter in peace. The English naval officers have been fêted and invited everywhere by those Portuguese who are of their side in politics. We meet them in all parts of the city and its environs, curiously surveying the peculiarities of the place; some of them lately climbed the heights of our St. Amaro, and visited its church, to view the extraordinary quantity of waxen

legs, arms, hands and feet, &c. which are daily offered at the shrine of the saint; and more particularly by the gallegos, whose patron he is. When anybody has a complaint in one or other of these members, he drags himself (no matter how painfully) up to the summit of the steep acclivity on which the church stands, to implore a cure from St. Amaro; the king also has sent the model of his own leg, as a votive offering to the shrine. Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

St. Amaro, Sept.

OUR departure being yet delayed, we have taken the opportunity of paying a farewell visit to some Portuguese friends, at their country residence, a few miles distant from Lisbon, and not far from the shores of the Tagus. The whole scene I there witnessed, was so singular, so original, so utterly unlike any I had ever before seen, that in now looking back upon it, it appears like a romantic and fanciful dream, or a vision of some primitive and pastoral age, long since gone by, conjured back for a space by the force of a vivid imagination. We went by water, and on leaving the boat, (from which I was carried to the shore through the shallow waves, between two of the native boatmen in their picturesque costume, their long ringlets falling wildly over their sun-burnt foreheads,) we crossed two or three fields on the estate in question, (where heath-flowers,

rosemary, chamomile, wild thyme, and other aromatic herbs, grew in profusion, and emitted the most delightful fragrance,) before we reached the wood of orange and lemon trees, which incloses the mansion. Here we were greeted by our host and his family; and after having viewed the quinta, and admired the bowers of grapes, the beds of melons and bobras, (a sort of gourd which grows here to the most gigantic size,) the fountains, and tall close-cut hedges of box, were conducted to the house; our host leading the way, with a long pastoral staff in his hand, and pointing out every thing to our notice, although his own eyes were for ever closed to the beauties he described; poor man! he is totally blind; but bears his afflicting deprivation with the most perfect resignation and cheerfulness. The only charm of his life is music, which even at his advanced age, he still continues to cultivate, playing many curious old-fashioned pieces, by masters whose names are now forgotten by the rest of the world; but upon whose different merits he frequently descants, with as much interest as we now feel in judging

between Rossini, Mayer, or Mozart; Scarlatti is one of his favourites. The house itself, when we first beheld its exterior, we could scarcely believe to be inhabited; so dilapidated, neglected, and rude was its appearance; it is impossible to give you any definite idea of the place altogether, but it was something between an ancient French chateau, and a barn. A few flowers were cultivated in the outer court, and trained so as to grow against the walls on either side the door; but we could see them only through a rude lattice of canes, which were necessary to protect them from being destroyed by the innumerable animals and birds which roved, without restraint, around the house, and all dwelt in loving fellowship beneath its roof; dogs, asses, cats, goats, and poultry. And yet, when we were seated in the drawing-room, we found infinite enjoyment in the coolness, shade, verdure, and tranquillity of the scene; the prospect from the windows was beautiful; a fine avenue of tall elm trees* enriched the foreground, and

* Almost a miracle in this part of Portugal, where the want of shade is so intolerable! Here every Sun-

in the distance was the pretty village of the "Linda Pastora," (Lovely Shepherdess,) its white cottages peeping forth from their screen of vine and orange trees; some of these humble tenements belong to our host Sen. J., who is Lord of the Manor, and pay him the valuable rent of two gallinos (fowls) a year. There was a singular mixture of luxury and rusticity in the interior of the chateau; while we sat upon rush-bottomed seats of the commonest manufacture, in apartments whose walls were simply whitewashed, and destitute of every thing worthy the name of furniture, while the roof would hardly keep out the weather, and the crazy doors and casements rattled in the slightest breeze, I found the toilette in the lady's bed-chamber completely appointed, and ornamented with vases of fresh gathered flowers, and silver boxes of rich filligree workmanship.

day, the kind possessors delighted to admit the peasantry, decked in their holiday attire, to mingle in the throng, and to encourage their harmless mirth—I once saw this done in England—would that it were a more frequent custom!

Our dinner was completely in the national taste, and the ease and gaiety of our kind hostess gave zest to the meal. Our attendants were numerous, and chiefly females of all ages, (children included,) Portuguese and Mulattos, dressed in their holiday suits, and the latter with fresh carnations in their woolly heads; each vying with the other in showing the most caressing attentions to their English guests.—The children either stood behind the chair of their patron, ministering to his infirmity, or ran about, unchecked, sometimes exciting, at others correcting, the exuberant spirits of their playfellows, consisting of a dog, two or three kittens, and a kid; the latter is the pet of the family, and is loaded with amulets to preserve him from evil eyes; he remained perdue beneath the dinner-table, for the first few minutes after we were seated, nor did I discover his vicinity, until I felt something cold and damp touch my hand; it was his

“Innocent nose.”

After coffee, we amused ourselves with

music, our venerable host being Maestro de Capella; he concluded by a Brazilian modinha, in the chorus of which he was joined by his party-coloured servants, (his children they might be called, from the lightness of their bondage,) who had been allowed to enter the apartment, and to participate in our pleasure.

How patriarchal is all this! I assure you I have seldom passed a more agreeable day, and I shall not easily forget the hospitality and frankness with which we were received, nor the flattering expressions of regret which were lavished at our departure.

LETTER LXV.

St. Amaro, Sept.

THE investiture of the king with the Order of the Garter is fixed to take place on Tuesday next; but I believe we are to sail for England the same day; therefore we shall not be able to avail ourselves of the politeness of Sir G. Nayler, who had invited us to witness the ceremony. At any other moment I believe I should have considered this deprivation in the light of a disappointment; but as it is, you will easily imagine that my mind has no leisure to dwell upon the circumstance. I need not detail the various minutiae, of a mixed nature, some joyful, some painful, which now incessantly agitate my spirits, and from which I am glad to take refuge in the bustle of packing. The despair of my poor nurse,

expressed with all the national impetuosity of feeling, is really distressing to witness; she has taken leave of the infant, (who is now given up to an Englishwoman, whom I had sent for from Falmouth, to take charge of it during the voyage,) and after having wildly embraced it, she dashed herself down on the floor, in a sort of desperate agony, where she long remained drowned in tears, and insensible to the consolations of her mother and husband, who had arrived on purpose to convey her to her humble home; wringing her hands, and pale as marble, she at length slowly departed, after having tied a small cross around the neck of her little nursling, which I believe had been previously blest by a priest. Charms or amulets are in universal use in this country; many of them are worn as preservatives against the evil eye, for which they all retain a particular horror. One of their resources I cannot forbear to mention; when they meet a suspicious looking old woman, they never fail to crook all the fingers of the right hand in a peculiar manner one over the other, which they turn towards her, as

they pass ; the witch (if she is one) can then do them no injury. Little ornaments for the neck, breast-pins, rings, &c. are often made in the form of two hands clasped together : another celebrated charm against sorcery ; they are called figas, and I have one of them now in my possession, the gift of an humble friend.

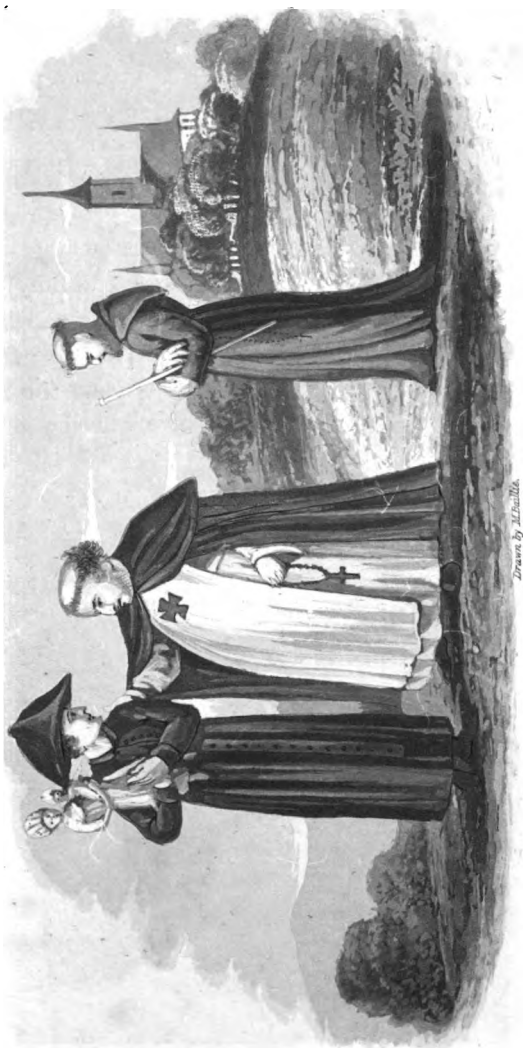
On board the Stanmer Packet,
Sept. 30, 9 o'clock, P.M.

I finish this in the cabin of the vessel which by to-morrow's dawn will sail. What a day of mingled emotions have we passed ! My excellent and constant friend herself conveyed me to the water's edge, (the children having previously been sent on board,) and here I experienced the pang of separation in all its bitterness. Long as I had wished to quit Portugal, much as I had ever felt its varied desagrémens, when the moment actually arrived, pain was the predominant feeling of my heart ! Never shall I forget some pleasant days we have passed there ; nor the distinguished kindness we have received from certain of its inhabitants.

I believe I said this to my friend, as involuntarily grasping each other's hands, we together watched the approach of the boat, as it advanced from the distant moorings, looking like a dark speck upon the bright waters of the river, then glowing in the crimson glories of the setting sun. "I shall never see another sun rise upon this romantic land" was my silent thought, and I looked back upon Lisbon almost with regret! Such is the impression which an eternal farewell leaves upon the spirits, that even, though I am returning to the country of my first and best affections, I cannot as yet shake off my dejection, nor "tune my soul to joy." Fair Portugal, adieu! Whatever may be thine imperfections, peace be with thee! Nor shall I ever cease to remember thee in the spirit of a thousand *saudades*!

THE END.

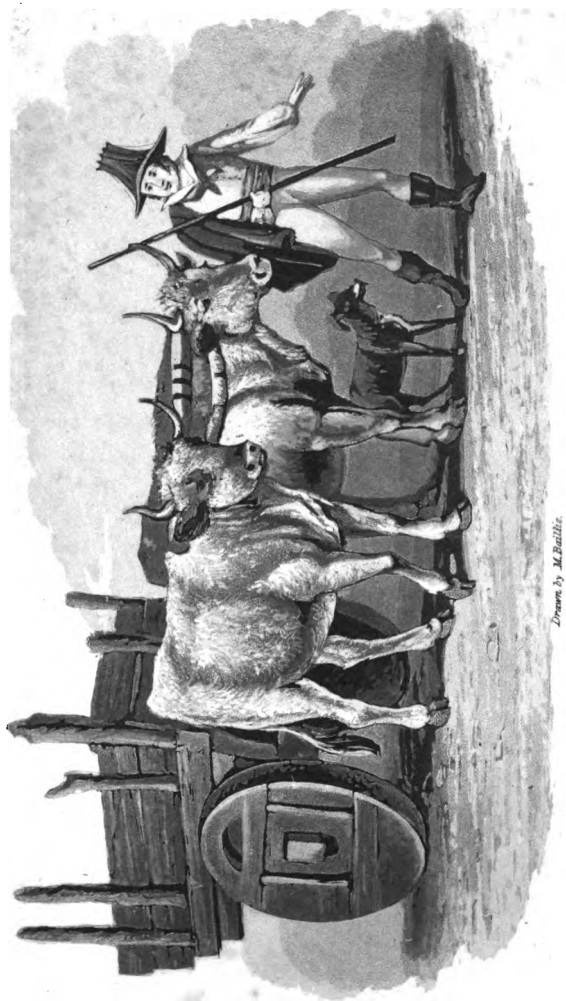
LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.



Drawn by M. Failla

PEAKS OF DIFFERENT LEBERS.

Published June 1st 1884 by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

"PORTUGUEZIE MOUTETIER."

Published June 1854, by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

FISHERMAN'S FAMILY OF PEDROÇOS.

Exhibition June 1854 L. J. de M. no. 1. n. 1.

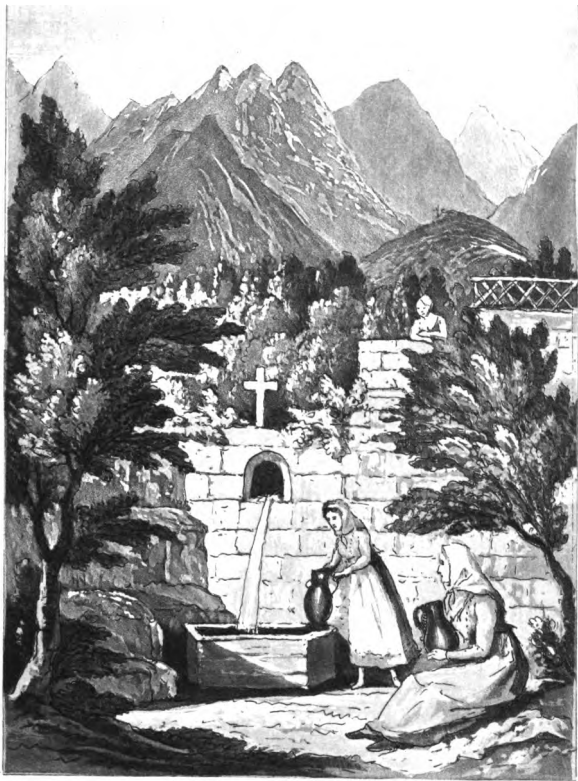


Drawn by M. Bellin

PORTUGUESE NUNS.

Engr. and Col. June 28/54 by John Murray London.

[The body of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the document.]



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE SCENERY & PEASANTS.

Published June, 1824, by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE FRIARS.

Published June. 1874, by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

FISHERMAN'S FAMILY OF PEDROÇOS.

Engraving from the 1st ed. of the "Fishes of Brazil."



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE FRIARS.

Published June, 1874 by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Bailly.

PORTUGUEZIE PEASANTS.

Published June 1874, by John Murray, London.



Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUESE LADY GOING TO MASS.

Published June 1824, by John Murray, London



Digitized by

01825M

